

BRUARY

Mexico Sends the Blood to Uncle Sam's Head

CURRENT OPINION

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CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

ALEXANDER HARVEY

FRANK CHAPIN BRAY

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

THE MEXICAN SITUATION AGAIN BECOMES ACUTE

HARDLY had the proposals for a formal alliance of all American governments been made by Secretary Lansing and endorsed by President Wilson at the Pan-American Conference in Washington, when an event that may prove to be a severe test of the sentiment behind the proposals came to pass. The murder of fifteen Americans, on the way back to their mine in Chihuahua, by a band of outlaws supposed to be under Villa's control, started an anti-Mexican riot in El Paso, Texas, that had to be quelled by means of martial law, set the press of the country ablaze with indignation, and aroused calls, even in the Senate of the United States, for immediate intervention. One resolution was introduced by Senator Sherman calling for intervention on the part of this country in union with the six other American nations that joined with us in the recognition of Carranza. But this resolution has a string tied to it. Action is to be taken if Carranza fails to take vigorous and immediate steps to punish the murderers. Senator Lewis, of Illinois, introduced another resolution authorizing and empowering (not instructing or directing) the President to order troops into Mexico "to cooperate with any force there existing" for the protection of American rights. By a similar resolution offered by Senator Works the President is "authorized and directed" to send troops into Mexico. In the lower house of Congress a resolution was offered by Congressman Moss equally mandatory in its terms. It provides that our army "shall" cross the border and our navy "shall" occupy the waters adjacent to Mexico "until such time as it shall be clearly apparent to the government of the United States that the rights of its citizens in their persons and property shall be secure." Almost at once upon the offering of these resolutions it was announced that an agreement had

been entered into by President Wilson and Secretary Lansing with the representatives of the six powers that joined us in action a few months ago (Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, Uruguay, Guatemala) not to take any aggressive step in Mexico except at the invitation of these six powers. The agreement, of course, not having been ratified by the Senate, has the force of a personal pledge, not of a national treaty. Doubt is thrown upon the existence of such an agreement, but the denials seem to be regarded as technical.

The Massacre of Americans in Chihuahua.

THE tragic facts that inflamed the country afresh and created the new crisis in Mexican affairs last month are as follows. A party of nineteen, sixteen of whom were Americans, were returning to the Cusi mine in Chihuahua with a general passport issued by the Mexican immigration officials of Juarez and a personal passport issued to the leader, C. B. Watson, by the governor of Chihuahua. Mr. Watson had a few days before arranged for the protection of the mine, a thousand soldiers having been sent there by the Carranza authorities. No troops, however, accompanied the party a few days later on the train, and were not thought necessary apparently, either by the Mexican officials or by the Americans. Only two months before, our state department had sent word to the American consuls in the state of Chihuahua to use every means in their power to persuade Americans to leave the state. Only two or three weeks before, Villa had detained thirty Americans in the Cusi mine district and they had narrowly escaped death. Only a few days before the massacre, it had been officially reported that Villa had issued a decree to his followers to kill any Americans



IT'S HARD TO HOIST THE FLAG

—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

they caught and to destroy any property of Americans, in retaliation for the recognition of the Carranza government. The whole region, therefore, was known to be a perilous one; but, having arranged for a garrison at the mine itself, Watson seemed to think all necessary precautions had been taken. He was mistaken. A few minutes before reaching the mine the train was held up, near Santa Ysabel, by the derailment of a preceding train. At once a band of Villistas, led by Colonel Lopez but "operating beyond doubt," according to state department investigators, under the direction of Villa himself, appeared and opened fire on the train. Only one man of the nineteen escaped. The bodies of the others were found later stripped and mutilated, and were taken back to El Paso. As a result, "the whole American border," as one journal described it, "is aflame with anger and resentment, men crying to heaven for vengeance." Fifty thousand cards were printed in El Paso, Texas, for general circulation in that state, bearing the appeal: "REMEMBER THE ALAMO. DID WE WATCH AND WAIT? REMEMBER THE CUSI. SHALL WE WATCH AND WAIT?"

Calls for Intervention Grow Loud and Insistent.

IN THE next few days some fiery utterances were burning their way into the public mind and the whole Mexican policy of "watchful waiting" came in for vehement criticism. Senator Borah, from his place in the Senate, denounced the administration's whole course in Mexico as "a compromising, side-stepping, procrastinating, un-American policy of leaving the

American citizen to struggle for himself against the bandits of an adjacent country," and demanded intervention if Carranza could not assure immediate protection for Americans. Mr. Roosevelt, in an interview, declared that the recent murders are the "inevitable outcome" of the policy pursued by both President Taft and President Wilson, adding:

"President Wilson has permitted these different bandit factions to get from us or with our permission the arms with which they have killed American private citizens, American soldiers, the husbands and fathers of American women whom they have outraged. There is a hundred times the justification for interfering in Mexico that there was for interfering in Cuba. We should have interfered in Mexico years ago."

Henry Lane Wilson, formerly ambassador to Mexico, called for "the dispatch of a sufficiently strong force across the border to obtain by force of arms that which cannot be obtained through diplomatic channels." The *Washington Post* attributed the murders to "the fatal paralysis of the government at Washington," and predicted "an outburst in this country as sure as fate" if measures are not taken immediately by our government "to avenge the latest atrocity in Mexico." The *Philadelphia Star* also cried out for immediate action, saying:

"There is just one thing for the United States to do in this case. It should send United States soldiers into Mexico in sufficient numbers and sufficiently equipped to chase those murderers and all connected with them until caught; to bring them right out of that country and into our own for trial; to try them and execute them for their heinous offense."

Efforts to Avenge the Murders in Mexico.

LESS warlike voices soon began to be heard, however, as the wires brought the news of measures taken by the Carranza government to avenge the outrage on American citizens. Carranza declared the murderers outlaws, authorized any citizen to kill them on sight, and asserted that a price would be put on the head of every one of them as soon as their identity became known. General Trevino at once took direction of the pursuit of the bandits, who had promptly fled into the mountains, which are described as an ideal fortress for outlaw bands. General Calles, of Sonora, began mobilizing 5,000 cavalymen at Tonichi, forty miles west of the Chihuahua state line, to assist in running down the Villistas. The capture and immediate shooting of two of Villa's generals were announced a day or two after the murder of the Americans. Since Christmas Day, so it is stated by General Trevino, 42 Villista generals and 14,500 soldiers have surrendered, and the few remaining bands have grown desperate. He asserts positively that the American party of miners had refused a military escort, believing they would be better off without it. The demand for immediate intervention, as these facts became known, was condemned in many directions as premature, and many of those demanding it were denounced for attempting to make political capital out of the event. Said the *N. Y. World*:

"The Chihuahua massacre is a ghastly enough affair at best without the spectacle of American politicians trying to capitalize the corpses for partisan purposes. . . .

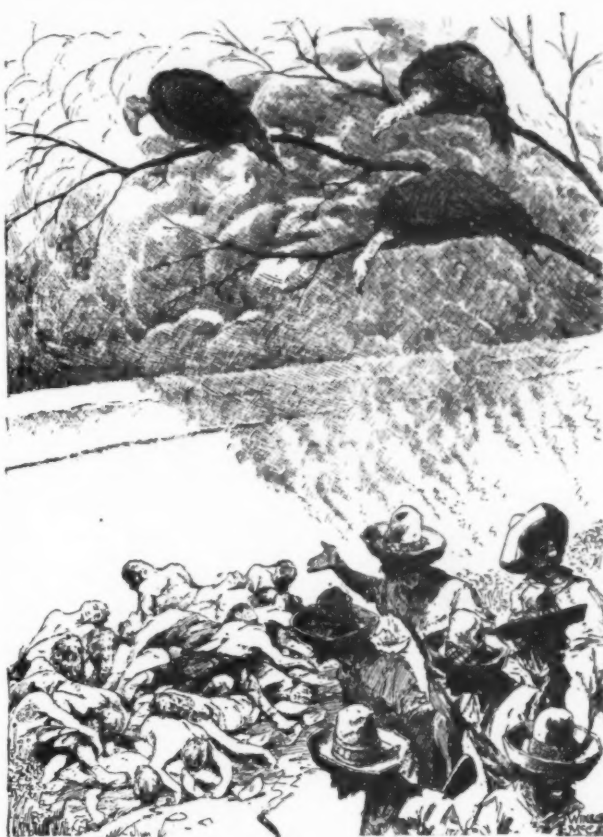
"To talk intervention at such a time as this is to insist

that all the military forces of the United States shall be locked up in Mexico during the most critical period of modern history."

The Springfield *Republican* and many other papers see in the murders a desperate game played by Villa to discredit Carranza, and the *Republican* thinks that "General Carranza's effort to make headway should not be brought to an end because his infuriated rival, still at large is playing the desperado game." This view is taken by many of the administration's defenders, who believe Villa's last resort is to force intervention.

Have We an Army to Make Intervention Possible?

THE fact is brought out in connection with this Mexican crisis that the General Staff of our army made an estimate some time ago of the force that would be necessary to clean up Mexico as Cuba was cleaned up. The conclusion reached was that it would require 270,000 men (50,000 regulars, 200,000 volunteers and militia, 20,000 marines) and two fleets. The governor of Texas, James E. Ferguson, declares that "in the present state of our army and navy it would be the wildest folly to attempt the pacification of Mexico by force," and he thinks it would be better for Congressmen and Senators to devote themselves to giving us an adequate army rather than calling for intervention we are in no condition to make good. "It is not a time," says the Knoxville *Sentinel*, with its eye on the European situation, "to rock the boat or play domestic politics with the international firebrand, and the wrath of God and of the American people will surely fall on anybody, either in or out of Congress, who dares to play politics for party or personal profit at this tremendously perilous moment." The N. Y. *Times* refers bitterly to the fact that many of the men in Congress who are now arguing for immediate intervention are the very ones who are most determined in opposition to proposed measures for national defense. "To talk about military intervention in Mexico," it says, "is preposterous." "To go to war with Carranza at this time," the Indianapolis *News* thinks, "would only make matters worse, for it would strengthen the hands of the rebels against him, and thus provoke further murders." But there is a general agreement in which even the



"WATCHFUL WAITING!"

—McCay in N. Y. *American*

papers most emphatically opposed to immediate intervention participate, that Carranza must rise to the occasion and make an exhibition of the power of his government or the days of "watchful waiting" are over. Even Senator Stone, who took upon himself the task of meeting the attacks upon the Wilson policy in the Senate, admits that ineffective action by Carranza now must be followed by intervention. And the N. Y. *World*, regarded as the spokesman of the administration, says: "The Carranza Government was recognized on the theory that it could cope with conditions in Mexico. It is now put to proof, and cannot be permitted to shirk its duty or its responsibility."

Pan-Americanism has no greater obstacle to meet than tin-pan Americanism.—N. Y. *World*.

Is the American Eagle gradually getting too proud to scream?—N. Y. *Sun*.

THE PROTEAN FIGHT OF AMERICA TO SAVE INTERNATIONAL LAW AND PRESERVE NEUTRAL RIGHTS

OLD PROTEUS—the gentleman who had so many aliases—was a marine deity, and it is evident that he is still doing business in the briny deep. The trouble in this fight for neutral rights on the seas of the world is its Protean character. As soon as we seem to win a victory over one phase the violations assume another phase. Technically we seem to have won or to be about to win every point in our controversies with the warring nations; but how much these victories are worth is still distressingly uncertain. The methods in which neutral rights can be violated seem to be endless in number. "Two years ago," said Dr. Theodore S. Woolsey, former

professor of international law in Yale, in a paper read last month before the American Society of International Law, "I could have stood before you on this platform confident in a prediction that any modern wars that might be fought between civilized nations would be governed by the rules of humanity. To-day, after seventeen months of a war in Europe, I am forced to admit that both Great Britain and Germany have violated every law of the nations that has stood in their way. The rights of neutrals are no longer respected." If there is to be no penalty for these violations, then, says Dr. Woolsey, "all international law has broken

down indeed and the future holds but little hope." In a memorandum to the newly organized American Institute of International Law (one of the first-born children of the Pan-American movement) Secretary Lansing points out the underlying need in a situation like the present. Speaking of the rules that are sup-



PAN-AMERICANISM

—King in Chicago Tribune

posed to govern the relations between neutrals and belligerents, he says:

"These rules which have grown up during the past 125 years have been in some cases differently interpreted by courts of different countries, have been frequently found inadequate to meet new conditions of warfare, and as a result every war has changed, modified, or added to the rules, generally through the process of judicial decisions. The prize courts of belligerents have thus become their interpreters of belligerent rights and neutral obligations, and their interpretations evidence an unconscious prejudice arising from over-appreciation of the needs of the belligerent."

What is needed, according to Mr. Lansing, is the formulation of the principles that underlie relations between neutrals and belligerents rather than to supply rules of conduct, and in the formulation of these principles the treatment of the whole subject should be reversed so as to deal with it "from the point of view of the neutral," not, as now, from the point of view of the belligerent.

Our Diplomatic Achievements of the Last Few Weeks.

DESPITE the disadvantages of the present situation, triumphs of apparent value have been won. The German government, which notified us that it was "unable to acknowledge any obligation to grant indemnity" for American lives lost on the *Arabic*, even if the submarine commander proved to have made a mistake, later on admitted that it was "prepared to pay indemnity," and declared that orders had been issued that would render the recurrence of such occurrences "out of the question." To this a new concession was

made public last month in a note on the *Frye* case. Germany not only consents to pay for the loss of the *Frye* but gives the following assurance:

"The German government quite shares the views of the American government that all possible care must be taken for the security of the crew and passengers of a vessel to be sunk. Consequently, the persons found on board of a vessel may not be ordered into her lifeboats except when the general conditions, that is to say, the weather, the condition of the sea, and the neighborhood of the coasts, afford absolute certainty that the boats will reach the nearest port."

In addition, the German government has sent us a list of the regulations now issued to her naval officers, requiring that even "enemy merchant vessels," freight as well as passenger, shall be destroyed "only after passengers and crews have been accorded safety." This set of regulations, as the N. Y. *World* points out, is the first attempt of a belligerent to systematize submarine warfare and bring it under the rules of international law. Germany's regulations of submarine warfare, the same paper thinks, are now stricter than those of Great Britain. At this writing the disavowal of the sinking of the *Lusitania* has not been made, but the reports from Washington are persistent to the effect that it is about to be made in terms satisfactory to our state department. This will clear up every point of controversy with Germany that has so far been raised by us. Simultaneously her ally, Austria-Hungary, has yielded completely to our contentions in the case of the *Ancona*, promising indemnification for the American lives lost and punishment of the submarine commander for exceeding his instruction, and assenting to the principle that "private ships, in so far as they do not flee or offer resistance, may not be destroyed without the persons aboard being brought to safety." The sinking of the *Persia* in the Mediterranean a day or two after Austria's note was received seemed to throw the fat in the fire once again. But the facts are yet to be cleared up in the case of the *Persia*. No submarine was seen and the cause of her destruction remains uncertain.

Results of Our Clash With the Allies.

NOT from the Teutonic allies alone, however, have concessions been wrung in the last few weeks. The point raised by Secretary Lansing, in his note to Great Britain last November, that Great Britain's alleged blockade of Germany was "illegal and indefensible" because it did not apply to the Scandinavian nations equally with our own, has not been answered as yet by Sir Edward Grey; but there are indications that strenuous efforts are about to be made to meet this objection. Information has been received in Washington, according to the N. Y. *Times*' special correspondent, that the British government is about to establish a legal blockade of Germany that will extend to the Baltic as well as the North Sea. Says the *Times* correspondent, writing January 16th:

"Official notification of this move has not reached Washington, but officials of the State Department have received unofficial information as to the purpose of the British government. It is expected that within the next week the formal notification will be forwarded, and it will be regarded as an American diplomatic victory. It will be formal acknowledgment by the British government of the correctness of Washington's contention."

Such action on the part of the British government, if made effective, may be of no direct value to American commerce, but it will be a victory for American diplomacy and a vindication of international law. Almost at the same time comes the report that our protest against the seizure and requisition of American-owned ships, the *Hocking*, the *Genesee* and the *Kankakee*, has been answered by the release of the ships and the promise not to do so again—a complete back-down, as the N. Y. *American* sees it, from the position assumed by Great Britain for many months past. A clash with France added to the problems of our state department last month. The French cruiser *Descartes* stopped three steamers—*Caroline*, *Coamo*, *San Juan*—on the high seas in the neighborhood of Porto Rico, and forcibly removed seven Germans and Austrians from among the passengers and crew. Immediate release of the men was demanded and a little later promised.

The Three Courses That Are Open to Us.

THAT this ever shifting Protean fight has been getting on the nerves of the American people has been evident for some time. Even the most positive of assurances from the belligerent nations are now met with more or less scepticism in the American press. "Puttering along with notes of protest," says the *Duluth News-Tribune*, "and verbal reprimand for what are capital crimes does not fit the moral sense of justice." This tendency to deride diplomatic protests as futile has become common; but definite suggestions of what is to take their place are rare to a degree. There seem to be but three courses lying before us. One is that endorsed by Mr. Bryan and embodied in one or more resolutions in Congress. It involves the renunciation of what Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State declared to be "indisputable rights" of American citizens—namely, the right to travel on the high seas "wherever their legitimate business calls them," and to do so "in the confidence that their own government will sustain them in the exercise of their rights." Now, as editor, Mr. Bryan concludes that "American citizens should not be permitted to travel on belligerent ships," and his view is upheld by Senators Works, O'Gorman, Hitchcock, Gore and Jones. Another course is the one suggested by the N. Y. *Tribune*, which renews the call heard in

many directions just after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, but seldom heard now, for the breaking off of all diplomatic relations with Germany and Austria-Hungary. The third course is the one we have been pursuing, steadily insisting by diplomatic protest on the observance of international law as built up in the last century. Recent concessions have added to the strength of public sentiment in favor of this latter course. The editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* has been one of the most fiery in his comments on the invasion of American rights, but he finds our recent moral victories impressive. He says:

"In theory this Government has won all that it contended for, and what it contended for was the survival of the standards of civilization where they were threatened by the approach of barbarism. Germany's reservation of any admission of wrong-doing in the sinking of the *Lusitania* is merely ridiculous in her and of no practical importance to us. It becomes the more ridiculous and the less important when set alongside her assurance that she will pay for the results of the act and that it will not be repeated."

"Walking the Tight Rope of Neutrality."

ANOTHER paper that is not at all averse to criticism of the administration, but deprecates recent attacks upon its diplomatic course, is the N. Y. *Sun*. It makes these observations in regard to the critics:

"Is it possible that there is any American newspaper, or any American citizen in public or private life, now really hoping at the bottom of the heart that the controversy with the central powers about American rights of travel on the high seas may reach a pass, or rather an impasse, which shall make war inevitable?"

"It is almost inconceivable that such should be the case; yet every time that a distinct gain is made by our State Department in its progress toward a satisfactory and honorable settlement of the whole business there are expressions here and there which give color to the idea that the gain has caused disappointment rather than joy in the regions subjacent to the clamoring gullet."

Every now and then some Republican leader is quoted in praise of the state department's way of handling matters during the last eight or nine months. Mr. Cannon was quoted a few months ago in endorsement and Congressman Mondell is now quoted as saying that "since Mr. Lansing assumed charge of the state department his position in the various notes has not been subject to criticism." The *Toledo Blade*, which was not long ago a leading journal of the Progressive party, notes that our protests to Germany have received the highest commendation from Great Britain and our protests to Great Britain have been lauded highly in Germany, and it remarks: "If each of the belligerents commends our dispatches to its enemy, this is a pretty good sign that the American government is succeeding in walking the tight rope of neutrality." The *Springfield Republican* commends the President for the composure, quietude and single-minded sagacity with which he has worked for American interests during the last nine months of upheaval abroad and lawless and unpatriotic efforts at home. It says:

"For nine months, under such conditions, the country has had presidential government, that is to say, government by one man; and with what result? The outstanding, overshadowing fact is that the United States is still at peace with the whole world."



NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN

—Richards in Philadelphia *North American*

WORKING UP THE CASE AGAINST PRESIDENT WILSON

SOME one has suggested that in these parlous times we should follow the example set in France and Great Britain and do away with any political contest this year, all parties uniting behind Mr. Wilson for a second term. The suggestion seems to have died a-borning. So far are we from any such peaceful unity that the phrase "Damn Wilson" seems to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* to have become the new campaign slogan of the Republican party. "Damn him if he does and damn him if he doesn't—this," says the editor of that paper, "is the new substitute for the G. O. P. full dinner pail." This seems misleading. The real frontal attacks against the President are being made not by the regular Republican leaders but by Mr. Roosevelt, the Hearst papers and by some Republican papers, such as the *N. Y. Tribune*, which appear to be preparing the Republican party to accept Mr. Roosevelt for a candidate this year. Three major facts have so far developed in the Presidential campaign. One of these is the removal of all uncertainty as to Mr. Wilson's being again a candidate for the nomination. Another is the attitude of the Progressive national committee and of Mr. Roosevelt himself toward the Wilson administration and toward the Republican party. The third is the lack of any apparent crystallization of the "regular" Republicans upon either an issue or a candidate for the coming campaign. At the Barnes-Roosevelt libel suit it was stated under oath by one of the witnesses—Mr. Hutchinson, of New York City—that Mr. Roosevelt had said at a meeting in the Harvard Club, July 15, 1914, referring to a reunion of the Progressives and Republicans: "You have to have me. I can go after Mr. Wilson and tear him to pieces and you haven't anybody who can do it." Whatever truth there may be in this—and we have seen no contradiction of the testimony—it is beyond dispute that Mr. Roosevelt has been going "after" Mr. Wilson with a vengeance during the last few months and that he has been steadily growing in prominence as a possible Republican candidate since he began the tearing-to-pieces process. No more interesting and audacious game has ever, perhaps, been played in American politics than the double game which Mr. Roosevelt now seems to be playing, namely, to recapture the Republican party (either for himself or for some one to be named by him) and at the same time to demolish the Democratic administration.

Mr. Wilson's Views of the Single-Term Limitation.

MR. WILSON'S hat was officially thrown into the ring last month when authority was given by his secretary for the use of his name as a candidate for the nomination in the Indiana presidential primaries to be held March 7th. About the same time the *N. Y. World's* Washington correspondent made public, presumably by permission of the President, a letter written by Mr. Wilson about one month before his inauguration in 1913. It sets forth very frankly his views on the subject of limiting the President to a single term. The hurdle which Mr. Wilson has to leap in order to run again is in the shape of a plank placed by Mr. Bryan in the national Democratic platform which was adopted at Baltimore. It reads as follows:

"We favor a single presidential term, and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible to reelection, and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle."

To make the hurdle a little more difficult, these lines were also added to the platform: "Our platform is one of principles which we believe essential to our national welfare. Our pledges are made to be kept when in office as well as relied upon during the campaign." To this single-term plank Mr. Wilson did not refer in his campaign speeches. Nor has he referred to it since. And the most striking thing in the letter to Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer, made public in the *World*, is the failure to refer to the plank even tho discussing with great apparent frankness the subject of it. The House of Representatives had just sent to the Senate a joint resolution for a constitutional amendment as called for in the plank. Mr. Palmer asked Mr. Wilson for his views. "I believe," said Mr. Wilson, "that we should fatally embarrass ourselves if we made the constitutional change proposed." His reasons are set forth at length. A single term of four years is too short a period for a President who is doing a great work of reform. It is too long for a President who is not a true leader of the people. To make it six years "would be to increase the likelihood of its being too long without any assurance that, in happy cases, it would be long enough."

Construing the Bryan Plank Out of the Way.

THE illicit use of power by the President to determine his successor, Mr. Wilson pointed out, can be prevented by statutory changes abolishing the nominating convention and establishing the presidential primary. "I think," he wrote, "it may safely be assumed that that will be done within the next four years," and one of his earliest recommendations to Congress (never acted upon) was for that purpose. He refers feelingly to his experience as Governor of New Jersey and the effect of the one-term limitation in curtailing the power of the governor to contend with the bosses. The President's "fighting power" in behalf of the people would be "immensely weakened," he thinks, by such a limitation. He adds:



"COME TO POPPER"

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

"A fixed constitutional limitation to a single term of office is highly arbitrary and unsatisfactory from every point of view." This repudiation of one of the planks of the platform on which he was elected so far from jeopardizing Mr. Wilson's renomination seems merely to have made it certain. What Mr. Bryan, who wrote the plank, may do to make trouble remains to be seen; but, if the *N. Y. Sun* is not misinformed, Mr. Bryan himself was writing a letter to a Congressional friend about the same time the President was writing his and to much the same effect. The *Sun* does not profess to quote the words of Bryan's letter, but says the purport of it was "that the one-term plank was intended merely as a declaration of policy and should not be binding on any individual until legislation had been passed and it applied to all parties alike."

Why Mr. Wilson is Entitled to Seek Renomination.

WHETHER or not Mr. Bryan wrote to this effect, there is a marked disposition on the part of the press—Republican as well as Democratic—to take this view of the plank. The *N. Y. Sun*, it is true, makes a long double-leaded assault upon Mr. Wilson's good faith in writing the Palmer letter. It uses the word ignominious in characterizing the purpose of the letter. It sees in it not only a personal repudiation of the plank, but an effort "to lobby against the enactment of the principle which his party had declared" and to defeat the attempt to carry out the platform pledge. No one else, however, seems to take the matter quite as seriously as the *Sun* takes it. The *Philadelphia Telegraph* remarks that "when a great party pledges itself to a principle and then juggles with it it cannot expect to evade the moral responsibility"; but it does not think many people are concerned about the single-term issue itself. It is incredible that the matter shall be passed over thus lightly in the coming campaign, but just now even Mr. Wilson's foes seem to justify him. Thus the *N. Y. Tribune* declares: "We do not censure Mr. Wilson for



PREPAREDNESS

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

seeking another term. His obligations to the Baltimore platform are largely a matter between him and his fellow Democrats." The *N. Y. Press* asserts that "of course" Mr. Wilson is right in refusing to be bound by the plank, for the reason that it is "pure bunk," and neither the delegates to the Baltimore convention nor the American people ever took any stock in it. The *Providence Journal* also holds that the President "violated no genuine party principle" in repudiating what it calls "Mr. Bryan's surreptitious plank." "If another party convention," observes the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, "disregards the pledge of the previous convention, which it is free to do, and nominates the President, surely he is not bound by a former convention's utterance. If the people re-elect him, his title is clear in law and conscience." The *Columbus Dispatch* sees in the European war and the undesirability of "changing pilots" at this critical time ample reason why "the second-term issue raised at Baltimore four years ago under the present circumstances can have no existence."

Mr. Roosevelt's Raking Fire Upon the Wilson Administration.

WITH Mr. Wilson's renomination accepted as practically settled, the campaign to discredit his administration has, as we have said, already assumed full headway, with Mr. Roosevelt well in the van. Mr. Roosevelt's strategical plan is simplicity itself,—whatever the administration has done has been badly done. He has not, as far as we have observed, assailed the work of the Interior Department or the Federal Reserve Bank. But little else has escaped his criticism. Our attitude toward the warring nations of Europe has been "a policy of dishonorable inaction," a "course of national infamy" and "a path of shame and dishonor." As for our course toward Mexico, it has been one "to



CRACKING THE SAFE

—Kirby in *N. Y. World*

make every decent American hang his head with shame," one in which our government has "signally and basely failed" to perform its duty. The A-B-C conference was one to which the Latin-American states

industrial welfare," and for its repudiation of "the faith of our forefathers which made the American flag the sufficient protection of an American citizen around the world." At the same time it extends the olive branch openly to the Republican party, setting its next national convention for the same date and in the same city already chosen for the Republican national convention, and doing this with the expressed hope that both conventions may choose the same candidate and the same principles.



SAMSON
"Peace at any price—but not in the party"
—Cesare in N. Y. Sun

had been "unwisely invited to do the duty which the administration itself feared to undertake." As to the matter of national defense, the administration's attitude has been one of "criminal fatuity," its proposals "utterly inadequate." As regards industry in general, "the President fails to make a single constructive recommendation." In denouncing disloyal Americans born under other flags, the President was "entirely correct," but he is "himself responsible for most of the conditions of which he complains" in that he "has met a policy of blood and iron with a policy of milk and water." The arbitration treaties negotiated by Mr. Bryan and ratified by the Senate are "foolish and wicked." As for our diplomatic correspondence, "not one of these notes really meant or achieved anything." Mr. Roosevelt touches lightly but disapprovingly also on the ship-purchase bill and the Underwood tariff. We have culled the preceding phrases from several of his manifestoes (in the *Metropolitan* and elsewhere), and they correctly represent the general temperature of his utterances throughout. In general accordance with these utterances, the Declaration of Principles adopted by the national committee of the Progressive party in Chicago last month confines its criticism to the Wilson administration, which it assails for its "failure to deal adequately with national honor and

The "Most Shameful Year In American History."

THE most significant backing which has been given to Mr. Roosevelt in his sweeping attacks upon the President comes from the N. Y. *Tribune*, heretofore a staunch champion of the Taft Republicans. In a series of editorials it lauds Mr. Roosevelt for his utterances and vies with him in the strength of his denunciatory phrases. Not, it is careful to add, that it has come to prefer Mr. Roosevelt for a presidential candidate. It would prefer either Justice Hughes or Mr. Root. But it is forced to recognize that "already he has become the single figure in the leadership of the anti-Wilson forces in the United States," and "the only man in public life" who has had the courage to speak out at the risk of encountering the hostility of the German-Americans. Never in the long history of the Republican party, the *Tribune* says, was there greater hunger for real leadership, and "never did leadership seem to it so utterly lacking." If things continue as they are going now, a few months hence "there will be in the popular mind but two men—President Wilson and Colonel Roosevelt," and the Republican party will then "face the necessity of nominating Colonel Roosevelt and surrendering to him absolutely, or of repeating the Taft episode of 1912." It proceeds to assail the President on the ground that "the America of to-day has been false to all to which the Americans of other generations have been faithful even at the cost of life itself." It does not lay all the blame for this on Mr. Wilson. In the presence of a great struggle for liberty and democracy, "the Americans of to-day slunk away from duty and chose to make money at the cost of the misery of the world." The year 1915 it regards as the "most shameful in American history," and "our children and our children's children will turn from its page with scorn and humiliation." Our country has "in a very real and unmistakable degree lost in nobility and grandeur," and "from one end of this planet to the other American notes, American professions and American pretenses have become a thing to invite scorn and contempt." It fills a three-column editorial with expressions of this kind.

Will Mr. Wilson's Foes Declare for War With Germany?

THE editorial in which these charges are made is entitled "Where Mr. Wilson Has Failed Us." When, however, we look for specifications as well as charges, there is a singular lack of definiteness. The phrase in one of the President's speeches about a nation sometimes being "too proud to fight" is torn from its context and to some degree misconstrued. Next to that, the nearest we get to any specification is in the assertion that "neither Mr. Wilson nor his advisers, if such there be, ever intended to defend American lives or

international law," and "never in the face of all their brave words was there the smallest will to act, the least purpose to defend." In a later editorial, however, the *Tribune* is somewhat more definite. The President, it says, has dodged "the *Lusitania* duty" and the Republican minority in Congress should at once introduce a resolution calling on him "to suspend diplomatic relations until such time as the German government shall disavow the *Lusitania* crime." Tho the *Tribune's* appeal is to the Republicans in Congress, it disavows the intention of raising any question of Democracy or Republicanism on this issue and insists that its criticism of the President is made as an American, not as a Republican paper. This is in reply to a rebuke by the *N. Y. World*. This journal has taken up the cudgels in behalf of the President and has become the leading champion of the Wilson administration. Here is the way it handles what it terms Mr. Roosevelt's "scolding tirades" on our policy toward Germany:

"Does Mr. Roosevelt believe that the United States should declare war against Germany?

"If so, is he afraid to say so? If he is not afraid to say so, why does he not prepare a declaration of war, have the resolution introduced in Congress by a member of the Progressive Party and make a straight-out appeal to the country on that issue?"

It accuses him of doing just what he charges the President with having done, namely, limiting himself to a course that "exhausts itself in words instead of taking shape in deeds." It pays respect to those who insist upon our going to war with Germany and to the peace-at-any-price people for having definite convictions and the courage of them; but "the Roosevelt kind of clamor gets us nowhere; it is clamor without courage, conviction or conscience." The *World* adds tartly: "We can think of nothing more contemptible in a great national crisis than for men to seek deliberately to embarrass their Government when they are too craven to propose a policy of their own as a substitute for the policy that the Government is pursuing."

Criticism of the President as a Political Necessity.

THIS challenge is pressed by the *World* over and over again upon Mr. Roosevelt and the other critics of the President. It challenges the Republicans

in Congress to introduce a resolution of war with Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey or Mexico. Congress can still resist the invasion of Belgium if it chooses to and do it more effectively than it could a year ago. It decries the sincerity of all this criticism of the President's course in our foreign relations and attributes it to political necessity on the eve of a presidential campaign. Here is its statement of the situation of the Republicans in Congress:

"They want to preach calamity, but the wonderful prosperity of the country forbids. They would like to assail the President's foreign policy, but they do not dare array themselves on the side of the hyphenated pro-Germans who are doing the same. They are tempted to grumble because we did not go to war over Belgium and the *Lusitania*, but are reluctant thus to enter the pro-British camp.

"They are not at all cordial in their support of plans for national defense, and yet with all their carping they will hardly assume responsibility for the defeat of these measures. They are heart and soul in favor of an old-fashioned Mark Hanna tariff, but the condition of foreign commerce does not admit of it and they are still in terror of the Progressives. They want to complain because we are not at war with Mexico, but they are afraid to do so, for there is evidence to show that Germany conspired to compel American intervention.

"Whichever way they turn in pursuit of selfish or vexatious partisan policies they find the roads barricaded, with danger signals flying right and left."

With the same trenchant pen the *World* takes up the statement made by Colonel George Harvey on his recent return from Europe. Mr. Wilson, said Colonel Harvey, is, "next to the Kaiser, the most unpopular governmental head in the world." It would be very easy, says the *World*, for Mr. Wilson to become popular in England. All he would need to do would be to let the British foreign office dictate our diplomatic affairs. By a similar process he could acquire vast and immediate popularity in Berlin or Paris. Americans who are greatly concerned about their social status in European capitals are much disturbed because the President has put America first. All this "snivelling snobbery," we are told, over foreign disapproval need not be taken too seriously. Washington, in his day, was cursed more vigorously by the British and French, and for the same reason—putting America first.

Roosevelt Looms As a Republican Candidate.

WHATEVER may be the effects of this controversy on Mr. Wilson's political fortunes, there is no doubt that it has brought Mr. Roosevelt well to the front again as a presidential possibility. He has refused to allow his name to remain on the primary ballot in any of the states. So has Justice Hughes. Yet they are the two men most discussed as possible candidates on the Republican ticket. The *Chicago Herald* last month called on its correspondents in all parts of the country to wire reports on the sentiment in regard to Roosevelt as a Republican candidate. Thirty per cent. reported a growing sentiment in his favor, twenty per cent. reported his strength smaller than in 1912, and the other fifty per cent. reported the Roosevelt sentiment not increasing. According to this same paper the name of Hughes is far ahead of that of Roosevelt or any other in the talk about Republican candidates. Cummins, Fairbanks and Burton are the only others who are mentioned outside their own states.



"WHAT, MOTHER, DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?"

"Yes, I do. You go around to the back door and wipe your feet, too, when you come in."

—Donahy in *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

"To say that the Colonel is going to run," says the *Boston Globe*, "is inaccurate. He is not going to run! The Colonel is now running . . . at the rate of 110 miles an hour, and is gaining speed!" The recent dinner given in New York by Judge Gary, with Mr. Roosevelt as one of the guests, among an imposing throng of financial magnates, has stimulated discussion and elicits from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (Dem.) the comment that "Roosevelt will be a bitter pill for the Republican machine bosses, like Barnes and Penrose, who rolled him last time; but they are helpless against their Wall street masters and can not show the votes necessary to party dictatorship." Mr. Charles S. Bird, a leader of the Massachusetts Progressives, dwells with delight upon the possibility of Mr. Roosevelt as the next (Republican) President with Elihu Root as his Secretary of State. Had Mr. Roosevelt

been President during the last three years, says Mr. Bird adoringly, the crimes in Mexico would not have taken place, the *Lusitania* would still be afloat and our rank among the nations would now be one to be proud of. Mr. Bird is moderate in his eulogy. We have heard admirers of the Colonel who insist that if he had been President there would have been no war in Europe, because the vigor of his protest against the invasion of Belgium would have been such that Germany would have stopped hostilities before a blow was struck! The *Topeka Capital* is sceptical. It points out that Korean sovereignty was destroyed, contrary to treaties, during the Roosevelt administration; that the Kischeneff massacres resulted in no aggressive measures on his part, and that Morocco was invaded by the French with impunity, altho we were a party to the Algeciras compact.

Perhaps, after all, the real reason why the Colonel went to the Gary dinner was his excellent appetite.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

Germany promises that hereafter her U-boats will operate under the constitution and by-laws of the Y. M. C. A.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

MR. ASQUITH FOILS ONE MORE PLAN OF HIS CONSCRIPTIONIST ENEMIES

RELATIONS between David Lloyd George and Lord Kitchener are now so strained that, in the opinion of the Berlin press, following the crisis with attention, the life of the Asquith ministry can not be long. In fact, Berlin hears that an alternative ministry is all but named, the new Prime Minister being either Lord Derby, of recruiting fame, or that Lord Haldane who of all living Britons is supposed to understand Germany and the Germans best. There is a third combination to be headed by Lord Rosebery if the others fail. All is supposed to depend upon the willingness of Mr. Lloyd George to lend himself to the plan to destroy the ministry of which he is so strong a pillar. In any event, as the Berlin *Vossische* infers, the British government can not go on as it is. Sir Edward Grey, as foreign secretary, has become a laughingstock even to his countrymen. Prime Minister Asquith, whose greatness consists in his capacity first to make speeches and second to reconcile differences, has become quite worn out by his peacemaking activities within his own political household. Asquith is naturally an indolent character, we read, with an aptitude for talk and leadership. He does no governing. His cabinet is torn by factional feuds in which laborites and aristocrats, militarists and pacifists precipitate one crisis after another in the Commons. Mr. Asquith steps in at the breaking point, drags the fleeing Irish and laborites back, says a soothing word to Kitchener, and the war goes on. This, adds the Berlin paper, explains the events of the past month, which will be repeated in a few weeks as the last act of the drama.

Mr. Asquith and the Married Men in England

HARDLY can the Conscriptionists of the Curzon type in London contain themselves in their fury at the latest trick by means of which Mr. Asquith has victimized them, observes the unsympathetic Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*. The English people generally are too sick and tired of the war to make conscription in the true sense possible, we read. This Mr. Asquith knows well.

Nevertheless the conscriptionists of the imperialist school try to enmesh the Prime Minister in their political web. They spent the month now ended in moving amendments to a measure termed "conscription," but which in reality was merely a redemption of the famed Asquith pledge to the married men of Britain. That is, the eligible single men who have failed to come forward must go to the front before the fathers of families take their place in the ranks. This is as far as Mr. Asquith could possibly go, both as a Liberal leader and as head of a government based upon public opinion, thinks the organ of agrarian conservatism. The fact that he dare go no further than this, that he can not introduce conscription in any genuine form, proves the imbecility of the contention in London dailies that the heart and soul of the English people are in the war.

Conscription as Applied by Premier Asquith.

WHAT the world is witnessing in the Commons seems, in the light of explanations by Mr. Asquith's organs at London, nothing more serious than a redemption of his famous pledge of "single men first." This was not clearly understood by one famous labor leader, who threatened to get out of the ministry. He has seen the truth since and for the time being he stays. The obligation of the married men to enlist ought not to be enforced or held to be binding unless the unmarried are dealt with. That is how the Prime Minister put it from the beginning and he has now, according to the *London News*, kept his word, that is all. Comment in the *London Mail*, belonging to the so-called Northcliffe press, indicates that the *London News* and the *London Telegraph* have, "as usual," suppressed every item of information dealing with this state of affairs. The truth is that the war and its conduct have entailed among other things so furious a controversy among English parliamentary factions as to make the accounts of events in the *London Times*, for instance, entirely irreconcilable with the versions in the *London News*, so far as regards the political crisis. The tales

of the feud between Lloyd George and Lord Kitchener, publication of which are in part responsible for the drastic treatment meted out to the *London Globe*, are the subject of denial in inspired dailies. Nevertheless, these stories will not down. Even the Italian dailies are finding space for fantastic tales of the Kitchener-George strain. The *London Telegraph* sees, however, a dispersal rather than a gathering of the clouds:

"It is not going too far to say that the Cabinet's known decision in regard to the redemption of Mr. Asquith's pledge

Looking over the war talks by some of the statesmen in Congress leads to further patience with some of the folks who write to the editor.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

to the married men has brought about a wholesomeness in the political atmosphere such as the country has not known for months past, and such as some of us seemed to think had disappeared for ever. . . . Universal compulsory service on the Continental model is not in question. The 'fetching' of a considerable number of eligible single men who have no good reason for allowing men with wives and families to fight for them does not raise any of the objections which Labor, in particular, is supposed to entertain to the system that has been put in operation among our friends and our enemies."

As we understand the situation, the four branches of government consist of the legislative, executive, judicial and Col. House.—Washington Post.

GERMANY'S NEW CONCEPTION OF HER MILITARY POSITION

SO ACUTE has been the crisis distracting the military councils of Emperor William that some organs of the allies, notably the *Paris Figaro*, are inclined to behold in it a sufficient explanation of his Majesty's absence from various fronts. The "crisis," as the experts in Paris view it, results from the revival of the feud between the Falkenhayn element in the great general staff at Berlin and the followers of von Tirpitz in the department of marine. The von Tirpitz faction sees in all recent developments of the land campaign the logical punishment of a refusal to permit adequate co-operation between German land forces and German sea forces. The general staff in Berlin, to follow French analysis still, can not see that the war is naval as well as continental. Indeed, for striving to emphasize this view, the *Zukunft* of editor Harden was suppressed and even the Pan-German *Grenzboten* has received a warn-

ing. What purpose is subserved by triumphs all over the Balkan theater on land when through their command of the sea the allies can paralyze Greece and facilitate a Russian landing on the Black Sea coast of Bulgaria? What an exasperation for the general staff to send heavy artillery through to Turkey for a rush against the British on Gallipoli only to have a hundred thousand men get clean away to reinforce the enemy at Salonica! To make matters worse, the squadron of the allies is still based upon a promontory of western Gallipoli, still holds the islands, still commands the adjacent seas.

Military and Naval Factions in a Feud at Berlin.

EMPEROR WILLIAM was so profoundly impressed by the influence of sea-power upon the progress of Balkan events that, if we may assume the accuracy of French dailies like the *Gaulois*, he effected a partial restoration of the naval staff to its independence of action. Theoretically, it would appear, the German navy is subordinate to the military organization as a whole. It leads no such independent official existence as is enjoyed by the British fleet. The first result of the new policy was a resumption of the activity of the German submarine, but it operated in the Mediterranean instead of the North Sea. The next consequence had to do with the high-seas fleet, said to be lurking behind its fastnesses in the great Kiel refuge. One sortie at least was effected by the swift German cruisers, which, we are assured, traversed a great area of the North Sea recently without a collision with the ships under Jellicoe. The Germans sent up an airship or two for preliminary observations before the hazardous experiment was made. When matters had gone so far, the feud between the military magnates and the sea dogs grew furious again. Emperor William had to take a hand in the fray, because the followers of the doughty von Tirpitz objected to the plan of campaign outlined for them by the general staff in Berlin as a preposterous and impossible conception. All these tales emanate from the allied press, but they are held to explain the rumors of the month regarding Emperor William. However serious may be the complications in his Majesty's throat, they sink into insignificance, it is said, beside the complications involving the high-seas fleet. Little or nothing of all this finds its way into the German press.



SAD NEWS!

—Carter in N. Y. Evening Sun

What the General Staff in Berlin Expects of the Fleet.

WHAT the Falkenhayns, the Hindenburgs and the Mackensens seek is a temporary paralysis of allied sea-power in the Mediterranean. This is to be attained through a diversion of British attention from that sea by means of a dash into the North Sea. This accounts, at least to the French press, for the mysterious appearances of German capital ships here and there in the North Sea; but beyond this conjecture becomes indefinite. One story is to the effect that the followers of von Tirpitz sought out Emperor William after his



AN EMPTY VICTORY

IMPERIAL SCULPTOR: "I want you to sit for my colossal figure of 'Victory.'"
GERMANIA: "Yes, sire. Might I have a little something to eat first?"
—London Punch

recent return from Vienna and assured him that, if the plans of the general staff were carried out, the high-seas fleet would cease to exist. Emperor William, however, had been told in Vienna, says the *Matin*, that Russia is about to send a strong force against Constantinople. The Petrograd "conception" is to land an army from the sea, force the Bulgarians to pause in their attacks upon the Servians, and compel Constantinople to surrender. There is a powerful body of military opinion among the allies which insists that the idea of the Dardanelles expedition was a wise one and must be renewed. "It is in the Dardanelles and in Bulgaria," to quote the expert of the *London Post*, "that we must bar the Turco-German routes to Syria and Egypt." While the entente powers command the seas, German strategy is balked, however brilliant the German victories along every land front. That was the situation outlined by Emperor William to his naval aids. Control of the Mediterranean enables the British to seize Crete, the Aegean and Ionian isles and maintain a base off Gallipoli. The allies might even take the Bulgarian army on its left flank and save Servia.

Berlin Military Magnates and the Naval Factor.

WHATEVER scorn may be professed in Berlin dailies like the *Tageblatt* for the sea-power of the allies, there has dawned upon the German military magnates, asserts the *Paris Débats*, a totally new conception of the relation of sea-power to this war. The general staff in Berlin is said to have set its mind like a vice upon Egypt. Can England hold the Suez Canal? If not, she faces revolt in India and loss of prestige in the East generally. An attack on Egypt will have the incidental effect of withdrawing the attention of the allies from France as a strategical problem. Now, the attack upon Egypt brings to the fore the same problem that baffled Germany when first the invasion of England was mooted—naval power. The blunders of the British at the Dardanelles, at Athens, in the Balkans, in the vicinity of Bagdad are not so costly, after all, for she still rides triumphant upon her element, the sea. She would feel a blow against Egypt. There must occur, therefore, such a revival of the naval power of the Teutonic allies in the Mediterranean as will affect the destinies of the fight for Suez. So far, all military experts and all naval heroes in Berlin seem agreed. The crisis has arisen over the plan to put this "conception" into effect.

Germany's New Conception Creates Discord Among the Allies.

AS BRITISH attention concentrates itself more and more upon the German-Turkish army in Mesopotamia, the German-Turkish-Austrian army in Servia, the movement against Egypt and the signs of a revival of German naval activity, the French urge upon their allies the consideration that, as the *Paris Temps* puts it, the destinies of the struggle will be decided upon French soil. This point was dwelt upon at the conference of exalted British and French functionaries in Paris, altho the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* feels convinced that no agreement upon the subject was reached. To the whole German press there is discernible among the entente powers precisely such a difference of opinion over grand strategy as, in the view of the allied press, distracts the general staff in Berlin. The strategists of the allies are inclined at times to suspect that Germany's statesmen have staged a military burlesque for the sole purpose of leading France and England into a wild-goose chase through the Balkans. The *London Mail*, in fact, suspects that all recent German peace talk may be a "blind." The Germans, it notes, while "trying to fool their enemies by talking about peace," are all the time steadily getting on with the war. Among the eminent French soldiers who deprecate the Balkan enterprizes of the allies is mentioned General Gallieni, Minister of War. He wants a decisive battle in Flanders while the Germans prosecute a fantastic Egyptian enterprize. He is said in the *Gazette de Lausanne* to believe that the impending Russian expedition against Constantinople—an undertaking involved in much mystery—will make short work of the Germans and Turks on Gallipoli without any interference by the French and English.

Are the Naval Resources of the Allies Strained?

THE precise nature of the naval adventure upon which Germany is about to embark, to which Emperor William has given the weight of his support, concerns the allied press greatly. No one even in Ger-

many denies that the allies command the sea; but that command, as the Berlin *Vossische* observes, is strained constantly. It is not absolute. A successful diversion might enable the Germans to effect a stroke of importance—say temporary command of the Mediterranean at some vital point. It might have gone hard with the allies, concedes the naval expert of the London *Telegraph*, if Italy had not redressed the balance in the great sea by her timely intervention. The formidable navy of Austria-Hungary might not have been kept, as it was, under surveillance. "Behind the veil there were happenings in southern waters, even before the enemy's submarines made their appearance, of which little or nothing has been heard." The Anglo-British fleets have in recent weeks been forced to guard their bases so constantly that cruises for observation were suspended altogether. That is why the strength of the entente powers in Mediterranean waters is undetermined, why the reports of numerous submarines under Turkish and Austrian flags can not be denied.

What Germany Aims at for the Present.

HOWEVER the differences among German strategists may be settled, it seems clear to the allied press that Berlin does not contemplate with equanimity a concentration of French and British forces against

the Kaiser in Flanders. Having got the allies involved in the Balkans, Germany prefers to keep them there. Some enterprise at sea will be risked to achieve that very purpose. The prospect perturbs influential sections of French opinion, notably the *Homme enchaîné*, edited by that famous enemy of President Poincaré, Georges Clemenceau. He urges complete withdrawal from the East and concentration in the West. The argument is that no progress is made by slaying Bulgars and Turks. The thing is to kill Germans. As against this it is urged by the London *Chronicle* that the war is all one, that victory will be gained by employing men and guns where they will produce the maximum effect. England, it says, must not take an alarmist view of Egypt. Germany would like nothing better. Egypt can be well defended, it thinks, on the Suez Canal positions. Yet, if the French view be rejected by the British, if the English continue to rush eastward, where shall they rush? Servia has fallen. Germany holds the railroad to Constantinople. One suggestion is to make a Macedonian offensive, using Salonica as a base. The reply of the Paris paper, inspired by its famous editor, is to the effect that Germany's aim for the moment is the dispersal of the allied sea-power over many waters. The followers of von Tirpitz will concert a plan with the Falkenhayns while the allies dispute about policies, and a fresh disaster—this time at sea—will result.

Pacifist is shorter and easier to say than pacifist; or piffist, for that matter.—Toledo *Blade*.

Every disavowal seems to be followed by a sinking of its own.—Baltimore *American*.

SALONICA AS THE STRATEGICAL FACTOR OF THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE

THE armies of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey have at last united to drive the British and French in the Balkans into the sea at Salonica, as the official Berlin announcement runs. All the military experts of the central powers explain the operations of the moment in this fashion and the task has been so far amazingly easy as elucidated in the columns of the Berlin *Tageblatt*. The great dread of Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria was, as the Berlin *Vossische* tells us, that the Anglo-French forces would decamp from Salonica before the Teutonic allies could get to the scene. The Bulgarian Minister of War informed various German correspondents at Sofia, according to the London *Standard*, that the only result of the landing of British and French troops at Salonica would be to supply Greece with an enormous quantity of arms and military equipments which the allies will be forced to leave behind them in their rush to escape to their ships to avoid annihilation. Telegrams from Constantinople are cited by the same English daily to afford an idea of the impatience of the Turkish army, based on Thrace, to take part in the expulsion of the army of the allies. Enver Pasha says there will not be a British or French soldier left in the Balkans by next month.

The Balkans Agog Over the Fate of Salonica.

RUMANIA is awaiting the final destruction of the British and French armies in the Balkans in order to throw in her lot with that of Germany, affirms a military expert in the *Kreuz-Zeitung*. The same impression is voiced by the German press of the inspired

school. In regard to Greece, the organs of the central powers tell us that the same degree of neutrality extended by her to the entente allies will be shown to the Germanic powers. Greece, say the Berlin papers, will not interfere with the operations of the armies around Salonica as their base, but in the same way the Greek government will give the Germanic powers a free hand to attack the Anglo-French forces on Greek shores. Greece, in short, will simply stand aside and let the rival armies of the belligerents fight it out among themselves. So there will be no obstacle to German plans from that quarter. Now, the object of all these announcements, explains the London *Standard*, is primarily to intimidate and influence any neutral countries concerned. Press communications from Berlin, it says, are supplied to Greek and Rumanian newspapers under the auspices of the Wilhelmstrasse, so that few in the Balkans can follow the real progress of the campaign in a well-informed manner.

Official Berlin About to Score in Print.

IN their preliminary flourishes regarding what they will do around Salonica, the Germans are following a carefully arranged plan—at least the London dailies tell us so. Before undertaking the campaign against Servia, says the London *Standard*, the German government distributed the same elaborate forecasts. The invasion of Servia was successful. At this moment Germany is advertizing fresh conceptions. When they have been carried out with the same degree of success, as the Germans so confidently expect, Berlin will an-

nounce triumphantly that Germany always fulfils the promises made by her rulers. Berlin will add that Germany must win the war as a whole, as the German forecasts of its different phases are all realized. This boast, it is predicted, will be circulated assiduously in neutral countries, especially in those whose support will be of importance to Germany. It is obvious, comments the British organ, that the frustration of the German effort to drive the allies out of the Balkans will be all the more damaging to Germany's prestige by reason of the confident prophecies of its success. As the London *Westminster Gazette* sees the situation, the Germans are making a skilful use of the neutral press in order to daze and mystify the allied governments and their publics. The London paper expresses its incredulity in the following words:

"From all quarters rumors are sent flying of great new offensives to be undertaken with unheard-of or non-existent forces. The attack against the Salonica expedition is to be resumed. Immense preparations are being made for a new

effort in Flanders, for an attack on the Riga-Dvinsk front, for what is called a 'drive' in Galicia. The thing, as usual, is somewhat overdone. Put the German strength in men and munitions at its highest, there is room at the utmost for one or two of these operations, but certainly not for all of them. The object, however, of circulating these reports is not in doubt. It is to produce a vague sense of inexhaustible resources; to create uncertainty and unrest in our minds and in the minds of the neutrals and the Eastern peoples who may be wavering in their allegiance; to tempt us to a dissipation of our forces so that a shrewd blow may be struck in some unexpected quarter. The remedy is to keep our heads cool, to make up our minds definitely what are our proper objectives and what must be defended at all hazards, and not to be dismayed by surprises and even reverses elsewhere. Of one thing we may be sure. The idea that the enemy has inexhaustible reserves of military power is a mere bogey. Unless all the signs are deceptive, he is under an extreme coercion to force a decision before his reserves are exhausted and before the new armies of his opponents can be equipped and put into the field. If he fails in this, he probably fails in everything."

Great Britain takes to the idea of conscription like a duck does to boiling oil.—Chicago *Herald*.

Now that Astor is a baron maybe the other barons will be able to borrow some money from him.—Jacksonville *Times-Union*.

THREAT OF THE ALLIES TO OVERTURN THE DYNASTY OF GREECE

EVERY threat of the allies to end King Constantine's reign at Athens, affirms the press of Berlin, is treated by him with disdain. Again and again is his Majesty reminded by the diplomatic agents from Paris, London and Petrograd that they have guaranteed Greece a constitutional parliamentary government; that his Majesty enforces his will upon the land of the Hellenes in defiance of the chosen representatives of the people, and that such a situation can not be permitted to endure. The argument is taken up in the London *Times* and the Paris *Temps* as one deadlock follows another at Athens; but Constantine, observes the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, will not condescend to take hints of that kind. He maintains himself not only as a sovereign but as a ruling politician. The spectacle is novel in Greece, concedes our Viennese contemporary. His Majesty, however, was born in the country and reared a Greek, a point to which the allies pay no heed. Nor do the allies appreciate sufficiently the fact that the discomfited Venizelos, their champion, is a Cretan. He grew great in that isle while the Turks ruled it. He tore it from them and united it with Hellas in the teeth of the Greek dynasty, then headed by George. All the political and administrative ideas of Venizelos are French, the only foreign land whose tongue he really knows. Nor has he any idea of military might apart from the greatness and supremacy of the British at sea.

Greece in the Light of the Venizelos Mind.

VENIZELOS thinks he serves Greece when he places her under the wing of the powerful British fleet, note the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* and the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. The existence of the sea-power of England, they say, is for Venizelos the foundation of all international relations, as he strives in every way to convince the Balkan powers. Hence the famed Cretan thinks he serves Greece by placing her under the British. While Great Britain was trying to win over the Bul-

garians, Venizelos was ready to give up Kavalla and the strip of coast thereabouts. When the Bulgars went over to the central powers, Greece should, according to Venizelos, have drawn the sword against them. Thus he continues to make common cause with the entente, so blind is his faith in that British fleet. Venizelos, in short, views world politics from the Cretan angle. He does not know Germany, he does not understand the supreme factors in the war. Nor do these organs of Teuton opinion deny that the majority of the Greeks are with Venizelos in this view. They say, however, that a new idea is beginning to dawn upon the Hellenic mind. They see at last that a new epoch is dawning for Europe, that the ancient maritime supremacy of the mistress of the seas draws to its close. "Thus a new and glorious era opens for Greece, and she will be truly free."

Stiffening of the Monarchical Principle in Greece.

GREECE has so long been under the spell of the principles of the French revolution that no adequate conception could prevail in the land, as the German press—notably that stanch organ of the monarchical principle in Europe, the *Kreuz-Zeitung*—analyzes the crisis for us. The trouble with Greece has been the lack of an aristocracy strongly bound to the dynasty by ties of mutual interest. The ancient history of the land inclined the people to the democratic conception of government. No strong personality emerged to effect a modification of this tendency. In Constantine the Greeks seem at last to possess a competent exponent of the monarchical idea, a fact which pleases the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* immensely. He has created "a monarchical sentiment" among his people by his deeds of prowess in the field, by his firmness in the council hall. Thus it happens that the parliament at Athens has lost prestige in comparison with the influence gained by the King. The events of the past two months have merely brought this truth to the eyes of the world. Venizelos

stands for the democratic principle, the sway of the majority in the parliament. There is reason to infer that his political ideal is a Hellenic republic under British protection, wherein he, as Prime Minister, will have a position like that of Botha in South Africa. Constantine, on the other hand, is in his prime, energetic, passionately eager to serve his people, and not at all anxious to be a puppet on a throne. He realizes well, our German commentators add, that parliamentary activity has made Greece a mob-ruled land.

Germany Beholds in Constantine Her Real Friend.

WHATEVER Constantine may say to visiting journalists, in the opinion of the German dailies generally he knows that through the triumph of Berlin his country will be enabled to embark upon a career of glory. He was unable to prevent the landing of the allies at Salonica, a fact forgiven him by the *Neue Freie Presse* and the *Reichspost* of Vienna, however sharply they commented upon the episode at the time. He never dreamed that Venizelos would play the game of politics as he did against his sovereign. Constantine, undeceived, adds the latter paper, now leans upon his army, thus forcing Venizelos to desist from the task of shedding Greek blood for the benefit of England. What the King seeks, says the former daily, is neutrality. Meanwhile Venizelos moves heaven and earth in his effort to persuade Greece that the Bulgars are her hereditary foes, seeking her destruction. The facts tell a different tale, declares the Vienna paper. The Bulgars have even withdrawn their forces from an immediate proximity to the Greek lines. Salonica is not threatened by the Bulgars, altho the British have been fortifying themselves there. From the Bulgars the Greeks have as little to fear as from the Turks. On the other hand, the freedom of Greece is now threatened by Italy. Who still holds Greek soil in defiance of Athens? The Turks are in Smyrna, to be sure, the hinterland of which belongs to them, but they have renounced the isles of Greece. The British hold sway in Cyprus. They have long threatened Crete. They have taken a series of Greek islands under their wing, taking, as their preposterous pretext, the situation off Gallipoli. Elsewhere, as the Turks depart, the Italians rush in. Italy awaits a favorable opportunity to master Albania and thus hem Greece in from another direction.

Constantine Waits Upon Constantinople.

IF the Russian expedition against Constantinople had not assumed formidable proportions, according to the military experts who write for the Italian press, the

King of Greece would long since have taken strong measures against Venizelos. What they would have been does not appear, for, in spite of what is said in the Rome *Tribuna* about the despotism of his Majesty, it does not appear potent enough even to the German dailies to justify certain fantastic rumors. The King of Greece is believed to cherish doubts regarding the immediate future of Constantinople which his German admirers might not regard as complimentary if they read them in the Rome *Messaggero*. The truth is, according to the Paris *Temps*, that Constantine is so uncertain on the subject of the plans of the allies that he must balance himself very nicely not only from day to day but from hour to hour. His Majesty has given his word of honor to the French minister at Athens, we read further, that under no circumstances need the Anglo-French expedition fear an act of hostility from his government. These affirmations have been confirmed by a formal statement to the London *Times*. Another interview with the King, granted to an American journalist, reading in a superficially different sense, has been telegraphed back to Europe without shaking the confidence of the inspired organ of the French foreign office in the good faith of Constantine on this particular point. As long as the French and the English remain at Salonica, then, Greece will not lose sight of the fact that from this quarter alone may she find a friend in need. Against this must be placed observations by the London *Post*, likewise in touch with official opinion in its own country:

"The position is that Salonica is a neutral port and that it leads into a neutral country, through which our armies must advance on or retreat from the enemy. This neutral country is in the hands of a Power which has broken its treaty with Serbia and its promise to the Entente Powers. It had given its word to intervene on our side: it now refuses, and after a protest against the landing, resigns itself to an attitude of what is called 'benevolent neutrality.' But if the Greek Government has changed its attitude once it may change its attitude again. If benevolent neutrality suits its interests now, strict neutrality may suit its interests later on. . . .

"We are engaged in throwing forward an army over a surface which may at any moment crack and engulf it. Our proposed line of communication is like a drift of snow upon the mountainside in the spring. We walk across it; it seems firm; but it may at any moment whirl down to the valley in an avalanche behind us and leave us in the air. . . .

"Since we dislocated our military arrangements on a pledge which Greece has broken, we have good cause for saying to Greece that we expect her to stand by her obligations, or accept the position of hostility to the Entente Powers."

NICHOLAS II. PREPARES FOR A LONG WAR

WHEN first the rumors of the serious illness of Emperor William were bruited about the courts of Europe, Nicholas II. took pains to ascertain the facts, we learn from the well-informed Turin *Stampa*. The information received by the Czar about two months ago did not indicate a grave malady, altho sensational reports about the German Emperor's throat have gained currency in European dailies. What concerned Nicholas II., among other things, was the possible effect

of the incapacity of the German Emperor upon the course of the war. The Czar ascertained, according to these authorities, that even in the event of the Emperor's death, there could be no cessation of the war, no relaxation of the determination of the German military magnates to push the struggle to the limit. The Crown Prince is even more firmly devoted to this idea than was his father when first the invasion of Belgium was resolved upon. The passing of Emperor William would

call to the German imperial throne a militarist to the finger tips, a young man who looks at German policy from the standpoint of the great general staff in Berlin.

Opinion of the Russian Court Regarding Length of the War.

NO concealment seems to be made by the Czar of his belief that the war will last for two or three years more at the very least. All the preparations of his Majesty's chief of staff, General Alexeieff, are based upon this calculation, according to the Italian military experts and the despatches in Roman dailies. The war, as the Czar views it, has become an investment of Germany upon a colossal scale, not with any view to starving her out but for the purpose of eliminating her from the list of great powers. This, explains the *Stampa*, is the sole purpose for which the Russian Czar wages the war. He seeks no injury to the German people. Russia, in fact, first suggested to the English the policy which has so recently been set forth by Sir Edward Grey. Until Germany retires from the lands she has invaded and makes restitution for the damages she has inflicted, her flag will never float commercially on any sea. Nicholas II. derives peculiar satisfaction from this ultimatum owing to the pride with which Emperor William has said again and again to the German people: "Our future lies on the water." The German Emperor has rejoiced too pointedly in his title of Admiral of the Atlantic, never bestowed upon him by the German imperial government, it seems, but assumed in an expansive moment. The determination of the allies to wipe the flag of Germany out in the maritime sense is, thus, the most profound of all the humiliations that could be devised for William II. That is precisely why the Czar hit upon it. Thus runs the gossip of the month in Rome, which makes it appear that Nicholas II. squares accounts in this fashion for the personal humiliation he had to endure when he was forced to sit still while his Hapsburg foes absorbed Bosnia and Herzegovina.

William II. Told That the War Will Be a Long One.

SAZONOFF, who retains his position as foreign minister at Petrograd by a most precarious combination, is credited in our Italian contemporaries with the present Russian policy of a long war. The first Russian plan, according to the *Messaggero* (Rome), implied a short war. The Czar had not then realized that the struggle was primarily naval. To Germany it is, of course, a land war. The Grand Duke Nicholas took the same view. In due time, Finance Minister Bark held his conferences with Mr. Lloyd George and with Premier Briand. Then for the first time it was brought home to an influential Russian statesman that Germany must be completely exhausted. The allies are in no position to do this shortly, swiftly and sharply. They can do it by patient persistence, by effecting the extinction of German commerce. This extinction will be a slow process because it may take from three to six years to train the customers of Germany in the world at large, from Peking to Rio Janeiro, to trade elsewhere. The whole theory of the ruling element at Berlin has been to build the greatness of the new Germany upon her commerce. What folly, then, to shorten the war! Thus ran the reasoning of the financiers of the allies, who could not make their view prevail in London or Paris until the Czar threw his weight into

the scale. There will be no short war talk in the official press of Petrograd while the present state of mind of Nicholas II. endures, if this analysis of the present policy of Russia be a sound one. The Czar is terribly afraid that Germany will not be exhausted, according to the *Tribuna*, and he is always bringing the importance of this point to the consideration of the British envoy at his court. It has immensely relieved the imperial mind to find the British persuaded likewise of the tactical advantage of prolonging the war.

Can France Stand the Strain Much Longer?

THE source of embarrassment to the allies in their present policy of prolonging the war is the strain upon France. This information, afforded originally in the Berlin press, has found an echo in the newspapers of Sweden and Spain, altho the French retort that such tales are spread by subsidized organs of the Wilhelmstrasse. Nevertheless, the careful Amsterdam *Telegraaf* as well as the Madrid *Epoca* has commented upon the obvious agony of the French as the struggle tends to prolong itself indefinitely. Great Britain has realized the difficult position of the French, according to the Italian dailies, more especially the Rome *Tribuna*, which sees reason to suspect that England at the present time has far more than a million men in arms along the northern front and will strengthen the line in the near future. Berlin dailies, especially the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, insist that the French are in no agreeable mood as they ponder the future. They want a peace at once, which would bring them honorable and even advantageous terms. In fact, the press of Europe is disposed to agree that France would benefit more than any of the belligerents if peace could be brought about now. She is determined, however, to stand loyally by her allies, whatever the cost.



THE NEUTRAL BREAD-LINE

—Brinkerhoff in N. Y. Evening Mail

GROWTH OF THE TENSION BETWEEN THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT AND THE POPE

HAD it not been for a marked difference of opinion among the members of the Salandra ministry over a point of phraseology, the Italian government would have sent to the powers last month, according to certain anticlerical organs abroad, a strong note explaining its new attitude to the Pope. A period of strain has set in which, avers the anticlerical *Messaggero* (Rome), must have important international consequences. The trouble seems to have begun with the criticism of the law of guarantees which Benedict XV. either inspired or sanctioned. Matters were not mended by the alleged triumph of the German party at the Vatican, which is assumed now to be complete because of the reorganization of the pontifical secretariat of state. Cardinal Gasparri, it seems, gave offense to important Austrian and German ecclesiastics by his conciliatory attitude to Italy. He went so far as to say, for example, that the temporal power was a question to be settled between the Holy See and the Italian people. He developed such an antagonism to German and Austrian aims in Rome that, for the sake of good relations with Vienna and Berlin, he was almost displaced. At any rate, the official organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*, announced that his Holiness would in due time appoint Cardinal Ottavio Cagiano de Azevedo to an office of high rank, to the chagrin, it is said, of the anti-German party at the pontifical court.

Italy Said to Dread the German Party at the Vatican.

A STRAINED situation will result for Italy if the allies heed the suggestion to admit a representative of the Pope to the peace conference. On the other hand, the Vatican is said in the anticlerical French and Italian press to have received a definite promise from the central powers to this very effect. The papal allocution at the recent consistory has likewise been unfavorably received, says the *London Times*, by those Roman Catholics who incline to the allies. The Pope's words go a long way to confirm in certain European journals a hint that a revival of the Roman question is imminent. The list of cardinals newly created—the first of the reign—was scrutinized suspiciously by Italian dailies, some of which are affronted by the names. The members of the sacred college now number sixty-one, of whom thirty are Italians, while of the non-Italian six are Austrians and two are Germans. The report that Cardinal Cagiano de Azevedo was to conduct the diplomacy of the church found no confirmation; but the entire allied press has taken up the subject of the crisis involving the Italian government and the Pope. Benedict XV., by making immediate peace an object of his diplomacy, has gone over to the Germans. That is the construction placed upon recent developments at the Vatican by the anticlerical dailies in Europe.

Reconstitution of the Papal State.

ONE of the objects for which Germany is fighting, if we may believe a few clerically inclined dailies in Spain, in Rumania and in other neutral nations, is

a restoration of the Pope's temporal power. This language is directly inspired from the *Wilhelmstrasse* itself, says the *London Standard*. It is, we are told, for instance, more than a coincidence that three Spanish papers known to be under German influence (one of them is financed by the pioneers of German enterprise in Morocco) announce simultaneously that at a recent private session of the finance committee of the Bavarian diet the Premier of the kingdom said definitely that Germany and her allies, including Turkey, have pledged themselves to assign a portion of Italian territory for the revival of the papal state abolished some fifty years since. The Spanish newspapers publishing this news make it the basis of comment in praise of Germany as the champion of the cause of the Pope. The German press, and especially that portion of it circulating chiefly among the Roman Catholics of West and South Germany, is working along similar lines. This comment has been copied into anticlerical Italian organs, which make spirited observations. Here is a typical extract from an organ of the German center party, representing the Roman Catholics in the Reichstag, the *Volkszeitung* (Cologne):

"Which of us remembers that so recently as 1860 the papal state contained a population of three millions, while its army consisted of fifteen thousand troops, and its mercantile marine numbered three thousand ships? It is useless to discuss at the present moment whether the papal state, which must be reconstituted after the war, shall be restored to its exact territorial dimensions. But we are all convinced that effective measures must be taken to give the Pope and his successors more independence than is possible while the Vatican continues to be surrounded by Italian territory. . . .

"Does anyone suppose that the Roman Catholics of the world will allow such a condition of things to continue after the war? Who can say what humiliation will be inflicted upon Italy when the day of reckoning arrives? What will the Italian people do to their rulers when the final defeat of their armies brings them face to face with the fact that Italy must cease to exist as a great power? Germany will have no mercy on Italy, but will be ready to support any reasonable proposals put forward by the Vatican."

Italy Relying Upon the Attitude of the Allies.

ACTION of an official kind will have to be taken by Premier Salandra in view of the diplomacy of the central powers, which is construed by the Rome *Messaggero* as a pledge to Benedict XV. The embarrassment of the moment is to assert the Italian position without affronting Roman Catholic opinion in France and England. The allies, admits the *London Telegraph*, are embarrassed by the situation. As things have turned out, it says, the Teutons are in the ascendancy. Against the German exertions, which are systematic and continuous at the Vatican, the entente powers are unable to make any headway. Prussia, Austria and Bavaria, for example, are in the advantageous position of being able to champion all the papal claims, just as they championed those of the Moslem caliph, whereas the entente powers are bound to accept as the groundwork of their Vatican policy the position taken by Italy. This position, it is now hinted, will be asserted

in a manner calculated to make the breach between Vatican and Quirinal wide indeed. The relations between the two have been harmonious for the past dozen years. The war did not at first bring discord. Germany has worked indefatigably, or so the *Tribuna* says, to create the tense situation now existing; but the Italian government, we read further, will shrink from no crisis, however severe, in the assertion of its unity and sovereignty.

**Benedict XV. and the Two
Parties at the Vatican.**

EVER since the Pope ranged himself definitely on the side of immediate peace, as the *Paris Matin* tells the tale, there has been a contest between the friends of Germany and the friends of the entente for control of the international relations of the Holy See. Cardinal Gasparri was so bitterly assailed that a premature report of his removal was circulated even in Roman Catholic organs like the *Germania* (Berlin). He and the members of the sacred college who agree with him are said in the *Paris Gaulois* to look upon the whole agitation over the temporal power as a diplomatic device brought forward by statesmen who have no interest whatever in the church but are seeking its support for the promotion of aims unconnected with religion. His well-known view that the temporal power is an issue between the sovereign pontiff and the Italian people greatly offended the German party. That is the real reason why Cardinal Hartmann went in such haste to the Vatican only to learn there that a peace is impossible now. There can be no peace for another year at least, as the Vatican understands the matter. The Pope, however, will not in any circumstances modify his position that peace is the immediate duty of the belligerents. War is un-Christian. This utterance is "pontifical." It is a waste of time for influential Catholics to come to Rome under the impression that they can induce the sovereign pontiff to take any other stand, says the Madrid *Epoca*, which knows the situation. The Pope's stand seems to be in antagonism to those who want the war to go on; but Benedict XV. is not to be censured for that. The Spanish daily understands that the Italian government does not hold the Vatican responsible for the crisis over the temporal power. The whole trouble was precipitated by Prince von Bülow in cooperation with the Viennese foreign office as a measure not of justice to the Pope but of revenge upon Italy. He is held responsible for many fantastic stories of which this is typical:

promised the Pope that the Temporal Power shall be restored and that a Papal State shall be created in Palestine, with the sanction of the Sultan, ceding to the Sovereign Pontiff the city of Jerusalem, the Holy Places, and a territorial area, including Jaffa as a seaport, which shall be sufficient to support the dignity of a Cardinal-Viceroy."

However strained the relation between the Salandra ministry and the cardinal secretary of state may become, as the *Gaulois* (Paris) understands, there will be no actual rupture. The masses of the Italian clergy have evinced a profound patriotism in the national crisis. It would be poor tactics at this time to inject a domestic crisis into Italian politics. The Vatican, on its side, is eager to avoid affronting the patriotic by even an appearance of siding with an alien in a question that effects the national sovereignty. The real object of the diplomacy of Benedict XV., as the Italian dailies of the anti-clerical school define it, is to save the empire of the Hapsburgs, the rulers of the greatest Roman Catholic state.



SPHINX-LIKE IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS

"It is common knowledge in the Vatican that the Kaiser has categorically

But an imperturbable Party Democrat is William J. Stone, of Missouri, Chairman of the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

THE BOURBON DEMOCRAT WHO HOLDS THE SENATE REINS ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS

AT THE head of the powerful Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, while the United States faces the most delicate international situation we have ever known, stands an old-school Bourbon Democrat from Missouri: William Joel Stone. He is more familiarly known as "Gum-Shoe Bill." The nickname signifies several things. One of these is a kind of popular appreciation of his mystifying capacity to "get there" politically.

Political preparedness advanced him to the post of Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee upon the advent of a Democratic national administration. What he does not know about foreign affairs he is not telling anybody, and he has been fairly successful in concealing whatever ignorance he possesses in regard to international matters. Those who know him best say that Stone's policy is and will be whatever the Democratic administration policy may be. If his duly elected party chief were Bryan instead of Wilson, it would be all the same to Stone. The Democratic Party is his religion, first, last and all the time. It was thoroughly characteristic of him the other day when a colloquy in open session began to disclose sharp Democratic dissensions over the President's policy regarding neutrality, shipments of war munitions, etc., to rise to the occasion by simply throwing the Senate into executive session.

Whether Chairman Stone's skill in the arts of the tactician will prove more serviceable to American interests than other traits of leadership at this particular juncture, events must determine. As a matter of fact, positive leadership does not seem to be expected of him by the administration. None the less his potential position as an emergency man is most extraordinary. For the Senate is very jealous of its constitutional functions in treaty-making, in foreign representation and policy. Team-play with the President and his State Department was never more complicated or fateful. New issues precipitated directly and indirectly by the war, new developments of a Pan-American policy, specific treaty negotiations with Nicaragua, Colombia and Haiti, colonial policy in the Philippines and Porto Rico, readjustments with China and Japan—such problems are enough to

stagger any committee to which the Senate entrusts its keys of foreign policy. These questions, too, inevitably involve issues of so-called "preparedness" or national defense. The tactical opportunity for a Democratic "Gum-Shoe Bill" is unprecedented.

A composite portrait from impressionistic Washington sketches reveals Chairman Stone as picturesque, provincial, somewhat worn by long political life, but keen as ever on the scent of politics, slight of frame, likable, unpretentious, but of quite Delphic mien. He belongs to the older generation of the Senate fathers. He will be sixty-eight in May. On his committee of ten Democrats and seven Republicans only Oliver of Pennsylvania is a bit older. Lodge of Massachusetts, Republican ex-chairman of the committee and ranking minority member, is two years younger than Stone, and he is Stone's personal antithesis in nearly every respect. Each served three terms in the House of Representatives, Stone beginning in 1885, Lodge in 1887. Lodge went from the House direct to the Senate in 1893; Stone came up ten years later after an interval, four years of which he spent as governor in Missouri. Stone received one LL.D. from the University of Missouri, where he was educated; Lodge has four LL.D.'s.

An uninformed stranger visiting the national capital nowadays will experience some difficulty in placing Senator Stone, according to the Washington sketch-man for the *N. Y. Nation*. Clothe Stone in solemn black, he writes, with a white tie and a wide-awake hat, and you find him a typical country parson of the Southwest. "Crown him with native headgear and exchange the white tie for one less definitely ministerial, and you have a suggestion of the professor from some rural college. In a gray summer business suit and a Fedora, he turns into a prosperous village or small town magnate, perhaps the local banker who holds mortgages on the neighboring farms and shaves notes artistically."

"The slight stoop in the shoulders, the thin, compressed lips, and the long, insinuating nose, seen in profile, give him the air of a man who is perpetually looking for something; but if you are curious to know what it is, your inquisitiveness is baffled by the eyes, which are gray, and as expressionless as those of an Egyptian

sphinx. They reveal not a hint of what is going on in the brain behind them. In combination with their drooping lids, they give you rather the effect of drowsiness and indifference; and you are always astonished when, in the midst of a forensic battle, in which their owner has made no sign of special interest, you hear him, in a voice nasal in quality, but crisp and incisive as befits a cross-examiner, sticking a question into a member of the opposition, or passing an enigmatic comment on something said."

Under successive Republican administrations at Washington Senator Stone's speaking record has been in opposition, of course. It is remembered that against Senator Aldrich's Currency bill he once held the floor for 18 hours at a stretch to give La Follette a rest in the filibuster. Now and then he raises his right hand slightly to emphasize an inaudible point. The correspondent of the *N. Y. Globe* wrote several years ago:

"Now and then he points an accusatory finger at Aldrich, or Hale, or Lodge, or one of the other Bwana Tumbos of the Senate, and as his lips are seen moving, it is evident that he is heaping upon them the muted thunders of his indignation. But no one ever pretends to hear what he says. . . . And when La Follette, full of strength and milk shake, was able to resume, Mr. Stone gave way with a silent apology for a silent speech, and sat with a silent smile in a silent seat, watching."

Another Stone memory is the poignant sorrow over the break between Roosevelt and Taft in 1912 with which he convulsed the Senate. "We were led to believe that the combined and consolidated spirits of Damon and Jonathan had come out of their haven of rest and taken refuge in the corpus of Theodore Roosevelt, and that the combined spirits of David and Pythias had in like manner come to rest on the ample bosom of William Howard Taft." Behold now, said Stone sadly, the slimy and poisonous crawling serpent of ambition.

The Missouri Senator's lampoons of graduates of the Treasury Department who have taken the rôle of financial Goliaths in the Wall Street group are also well remembered in Washington. Ex-Comptroller Hepburn was described as "a lynx-eyed, hard-fisted and rotund financial Pooh-Bah"; Ex-Assistant-Secretary Vanderlip as "sly, devilish sly."

Thus did Stone endeavor to influence a Democratic President to turn a stony face to the wiles of these magnates.

Missouri politics are traditionally uncertain but they certainly breed invective. If Senator Stone is an adept at using these missiles he is apparently impervious to those that are shot at him. During the revolt of drastic reform in Missouri which landed Folk in the governor's chair and during the period of muck-raking in the nation at large Stone got his share of epithets. Lincoln Steffens numbered him in *McClure's* among the "Enemies of the Republic." David Graham Phillips, in the *Cosmopolitan*, found him one of the plotters of "The Treason of the Senate." C. P. Connolly cited him in *Everybody's* as a lobbyist in "Big Business and the Bench." Mark Sullivan's story in *Collier's*, when Governor Folk ran for United States Senator against Stone, had these head-lines: "GUM-SHOE BILL AND HIS SIDE-DOOR HABITS—A TRUST-BUSTING ORATOR AND AN HABITUÉ OF ONE-MAN LOCKED-ROOM CONFERENCES—HIS ABSURD SECRETIVENESS IN HANDLING DEALS FOR STREET RAILWAYS, A BOOK COMPANY, THE KANSAS CITY TIMES, AND ROYAL BAKING POWDER." Folk called him an "embezzler of power." Nobody, however, charged him with downright boodling; at any rate he was never shown to be guilty of anything forbidden by the statute books.

But his appearances "as a lawyer" for various business interests, including a "paper" Health Society in an "anti-alum" baking powder campaign, gave his critics their leverage. And the jibe of Colonel Phelps, a real lobbyist with whom he quarreled—"Oh, we both suck eggs, Stone and I, but Stone he hides the shells"—went farther than even Missouri invectives usually do.

None of these things, be it noted, moved Stone so far as external signs went. He has continued to be the same old-fashioned campaigner. While Folk had the lime light, Stone went his way through the highways and byways, mostly byways, of the state. He has the reputation of knowing by name everybody he has met. He never forgets a friend. His talk and his tobacco combine to get him a group of listeners anywhere. His return to the Senate despite Folk's contest was a surprise to state wisacres, and in 1914 he was reelected for a third term without opposition in his own party.

Chairman Stone becomes more understandable against this Missouri background. Washington knows him as a man well read in his youth, possessed of widely recognized legal acumen, Kentucky-born with a nose for politics, obsessed with Democratic party shibboleths, and prone to deify party regularity. He was a presidential elector in 1876, a member of the Democratic National Committee from

1896 to 1904 and its vice-chairman in the campaign in 1900. He played up the anti-imperialistic issue in that campaign and stands committed to-day against maintaining the Philippine Islands as United States "colonies." On no possible foreign policy does he appear to be handicapped with commitments against the wishes or judgment of President Wilson.

In close-contested matters he usually appears to be weighing evidence like a judge down to the last moment and such utterances as he vouchsafes are liable to more than one interpretation. The *N. Y. Nation's* observer already quoted finds that Stone's ability to draw what he wishes from his adversary without telling anything himself gains him fame for shrewdness, but loses for him recognition as a leader. He has a way of accomplishing his ends by keeping so quiet about them that nobody guesses where he is or what he is doing until he bobs up suddenly in the least suspected quarter and makes off with the prize.

William J. Stone never posed as a progressive for a minute. He hates Republicans politically. His home and law offices are at Jefferson City, rural capital of Missouri. There even unfriendly individuals will point to the fact that "Bill" left the Governorship a poor man at forty-nine, and will take Missouri pride in telling you to look at him now.

PETER: THE SORROWING SERVIAN SOVEREIGN AS HIS AUSTRIAN ENEMIES SEE HIM

PETER fled from his first capital to his second and now hides like a beaten hound, says the indignant Vienna *Reichspost*; but no disguise will avail the fugitive Servian sovereign. There is that nose, to begin with, made fiery, we read, by incessant potation, and there are the bleary eyes, lighting only at a prospect of fresh dissipation. The bristles crowning the narrow cranium are snow white and the mouth drools when he talks. He was weeping as he fled—weeping for rum! That Alexander whom Peter had murdered, deny it as he may, made lackeys follow him with trays whereon drinks were mixed. Peter established bars on every floor of his palace. There were empty bottles in the council hall. They stood beneath the throne. The paradise of Peter was an alcohol ocean through which he spouted leviathan-like, rolling drunk. He was drunk in the morning and drunk in church, drunk on horseback and drunk at reviews. Skeptics on this point need but to consult the Austrian press for chapter and verse. Peter was, we learn from this not un-

prejudiced authority, Silenus and Bacchus, Gambrinus and Falstaff in one, bibulously speaking, altho the *Fremdenblatt* is sure he had no virtue of theirs. How silly in him to hide, we are assured, since the smell of rum will betray him! You could tell him a mile off by his stagger, which has crooked his legs and given him the aspect, when he walks, of trowsers on a clothesline in the breeze.

The supreme day in his earthly career, adds the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, to give the name of another Austrian daily from which we glean these unedifying impressions, dawned in that sunny autumn when he welcomed his old schoolfellows of the French military academy to the Konak in Belgrade. Not many months after ascending the throne of Servia, Peter had these rollicking blades come down to him—those, that is, who could drink deep—and they arrived in a special train to admire Peter in his new granddeurs. A former cadet of St. Cyr who left cheap lodgings in a back street to become King—that, certainly, does not happen every day. Napoleon left Bri-

enne to become an Emperor, but he was a genius. Who would have predicted such a rise for Peter, blundering, knock-kneed, thick-headed Peter, always at the foot of every class, the butt of his companions, aspiring to nothing but drunkenness? Even in those days he revealed that aptitude for sponging upon his friends which made it dangerous to invite him anywhere. He would be sure to get his host's purse, if he did not walk away with a bottle of rum in a back pocket.

Peter, despite his royal blood, is no snob. Our Austrian contemporaries concede that, but not as a compliment. The humblest waiter can be his bosom friend as long as he has a drop of liquor. His poorest comrades at St. Cyr were his chums in the doleful Geneva days. He had a tiny room on an upper story, distinguishable even then by the empty bottles on the floor outside. They were a register of his financial condition. Empty champagne bottles meant that Peter had raised the wind. Often the poor wretch sported the meanest beer bottles. He spent the time in putting off his creditors. Now

and then a crisis would come, the landlord declining to harbor such a disreputable character any longer. Peter declined to move.

Then came the change. Peter stunned the butcher, the baker, the land-

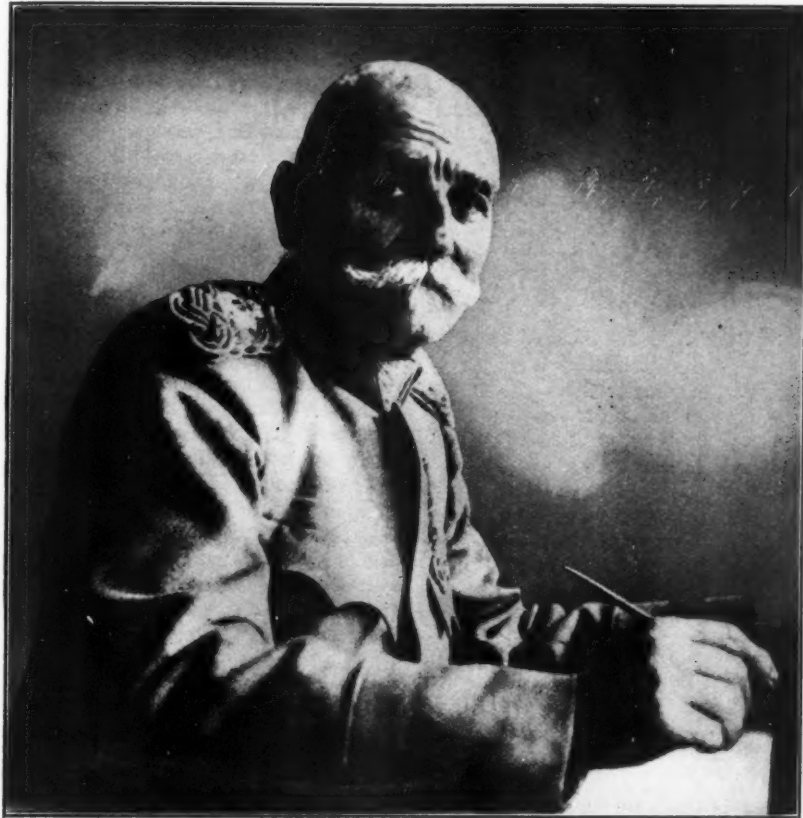
which he had decamped in those youthful days! And how he had changed! Peter at St. Cyr was emaciated, big-boned, knuckly at knee and elbow. He hated all knowledge, learned nothing of tactics or strategy, could, indeed, bare-

serious work, ready to sink to any infamy to gain a selfish end, Peter, we are asked to believe, connived at the murder of his predecessor on the Servian throne, lent himself as an instrument to the Russian autocracy, waited for the deed of blood and calmly walked beneath the roof of the palace out of which two dead sovereigns had been hurled like sacks of meal. He was too great a coward to strike a blow himself; but the assassination was rehearsed in his presence while he stupefied himself with brandy. His grandfather was a murderer and the companion of murderers, but, unlike him and them, Peter is afraid to do his own killing.

Founded on violence, the dynasty of which Peter is the head has in him its alcoholic degenerate. His grandfather would have scorned, when murder was necessary, any relegation of the deed to mere hirelings. He was a Hungarian Serb, say the Austrian papers, altho one story has him born in a hamlet not far from Belgrade itself. He ran away from home after killing a Turk and became a brigand chief in one of the Hapsburg dominions, deciding finally to head a Servian insurrection against the Ottomans. What he lacked was an issue, a grievance, an episode inflaming to the national spirit, a wrong to cry to Heaven. So he murdered his parents and protested that Janizaries had done the deed. The Serbs rose against the Turks at once and elevated Peter's grandfather to sovereignty and he reigned until he was murdered too. Thus began the great dynastic Servian feud which has lasted a hundred years, one house serving in restaurants as waiters or in armies as officers, while the other is on the throne. Poison, the sword, the hangman's rope, midnight assassination—all these are in the game.

Unfortunately for Peter, asserts the Vienna daily we follow closely, he has not the pirate soul, the brigand boldness. He is only an elderly inebriate, striking drunken attitudes in his effort to seem like a hero. He waved a pistol at his staff and exclaimed that at the first word of peace with Austria he would blow his brains out; but, says this critic of him, Peter has no brains! Participation in a battle is not in tune with his temperament. During his recent flight in an automobile he stopped the car and dropped into a trench to see if he could shoot. He thought himself a marksman in his old Geneva days; but he did not know how to handle the modern rifle put into his hands. He stepped back into the car and continued his flight.

Lest it be thought that dissipation has marred his naturally powerful constitution, the Vienna dailies take pains to specify that the lining of Peter's



GOING FROM A HALL BEDROOM TO A THRONE, HE ALSO RAN

He ran from the old capital of Serbia to the new one, from the new one to the temporary one and from the temporary one he may, in the opinion of the sarcastic Austrian press, fly to the mean apartment he occupied before he became King Peter of Serbia.

lord, by displaying money, then more money. He gave up beer for champagne. One of his classmates at St. Cyr, now an impoverished officer in the French army, was asked to dine. Lucullus never gave a more gorgeous banquet. "I hope this lasts," said the military man, as Peter pressed a purse of gold into his hand. For it is characteristic of Peter to regard all heavy drinkers with the sentiment of Greek for Greek, and this particular French officer had consumed every quart of champagne on the premises.

One morning Peter quitted the Swiss metropolis mysteriously and next day the butcher, the baker, the landlord and the washerwoman read in the papers that he was a King. He was the only royalty alive who would sit on the blood-stained Servian throne, comments the *Reichspost*. What revels there were in that palace at Belgrade! How the impecunious horde of whilom St. Cyriens swooped down on the Konak! Peter, the dunce, Peter, the scarecrow, Peter, the drunkard, a King! What a merry jest it was when His Majesty paid back a sum with

ly read with understanding and learned only to drink. That he has always done prodigiously. Befuddled with wine in his palace, Peter recalled all those dear old days, toasted his bosom friends from St. Cyr and laughed with them over the vicissitudes of Fortune. He was at the supreme moment of his destiny. The dozen years that ensued never brought back the thrill of this virgin episode, the ecstasy of the original white night. They threw empty bottles out of the palace window and one of them tried vainly to set the palace in flames. All were carried dead drunk to bed. Peter never shone in greater glory. He had arrived.

Time has brought another metamorphosis. Peter is wandering no one quite knows where, his supply of drink cut off remorselessly. Above his palace flows the imperial German standard. One might feel a little pity for Peter, avers the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, were the guilt of blood less red upon his soul. He is not quite the harmless imbecile his classmates like to make him out. Densely ignorant, foul in mind, obstinate in evil, incapable of

stomach is imperforate. The Karageorgievitches have not left him their boldness, but he inherits all their vigor. He can even do the native dances with spirit, old as he is. All who are convivial love him dearly, and, as has been hinted, he never snubbed a crony or refused a living being a drink of rum if he had it. Not that any sympathy is wasted upon him by the Vienna journals. They say that no refuge is open to him now. He will not willingly go to Greece, where he would

be dealt with like a mendicant. He can not seek out his royal father-in-law, who disapproves of alcoholic stimulants. He has Switzerland to fall back upon. There in some cheap lodging, it is predicted, he will spend the remainder of his mean old age, putting off a landlord from day to day, wearing the dubious linen that characterized his ancient Geneva days, cajoling a threatening butcher and obstructing the hallway outside his room with empty beer bottles. Nor will he

be miserable, for Peter, notwithstanding the grandeur of his past dozen years, was always mindful of reality. He never gave up his room in the house of his old landlord in Switzerland, we learn from the Vienna daily, which expects in due time to record his presence in those old haunts, as he saunters towards the beer garden, his nose red, his eyes bleary, his gait a trifle unsteady, picking up a precarious livelihood by the sale of his autograph to American tourists.

YUAN SHI KAI: THE GREATEST LIVING RIDDLE OF HUMAN CHARACTER

HIS prominent and gleaming eyes still form the striking feature in the face of Yuan Shi Kai, and now that he is fifty-seven they flash forth as they did when he was twenty-five and was terrifying the Koreans. This personal impression is from the *Paris Gaulois*; but it recurs constantly as one European daily after another essays an interpretation of the mysterious man who has transformed himself from a mere president into a monarch and the son of heaven. He lives to-day, according to the *London Times*, in the very palace where, by his help, the Emperor Kwang Hsu was kept immured by his terrible aunt. Nor is Yuan less closely guarded. His daily walks are palace secrets and he treads between files of bayonets. The effect of this upon the ceremonies of that religion which has now in him its most exalted priest is to render them less edifying than Yuan means to make them, for he is the most reverent of living Confucians. For the time he discards, says our contemporary, the palanquins and the ambling mules for an armored automobile in which he is conveyed swiftly to the Temple of Heaven. "Into the very precincts of the sacred enclosure, almost to within sight of the white altar whose simple grandeur symbolizes so nobly the philosophic dignity of China's ancient civilization, the latest in accession of the world's emperors races amid the fumes of refined oil." Yuan is as much shocked as anyone. He is what is called nowadays a "religionist."

An analysis of his spiritual nature in the *Vossische* (Berlin) indicates that Yuan has no mysticism in the western sense. The assertion is not critically made, Yuan being in too high favor for the moment with German dailies. Like the true Confucian that he is, they tell us, Yuan has a system of somewhat agnostic ethics, concerning himself little with an after life. He has no ideas on the subject of eternity. He knows nothing of

God. Yuan believes merely that he ought to do good because that is his duty. He has never speculated upon those high philosophical propositions which were always falling from the lips of Prince Ching in his days of power, Yuan being, in truth, a mere illiterate, ignorant even of etiquette. He knows absolutely nothing of the arts, and his enemies accuse him of hypocrisy in pretending to be able to understand the poems of the late Empress Dowager.

We must go back to Yuan's early manhood, when he lived at Seoul as Chinese resident in Korea, to get a clue to his character, affirms the *Débats*. He came originally to Peking from Hunan, where he was born, arriving in the capital destitute but with a letter to Li Hung Chang. That great statesman was impressed by the beauty with which the characters in the note of introduction were transcribed and he consented to receive the raw provincial. Yuan made so instantaneous an impression of efficiency that in no long time he was despatched to the capital of Korea, where the inhabitants were restive.

Yuan, if we may accept tradition, insulted everybody at the

little court. He bullied the Japanese resident, for everything Japanese was beneath contempt to Yuan in those inexperienced days. He had palace functionaries beaten with rods. He threw native priests into dungeons. He was loud of mouth, furious in gesture, threatening in every attitude. His reign of terror was absolute until the rise of Japan as a military and naval power gave Yuan the object lesson of his life. He is said to have been thrown from the steps of the palace in Seoul at the order of the very Japanese he had bullied so long. In



Photo by Paul Thompson

LATEST RECRUITS TO THE RANKS OF ROYAL CHILDREN

The three sons of Yuan Shi Kai shown in this group were given the benefit of a training in a great English public school, where in cap and coat, as here shown, they were enabled to catch the manner and absorb the culture of the aristocracy and, by all accounts, actually did so.

fact, the war between Japan and China is charged against Yuan by those who understood this period of his career. It was this Japanese object lesson, according to the French observer, which transformed the character of the man who now holds China under his sway. His fury in gesture became deference. His loud voice was modulated until it seemed at times almost musical. His threats were replaced by persuasion, and, instead of bullying his fellow creatures, he undertook their management. The crash of the traditional Cathay when the despised Japanese humbled the Son of Heaven to the dust completed the education of Yuan. His business in life from that time forth became the adaptation of himself to the people, men and women, who held the threads of his destiny in their hands.

Favorites rose and fell all around him, but Yuan lived on. To survive was a feat in itself; but the great Cantonese did more—he retained power. His method was to enter into the very soul of the man he managed. Thus, says the *Débats*, he fathomed the idealism of the luckless Emperor Kwang Hsu, but he discerned that sovereign's weakness of will as well. He read the very heart of the old Empress Dowager, Tzu Hsi, her genius, her vanity, her indomitable purpose. He fathomed the remorseless Jung Lu, most sinister of palace eunuchs. He played his difficult part among them like the villain in a tragic melodrama. No one could have seemed more sympathetic than Yuan, for example, on that terrible day of his summons to the forbidden palace by the poet then on the throne. Asked if he would be true when placed at the head of an armed force, Yuan talked the language of the court. "Your servant will strive to requite the imperial favor ever tho his merit be but as a drop of water in the ocean, a grain of sand in the desert. He will play the faithful part of a dog or of a horse." This was the tone beloved of the potentate who heard this pledge and took it. Yuan had no sooner left the hall of benevolent old age than he sought the lake by the margin of which the dowager was throwing cake to the fishes and repeated all to her. He had taken the measure of both and he knew which must prevail in the revolt of one clique against the other.

The morning of the great day dawned. Yuan had a final audience of the sovereign. Troops were placed at his disposal. He was bidden to put Jung Lu to death at once, to seize the old woman. He sought them out and betrayed his master. To the end of his captivity Kwang Hsu placed the shame of his betrayal upon Yuan. "Of Jung Lu he said it was but natural that he should consider first his duty to the dowager and seek her safety.

After all he had planned Jung Lu's death, confessed Kwang Hsu. The eunuch could not manifest loyalty to a sovereign who did that. The old woman's fury was also natural. But Yuan had sworn loyalty and obedi-

scribed by a writer in the *Paris Figaro*, they reveal the essential man. They are veiled by fat lids below fine brows until it pleases the great man to look up. This he does swiftly, embraces a figure in one comprehensive glance and



A CONFUCIAN OF THE OLDEST SCHOOL THERE EVER WAS

Yuan Shi Kai, who may be Chinese Emperor notwithstanding his well-known reluctance to public office of any kind at all, is credited with indifference on the subject of Heaven as a place, altho he sanctions appeal to it as an idea. His gospel is to do good to everybody including yourself.

ence." On the night before he died, Kwang Hsu solemnly charged Yuan with responsibility for the betrayal of the son of heaven. He laid the curse of the dynasty upon him. He left orders that the wily Cantonese be beheaded.

Profound as was his knowledge of her character, Yuan found it hard to manage his empress when he was her favorite minister. Her countenance of the Boxers drove him to despair; but when the disaster he predicted had come, he strove to enact the reforms for which all foreign devils clamored. In his study of the character of the foreigner Yuan is conceded to be without a peer among living Chinese. His management of the diplomatic corps since the rivalry of Britain and Germany set the world aflame is cited as convincing proof. His rare dissimulation was exploited at its highest when he retired from power at the death of Tzu Hsi. He knew the dynasty too well to do anything but bide his time. He foresaw the peril of the royal family through the advancing revolution and he forced it to beg hard before he would come back.

Nothing is left of the Yuan of thirty years ago but those eyes, and, as de-

looks down. Many a bold spirit has been extinguished utterly by that one look. The face otherwise is dull, heavy, sleepy, one might say stupid. The lips protrude over badly kept teeth showing yellow through a typically Chinese mustache. Not a trace of distinction is visible in ear, chin or nose. The complexion is an ancient yellow and the face is far more lined than the least flattering photograph dare show. Yuan has become sensitive of late on the subject of his photograph, which shows him in a field marshal's uniform with a touch of the German Emperor about it. Yuan is a great admirer of William II., it seems. He affects the omniscience of that potentate and inclines nowadays to make much of art and science. Yuan, in fact, has a weakness for modernity. He even smokes cigarets and goes through the motions of billiards, croquet, hand shaking, and applause. He knows better than to ask distinguished foreigners how old they are, as Prince Ching did to the very end of his period of power.

In the seclusion of his yamen before he was quite so much in the public eye Yuan had the reputation of being something of the domestic tyrant.



"THE GREAT LOVER"—LEO DITRICHSTEIN'S PORTRAIT OF A DON JUAN OF THE OPERA

FROM the times of Tirso de Molino, Molière, Corneille, Mozart and Lord Byron, to that of George Bernard Shaw, the legendary figure of Don Juan has been a favorite one in drama and literature. Don Juan, as the erudite James Huneker points out in *Puck*, is the Eternal Lover. In collaboration with Frederic and Fannie Hatton, Leo Ditrichstein has written a romantic comedy around a Don Juan of the opera—a baritone who is the greatest "Don Giovanni" of the greatest opera-house of the world, and who off stage is a Don Juan in real life. The comedy is really a characterization of Don Juan behind the scenes. "The Great Lover" is by no means a great play, but it enables Leo Ditrichstein, according to some of the New York critics, to take his place beside the late Richard Mansfield as a character actor. Concerning the comedy itself, Mr. Huneker writes: "In nowise an exceptional piece of dramatic construction, it serves, nevertheless, as a vehicle for the display of the star's many gifts. The structure of a cigaret is only paper, yet it encloses the tobacco whose aroma we enjoy." We suspect, however, that "The Great Lover" may have been suggested by some more cleverly constructed drama in another language, in which the Don Giovanni motive may have been cleverly entwined with the satirical portrayal of the modern cosmopolitan opera-house. At any rate, "The Great Lover" seems to plunge headlong into the field in which the Viennese Arthur Schnitzler is the subtle and undisputed master.

The first act reveals to us the offices of the harassed impresario of the Gotham Opera House of New York. Temperamental artists—French, Italian, German singers—rush in and out during the rehearsals for the opening of the season. They quarrel with each other and with the impresario, Stapleton. It is decided that Jean Paurel, reputed to be the greatest baritone in the world, shall open his season in Mozart's "Don Giovanni" with Giulia Sabattini, the world-famous Italian soprano, playing opposite him as Donna Anna. In the meantime, two young singers arrive, Carlo Sonino, a young Italian-American baritone who has scored a great success in Italy, and Ethel Warren, a young American soprano. They have met on the steamer

and have fallen in love with each other. Both are anxious and ambitious to conquer the American public.

Giulia Sabattini refuses to sing in "Don Giovanni" with Paurel. They have despised each other for years, and, whenever they have been thrown together in the same company or the same cast, have attempted to ruin each other's performance. Madame Sabattini departs angrily. Upon his arrival at the opera-house, the famous baritone meets Ethel Warren and is, of course, immediately attracted by her charms. She is eager for an opportunity to sing, but Stapleton tells her that she must wait until later in the season and content herself with smaller parts. She sings for M. Paurel. He is charmed with her voice. She shall be his Donna Anna the night of his debut. She must have luncheon with him to-day. The young soprano, immensely flattered, consents. She waits for the baritone during his conference with Mr. Stapleton.

Paurel explains to the impresario why he cannot sing with Sabattini. At the beginning of their careers, Sabattini had lured him away from the sweetheart of his youth, a charming girl named Bianca, to whom he was engaged.

PAUREL. We have a scene. She confess she sent note to Bianca telling her where to find me. I am raving—mad—I break everything in room and rush to my lodging to find Bianca. She had gone—and I have never seen her again. I was heart broken, and then—such is life—*(Shrugs his shoulders.)* I slowly drift back to my routine and La Sabattini. Now we travel—Mantua, Livorno. I meet with greater success all the time. The public shout "Bravo!" when I appear. La Sabattini do not like it. She say I employ claqueur when I get better critique than she, and I always get better critique than she. She accuse me of bribing the newspapers. She begin to use mean little tricks to spoil my performance. She put pins in her costume for me to scratch my fingers. One night in Livorno—the opera is "Il Trovatore"—we sing the duet together. You know where I sing the high G? Well, just before I get to the high note she give me a pinch in de arm, and instead of the high G come a little squeak like a pig. The audience notice. We have a scandal. They shout "A bassa la Sabattini!" They whistle. There is pandemonium. They will not permit her to continue—a substitute finish for her. We have at the hotel

grande dernière scene. She accuse me I have instigate the affair, and we part. This is the truth, Messieurs.

STAPLETON. I don't doubt it, Monsieur Paurel, and I sympathize with you; but we must get Giulia Sabattini to sing Donna Anna or we have no performance.

PAUREL. I regret, but, performance or no performance, I will not sing with Giulia Sabattini.

STAPLETON. Monsieur Paurel, are you going to spoil your entire engagement for the sake of a whim?

PAUREL. Signor Direttore, what you ask is impossible.

STAPLETON. Ah, come now; put yourself in my place. I didn't know anything about your and Madame Sabattini's trouble. I engaged you in good faith. I pay you a salary such as no singer ever received in this opera-house.

PAUREL. That is my price. I get it everywhere—in St. Petersburg, in Madrid, in Buenos Ayres, Rio Janeiro, in London.

STAPLETON. *(Rises.)* I know you are a very great artist—now prove to us that you are just as fine a man.

PAUREL. No, no, it is impossible.

STAPLETON. Why is it impossible? I know if you were to say one good word to her—

PAUREL. She hates me.

STAPLETON. Her hatred is only a form of disappointed love. You can be so charming—I am sure if you took the first step—

FARNALD. Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.

PAUREL. But I cannot take it—this first step. It go against—*(He shakes himself.)*

STAPLETON. Just give her a little taffy.

PAUREL. Eh?

FARNALD. Make love to her and she'll fall into your lap like a ripe cherry.

PAUREL. But I do not want her in my lap!

STAPLETON. That is, figuratively speaking.

PAUREL. No, no, I cannot do it!

STAPLETON. A great actor like you can do anything. *(Farnald and Stapleton beg Paurel to reconsider.)*

PAUREL. *(Melting.)* Eh bien—if she kill me with her look, you please send my trinkets back to London, burn my letters and tell all the ladies in the world "good-by" for me. *(He folds his arms as if in prayer, humming "Venite Creator.")*

STAPLETON. Now, that assures the success of my season. *(Sabattini enters.)*

SABATTINI. *(Enters like a whirlwind. As she sees Paurel she stops as if rooted to the spot.)* Voi! Voi! *(She pauses, at a loss for words.)*

PAUREL. *(Bows graciously, and moves toward her.)* Giulia, the greatest pleasure

of my life have always come when least expected. (*Stapleton sits at desk.*)

SABATTINI. (*Gasps.*) Giovanni Ubriaco!

PAUREL. Do not let us speak of that rascal—he is dead. It is Jean Paurel who pay homage to a great artist—and a beautiful woman. (*Lets his voice drop to a whisper.*) And you are beautiful, Giulia, more so than ever.

SABATTINI. Still the same Don Giovanni. In that you have not changed.

PAUREL. It is you who have not changed.

SABATTINI. (*Smiles at him questioning-ly.*) Oh—oh—!

PAUREL. Sans phrases—the years have passed you lightly and they tell me your voice is more wonderful than ever. What triumphs we will have together!

SABATTINI. Impresario tell you? I will not sing with you?

PAUREL. You will not sing with me? You speak the truth? (*Sabattini nods.*) And I will sing with no one but Giulia Sabattini. Giulia, I have looked forward to this ever since I know you come here. I spend my days on the ocean lying in my chair trying to conjure up your beautiful image—trying to hear the voice which thrill my poor young heart in the unforgotten nights in Mantua—the eyes, the voice, that made a traitor of me to poor Bianca. I have not forgotten—will you not forgive? (*As Sabattini holds out her hand, Paurel, with a tender glance, bends over it and impresses a long kiss.*) Gracia, gracia! And you still have the complexion like young girl.

SABATTINI. (*Boxes his ears playfully.*) Brigand!

PAUREL. Signor Direttore, Madame Sabattini is gracious enough to do me the honor to sing Donna Anna to my Don Giovanni.

STAPLETON. Felicitations!

FARNALD. Miss Warren wants to know if you have forgotten her.

(*Ethel enters.*)

PAUREL. (*Crosses eagerly to Ethel.*) Non, non, Mademoiselle! Scusati mi, ma sono distratto, sono distratto. Hungry, Poveretta? We go at once. Où est mon chapeau? Oh là, gracia! Direttore, à rivederci. Giulia, cara, a domani—avanti! (*Exits with Ethel.*)

The second act takes place during a performance of "Don Giovanni." The scene is Jean Paurel's dressing-room. The great singer is in bad voice, and it is hinted that he is nearing the end of his career. Stapleton has ordered Carlo Sonino to get into his costume and to be ready to assume the rôle, in the event that the great Paurel's voice fails him. This angers Paurel, tho he confesses to his eccentric valet that he has never given a worse performance of "Don Giovanni." But in spite of these difficulties he is as full of sangfroid as ever. He receives the homage of two flirtatious society women, quarrels with Sabattini, and takes advantage of the intermission to break most of the rules of the opera-house and of his valet. The eccentricities, the superstitions, the vanity and childishness of the opera singer who is paid

"\$2,000 a night" are amusingly revealed.

Paurel has been coaching Miss Warren and spending much time in her company. Giulia Sabattini, whose dressing-room is opposite his, attempts to arouse the jealousy of Carlo Sonino by telling him that it is common gossip that the American girl is singing Donna elvira because she is Paurel's sweetheart. The young singer is not convinced. With the assistance of his valet Potter, Paurel finally prepares for his appearance in the next act. Ethel Warren knocks at his door.



THE ETERNAL DON JUAN

In "The Great Lover" Leo Ditrichstein, who became famous playing a musical Don Juan in "The Concert," now depicts another, a baritone who is Don Giovanni on the stage and off.

ETHEL. May I speak to you for a moment?

PAUREL. Come in, chérie.

ETHEL. Do you think I'd better?

(*Sabattini opens her dressing-room door and listens to the conversation. As Ethel goes into the room a sneer flits across her face.*)

PAUREL. Why not?

ETHEL. People might talk.

PAUREL. My dear child, an opera-house is a hotbed of gossip. You must get used to that. (*Potter exits, closing the door.*)

ETHEL. I can't tell you how nervous I was on your account. (*Paurel kisses her hand.*) I really was. I suppose I was a million times worse than ever to-night?

PAUREL. Au contraire, you were better. Your nervousness for me told to your advantage. You sang well, with beautiful tone— (*Pauses.*)

ETHEL. But— (*As Paurel smiles.*) Out with it.

PAUREL. Eh bien, if you insist—you sing, as yet, too cold. "Ah, fugi il traditore"—what does that mean in English?

ETHEL. Oh, fly from the traitor.

PAUREL. Si. You have found out that the man you love is a traitor—your heart is aching at his deceit. (*Declaims.*) "Ah, fugi il traditore," and to sing it as it should be sung you must have loved—loved passionately. But you, chérie, you have not done so yet.

ETHEL. And how do you know?

PAUREL. The way you sing tell me.

ETHEL. (*Teasingly.*) And do I sing as if a man loved me? For one does. He asked me to-day to marry him.

PAUREL. And what did you say?

ETHEL. That's telling.

PAUREL. Who is he?

ETHEL. That's telling again.

PAUREL. Do you love him?

ETHEL. I don't know myself. I care for him—but I know he loves me.

PAUREL. But not so much as I do. (*Takes her hand.*)

ETHEL. Much more.

PAUREL. You little cold American, what do you know of man or love? You are tied up with conventions and rules and morals and a lot of stupid American things. In Italy, in France, we love with our hearts, our souls, our bodies. Shall I teach you, chérie?

ETHEL. No, thank you. I am not an apt pupil.

PAUREL. Ethel, I want you—I cannot do without you! I must have you for mine, all mine—away from these tiresome people in some beautiful place where we can be alone with the birds and the flowers—alone to love. I would make you happier than you have ever been. There I would put warmth into that pretty voice of yours and make it weep and throb and vibrate with feeling.

ETHEL. What would all the other ladies say to that?

PAUREL. (*Indignantly.*) Oh, chérie, how can you speak so in a moment like this! Now you have broken the spell.

ETHEL. How many women have you loved? Can you still count them?

PAUREL. I've been in love many times. I have desired—I have taken—I have been miserable, happy—all over women—but you are my one passion— For the first time it is here—here (*strikes his breast*)—here! I love with the heart!

ETHEL. How often have you said all this?

PAUREL. You are cruel to me, very cruel. And the other man—he is young?

ETHEL. Very young. We have the same tastes, the same aims, the same ambitions.

PAUREL. He is artist? (*Ethel nods, Paurel shakes his head.*)

ETHEL. Why do you shake your head?

PAUREL. Because you will not be happy. If you sing together and he get a little more applause than you—something will begin to pain down here.

ETHEL. You mean I'd envy his success? (*As Paurel nods.*) Never!

PAUREL. Oh, yes, it would; it's human nature. If he goes on and make great success and leave you behind you'll hate him—it all depend on who is the more successful. (*As Ethel shakes her head.*) I know of what I speak. I was young artist myself. I, too, meet beautiful prima donna. We both think we will be the inspiration of one another. Mais—it come different—oh, so different.

ETHEL. And why wouldn't all that be true if I cared for you?

PAUREL. That is different—I have arrive—I am Jean Paurel! You could not be jealous of me—the pupil of the master! In the winter we will travel London, Paris, Nizza, St. Petersburg. You shall see and hear all the great artists of your time—you will learn. In the summer we will go to my villa at Lake Como. We will study. I am rich—I make a hundred thousand dollars the year—I give it into your beautiful little hands to squander. (*As she turns, he gently takes her hand.*) You come with me. The other—he is young, you say—he can wait till I die. I will not live long. I promise you. Look, my hair!

ETHEL. (*Looking at his hair.*) What's the matter with it?

PAUREL. Don't you see?

ETHEL. No.

PAUREL. (*Turns, looks in mirror and laughs.*) Oh, I forgot, I have on a wig. But truly, I'll not live long. And then think, chérie, what a beautiful widow you will be—still young, rich, a great prima donna, admired by all, envied by many. (*As Ethel shakes her head.*) Do not say "no" now; sleep over it.

ETHEL. (*Smiles.*) Are you afraid of my answer?

PAUREL. I am now, but after you think it over then you will realize that I am right.

ETHEL. (*Noticing the "calamita" around his neck.*) What is that?

PAUREL. A souvenir.

ETHEL. From a lady? (*Paurel nods, smiling.*) One you loved?

PAUREL. From the only one I loved before I met you.

ETHEL. What was her name?

PAUREL. Bianca.

ETHEL. Her picture? Let me see.

PAUREL. It is not a picture, it is a calamita.

ETHEL. A calamita? What's that?

PAUREL. A charm to keep away bad luck.

ETHEL. What's in it?

PAUREL. The claw of an owl, a viper's fang, a lock of hair from a suicide, a shred from a beggar's coat, the scrapings from a thief's nail, a chip from the ship-

wrecked vessel, and a piece of rope from a hangman's noose.

Tho ridiculing his superstition, Ethel declares that M. Paurel may prove his love for her by giving her his *calamita*. After great hesitation he does so. At this moment Carlo Sonino knocks at the door of the dressing-room. Sonino discovers Ethel there, and declares: "It seems that for once Madame Sabbatini spoke the truth. . . . She said that the gossips of the opera-house are linking your name and Miss Warren's in a manner detrimental to the lady's good name." Furious, Jean Paurel rushes to Sabbatini's dressing-room. Learning from her maid that the soprano is on the stage, he goes there in search for her. Sonino and Ethel quarrel. Sonino recalls to Ethel Paurel's reputation as a Don Juan, declaring that the great baritone is thinking only of his own pleasure, "and when he has had all he wants of you he will cast you aside like an old glove." The girl declares that Paurel's love is honest, that when he comes back to the dressing-room, she can prove it. Jean Paurel enters:

ETHEL. (*After a slight pause.*) Monsieur Paurel, you did me the honor to ask me to be your wife. You may announce our engagement as soon as you like. (*Sonino exits.*)

PAUREL. Ethel, Ethel, you have given Sonino his congé for me!

ETHEL. I was mistaken in him.

PAUREL. And you are sure you are not going to regret it?

ETHEL. That will depend on you.

PAUREL. Oh, Ethel, I will carry you on my hands. I will make you a great prima donna. Ethel, Ethel, I adore you!

Sabbatini enters and the two singers engage in a violent quarrel concerning Ethel Warren. The soprano taunts Jean Paurel by slurring Miss Warren's character, goading him on to an outburst of anger, which causes him to lose his voice completely.

PAUREL. No, No! Non posso cantare! Non posso cantare!

STAPLETON. (*To Kartzag.*) Find Sonino—get him on the stage—quick! (*Kartzag exits hurriedly.*) Miss Warren, get into your costume at once; the performance will continue immediately. (*Ethel exits.*)

FARNALD. (*Enters hurriedly.*) What's the matter, governor, why doesn't the curtain go up? The people upstairs are getting unruly.

STAPLETON. Monsieur Paurel has lost his voice.

FARNALD. Confound it, I thought surely he would pull through.

STAPLETON. Kartzag is getting Sonino ready. You go before the curtain; make an announcement, that on account of the sudden illness of Monsieur Paurel, Carlo Sonino will take his place. Beg the indulgence of the audience. (*Farnald exists.*) Is there anything I can do for you, Monsieur Paurel? (*Paurel shakes*

his head negatively.) I am very sorry, Monsieur. I will see you at your hotel in the morning. (*Kartzag and Sonino are seen passing the door.*)

POTTER. (*Enters.*) My God, sir, the Doctor has left the house!

STAPLETON. That's too bad, too bad! (*Curtain bell heard off.*) There goes the curtain. I hope you feel better by tomorrow. Excuse me.

POTTER. Don't worry, master, don't worry, everything will be all right. Let me undress you, sir. (*Paurel rises. As he does so, Potter notices the absence of the calamita.*) Master, what has become of your little bag?

Paurel looks down, then, after a long pause, he throws his hands up with a gesture of hopelessness. The music starts; then Sonino is heard singing the "Serenata" from "Don Giovanni." Paurel crosses to door and stands listening. At finish of the song applause and shouts of "Bravo" are heard. Sabbatini comes out of her room and stops Kartzag as he starts to cross. Sonino enters, followed by all singers, shouting "Wonderful!" "Great!" "Bravo!"

KARTZAG. (*Forces his way through crowd to Sonino.*) Sonino, Sonino, don't you hear the audience? They are still applauding. They want you to give an encore. (*All exit after Sonino. Only Potter and Paurel remain.*)

POTTER. (*Closes door.*) The ingrates!

PAUREL. The King is dead! Long live the King!

In the third and last act, which takes place several days later in Paurel's apartment in a fashionable hotel, we learn that his voice is gone for ever. Our Don Juan must henceforth live in memory of his past triumphs and past love affairs. Ethel, it is true, remains staunchly true to him, altho we are given the impression that she is still in love with Carlo Sonino. The young baritone calls to pay his respects to the old favorite, and Ethel takes this opportunity to announce her decision to wed Paurel, even tho she is aware that his career is ended. "I have found out he really needs me," she tells Carlo Sonino. Carlo protests, but Ethel will not change her decision.

Paurel has that morning received this note: "A heart-broken mother begs you to grant her an interview. The happiness of her child depends upon a word from you. She does not sign her name because it would mean nothing to you, but perhaps Giovanni Ubriacco will remember her when he sees her. She will call at your hotel at twelve to-morrow. Please do not refuse the writer." When the caller arrives, Paurel sends Ethel away during the interview. And when the veiled woman appears, Paurel discovers that she is no one else than his first and only true love, Bianca. She pleads with her former lover to give up

Ethel to her son—Carlo Sonino. The comedy ends:

PAUREL. Bianca, my heart aches for you. If I had found you that night long ago, my whole life and yours would have been different. (*Rises, shrugs his shoulders.*) But such is fate! The doctor was just here—he tell me the voice is gone forever—it will never come back. I am no longer young. I have nobody in the world. If you take this girl away from me what is there for me to live for?

BIANCA. You, you, you, always you! You have never considered anybody but yourself! You have trampled everybody and everything under your feet for your own ambition and pleasure. Don't you think I know why you sang the night you broke down? You went against the doctor's advice because you didn't want to give my boy the opportunity to show what he could do. And God punished you for it—you lost your voice. And now you want to sacrifice two young people's happiness because you are afraid of lonely old age. It is a fitting climax to an entire life of self-gratification.

PAUREL. Bianca, every word you say hurt me like the lash of a whip, but what you ask I cannot do—I will not do.

BIANCA. Then I will leave you to your conscience. You know I speak the truth, and in your heart you know the time has come to pay. Adios! (*She goes.*)

ETHEL. (*Knocks on door, then pushes door open and enters, and crosses over to Paurel, touching him gently on the arm.*) Your visitor has gone—what's the matter, maître?

PAUREL. Chérie, the lady who was just here has told me something to make me very unhappy.

ETHEL. I'm so sorry! You've had enough to-day without that.

PAUREL. (*Watching her.*) It is not I alone. Someone you know and like is also in much trouble.

ETHEL. Who?

PAUREL. Some one who is very near and dear to you.

ETHEL. Carlo!

PAUREL. Ah, that distresses you.

ETHEL. What has happened to Carlo? Tell me!

PAUREL. And you, my little Ethel, you tell me why you are so excited over the sound of his name. (*Ethel hangs her head.*) Come, look at me! Tell me, chérie, how much do you care for Carlo Sonino? (*She drops her head.*) The truth now.

ETHEL. (*Hesitatingly.*) We met on the steamer—and—



"I WOULD PUT WARMTH INTO THAT PRETTY VOICE OF YOURS!"

Here is a scene from "The Great Lover"—in which the world-famous baritone Jean Paurel, clad in the costume of the eternal Don Juan, makes love to a young American soprano (Virginia Fox Brooks) in his own dressing-room. And that bold emprise is undertaken during a performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni"!

PAUREL. Si?

ETHEL. He was very devoted to me—Oh, Jean, don't ask me any more—don't—I—I can't bear it. (*Bursts into tears.*)

PAUREL. Do not distress yourself, nothing is wrong with Carlo. I only say that to find out for myself if you really care for him.

ETHEL. But I am going to keep my promise to you.

PAUREL. I know, but I cannot accept a sacrifice. You say that because you think I need you. For me you have sympathy, gratitude, affection, that is all—but you love Carlo Sonino. We cannot control our hearts, but we must be honest with ourselves. Go to Carlo Sonino and tell him that he is always to be very good to you because Paurel has given you to him. (*Ethel, blinded with tears, tries to remove her engagement ring, but he stops her.*) No, no, do not hurt my feelings. Keep it

as a remembrance. But there is one thing I gave you that I would like again—my calamita. (*Ethel hands it to him.*)

ETHEL. Oh, I am so unhappy!

PAUREL. You must not be. I've lived my life, and you have yours to live. It is the first sacrifice I ever made, chérie. I am glad it is for you.

ETHEL. Adieu!

POTTER. (*Enters after Ethel has gone out.*)

PAUREL. Potter, engage passage for two for Italy. We are leaving this unlucky America, you and I.

POTTER. And Miss Warren, sir?

PAUREL. She stay here.

POTTER. I'll begin to pack at once, sir.

PAUREL. It was not to be. I forgot my years when I looked at her. She was my Swan Song—I shall not sing another.

POTTER. (*Comes to Paurel, with bunch of letters.*) I wish you'd let me burn these, sir.

PAUREL. No, no, Potter, you must not. Now that there are no longer any women to love me, I will read about those who have. These are my insurance—my dead youth to support my age. They are all I have left now.

POTTER. And me, sir!

PAUREL. Yes, I have you, you old imbecile! (*Telephone rings.*) I'm not at home to anyone.

POTTER. (*In 'phone.*) Are you there? I'll see if he is in, madame. (*To Paurel.*) It's Mrs. Schuyler, sir.

PAUREL. I do not know Mrs. Schuyler.

POTTER. Don't you remember? She is that petite brunette—

PAUREL. No, no, Potter, don't bother me—leave me alone.

POTTER. With the big flashing eyes—

PAUREL. No, no, no, I am not in the mood!

POTTER. Don't you remember the day she came to your dressing-room?

PAUREL. Ah, do you mean that little divorcée with the big flashing eyes and the little waist?

POTTER. Yes, sir.

PAUREL. Oh, yes, I remember, I will speak to her. (*Goes to 'phone.*) Bon jour, Madame, what a charming surprise! . . . I did not know your telephone number or your city address. What are you going to do this evening? . . . How fortunate—I'm going to do the same thing. Suppose we do it together? How would you like to have a little dinner—toute comme ça—just you and I, eh? . . . Where? You know the city better than I do. . . .

(THE CURTAIN FALLS.)

HOW YVETTE GUILBERT CONVERTS OLD SONGS INTO POIGNANT DRAMAS

THE Yvette Guilbert who has aroused so much enthusiasm among lovers of music and of the theater in New York this winter is the same Yvette Guilbert who visited us a few years ago and was given the slightest and most perfunctory of welcomes. "America has discovered me," Yvette Guilbert admits with her smile of benign irony, "now that I am at the end of my career." Belated appreciation is with her, however, no new experience. When this Frenchwoman, who is now, according to the most competent critics, the greatest "actress of song" in the world, made her début as a music-hall singer in a cheap café-concert in Lyons some twenty-five years ago, she was hooted and hissed off the stage. She was forced to give up this engagement at the end of five days and returned weeping to Paris. "She is as skinny as two Englishwomen!" her audience cried in ridicule at the posturesque artist who was trying to break away from the conventions and routine of music-hall art, to develop a new art of song interpretation. Paris was no more enthusiastic than Lyons. She was reduced to the ignoble position of "opening the bill" until even this humble place was taken from her. All of which experiences are recounted in characteristic fashion by Madame Guilbert in her book "Struggles and Victories" (Mills & Boon, London).

Liège "discovered" her. She pays an ardent tribute to the Belgian city.



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THE UNIQUE YVETTE TO-DAY

Clad in the raiment of the seventeenth century, her appearance is different from that of the young girl in the long black gloves of twenty years ago, but she still maintains supremacy in her art.

She marks the turning of her career from the evening in Liège when, at the "Pavillon de Flore," she sang for the first time the essentially Gallic songs of Xanrof, a student of Montmartre. But even this success in Liège, followed by a similar triumph in Brussels, did not convince the Paris managers (or manageresses, since ladies seem to have been directing the destinies of the leading café-concerts at that time) of the merits of Xanrof's songs. They would not let her sing them. But Montmartre, then the veritable cradle of talent and genius, took Yvette to its bosom. She performed Xanrof's songs in the Moulin Rouge, and in addition earned 40 francs a day singing in a "cabaret artistic and literary," which was known as the Japanese Divan. Mme. Guilbert describes the dawn of her fame in Paris:

"Shall I ever forget those first glorious days of independence? Or the wild bursts of enthusiasm that filled that hall, the ceiling of which was so low that my head almost touched it! Or the crowds who used to leave the Moulin Rouge every evening at the same time I did—do you remember, Maurice Donnay?—in order to go on to the 'Divan Japonais' and hear some more of my songs.

"Oh, the crowd, and the smoke, and the gaiety! The spirit of wit and eternal youth was in the air; while Jehan Sarrasin, the manager-poet, went round from chair to chair selling his olives. I can see him now, with his little cask under his arm! His wares were wrapped up in leaflets on which were printed his poems—those great works which the wicked bookdealers of Paris refused to sell."

From this point Yvette Guilbert's career was meteoric. She rose to success on the wave of the realistic movement. She had steeped herself, she confesses, in the fiction of Zola, Guy de Maupassant, the Goncourt brothers. She attempted to depict in her own medium precisely what these writers were doing in novels and stories. She herself had spent her childhood in the direst poverty, had been a shopgirl in the "Printemps" and Hentenart's. She knew the sordid realities of Paris life, and she created her own medium to express them. A year after she had been hissed off the stage she had become the foremost artist in her line in France.

"Exactly a year after my début at Lyons I returned there at a salary of 1,200 francs a night, as I had predicted. And this time the audience received me with acclamations. I wonder why? For it so happened that I made a special point of singing the same songs which they had greeted with hisses twelve months before. There are certain 'great' moments in the life of an artist, and to me this

success at Lyons was one of them. It also taught me many things, one of which was that audiences are strange things."

At the height of her career as a music-hall or vaudeville artist, Madame Guilbert cancelled her engagements to develop and elevate her art. "I felt convinced," she writes, "that I had within me infinite possibilities for higher things; but I should have to change my surroundings first." From that time until now she has resurrected and re-created the songs and balladry of ancient France, of the Middle Ages, and every later century. "She has brought back to life," to quote from an article by Haldane Macfall in *The Mask*, "raised from the very dead, the beautiful country ballads and carols that once were the music of the peasants, and made romance in the life of the village from Yuletide to St. Martin's Mass. She gave power and significance to the fierce irony and bitter suffering of modern France. She, this marvelous woman, built up this splendor—evoking it out of the place that had aforesaid been but the home of rough laughter or the suggestive snigger." Mr. Macfall is not of the opinion that her present repertoire of medieval songs offers her a higher field for her artistry. He writes:

"I never saw her, even in the very earliest days, but that she was a woman of genius. Whatsoever she touches she makes into a work of art. She is, within the limits imposed upon her by the music-hall, as supreme a genius as ever stepped the stage. It could not be otherwise, for it were impossible to state with more exquisite beauty and perfection and power the emotions that she essays to arouse. The gamut of the emotions (the sole instrument of any artist whatsoever) aroused by her ranges from sordid to sublime tragedy, from low to light comedy, from pathos to quaint whimsicality; and she plays each part with unerring surety and finesse; above all, she convinces—for, while she holds the stage, we walk by way of her personality throughout the experience of every emotion that she would make us feel.

"It is astounding what sense she wrings from every syllable, from every phrase, of the balladry and songs she transmutes into dramatic gems. Her pantomime, her gesture, her inflection of voice, and her employment of the utterances of the throat, to express the passions and emotions that may be conveyed by words, are a revelation of the power that lies within the words. And it is precisely in his achievement in this realm that an actor is a creative artist or merely a clever and accomplished mimic."

As early as 1894, when she made her first appearance in London, she was acclaimed a genius of the theater by George Bernard Shaw, then a young

theatrical journalist working on the London *World*. Edmond de Goncourt, Alphonse Daudet, Emile Zola, Paul Hervieu, Marcel Prévost, Pierre Loti, Octave Mirbeau, Jean Richepin, Catulle Mendès, Arthur Symons, and a host of other European litterateurs have paid eloquent tributes to the unique art of Yvette Guilbert.

New York critics are the latest to point out the unique gifts of the French artist. "Yvette Guilbert's natural gifts amount to genius," in the words of the *Evening Post*, "and she has the typical Gallic spirit, superimposed on that solid foundation of knowledge of all the technical resources of her work which makes the real French artist the greatest of them all." The critic of the New York *Sun* thus describes her art:

"She is more eloquent in one of her songs than many an actress in a five-act play, and she is able to express more by her voice than some of the most famous prima donnas in an opera. Yet it cannot be said that Madame Yvette sings, or possibly that she acts. But she combines wonderfully a substitute for both which is capable of creating a profound art impression. Every song was touched by the charm of the unique Madame Guilbert, unique in her grace and her skill as a dramatic singer, as a comédienne, and as the painter by tone and gesture of moods which are miniature dramas—comic or tragic—as the great interpreter makes them."

Octave Mirbeau once wrote that Yvette Guilbert converted a song into an intense modern drama; that a modern Shakespeare was needed for her. Others find in her art something similar to that of the master portrait



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OF THE MIDDLE AGES

Yvette Guilbert resurrects and re-vitalizes the popular songs and stories of twelfth-century France, so that the essentially modern women of medieval times seem to stand breathing and alive in front of her audiences.

painter. Concerning her songs of women of the twelfth century, the *Evening Post* critic writes:

"She has a gift for drawing a portrait that is a constant incitement to superlatives when speaking of her. She interpreted a group of women of the Middle Ages of varying temperaments and types, figures taken from the old ballades and chansons, mothers grim and severe, exquisite young wives, a girl cloistered by force because she refused to wed the man chosen for her, women of the people, all with a humor, an appreciation, a skill

that gave to her audience that thrill which comes only with creation in art. Above all this, singer and actress possesses charm, a personality that takes you into close relationship with what she is doing. This charm was particularly in evidence in the little introduction with which Madame Guilbert opened her recital. In this she told something of the sumptuary laws of the twelfth century, of its spirit, and with many a witty observation of her own interspersed with her reading, she linked the old days with modern times, showing that woman was woman whether then or now."

THE PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY WHO COMPOSED ONE OF RUSSIA'S GREAT OPERAS

IF "Prince Igor," Alexander Borodin's "epic" opera, was not received upon its first American performance at the Metropolitan Opera House with the same enthusiasm which was evoked a season or two ago by Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounov," it was due not to its essentially Russian characteristics but to the composer's occasional and too frequent imitation of the conventions of the operas of Western Europe. Like Moussorgsky, Borodin was one of a famous group of Russian composers who were first and foremost men of science and action, who cultivated music as an avocation. César Cui was a professor of fortification, we read in *The Nation*. Rimsky-Korsakov was a naval officer. Serov was a graduate of a famous school of jurisprudence. Glinka was a clerk in the Ministry of Ways and Means. Moussorgsky was in the army. Alexander Borodin divided his

time in medical practice, lecturing on chemistry, in laboratory work and the composition of music. In composition he had a wretched technique, in the opinion of Tchaikovsky, who in 1877—we quote the New York *Evening Post*—wrote concerning this musical chemist: "Borodin—professor of chemistry at the Academy of Medicine, also possesses talent, a very great talent, which, however, has come to nothing for want of teaching, and because blind fate has led him into the science laboratories instead of a vital musical existence. . . . His technique is so poor that he cannot write a bar without assistance."

"Prince Igor" was left unfinished at Borodin's death in 1887. It was revised and thoroly edited by his friends Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazounov. Borodin's ideals for opera were very definite and quite different from those of the composers of western Europe.

"In opera," he says, as quoted by the distinguished critic of the New York *Sun*, "as in decorative art, details and minutiae are out of place. Bold outlines only are necessary; all should be clear and straightforward and fit for practical performance from the vocal and instrumental standpoint." This, says Mr. Henderson, is very good common sense. But he finds the practical application of it disappointing. "Prince Igor" has happy moments, but it also has its bad quarter hours." Hiram Kelly Moderwell, reviewing the opera at length in the Boston *Transcript*, points out that Borodin's is an opera without a story, without characters in the personal sense of the term, almost without emotions. "It is a series of pictures, without moral, without meaning."

Nevertheless, so this critic asserts, "Prince Igor" is one of the great operas.

"Borodin's chief business in life was to measure cause and effect in the physical sciences. He habitually dealt with values that had to be measured to the hair's breadth. He was not likely to go wrong in his calculations here. For six years he made up his mind what sort of an opera he wanted to write. For another six years he made quite sure that he wished to write it. And for another dozen years he wrote it, deliberately and reflectively, with a single eye to the desired effect. Endowed as he was with musical genius, he could hardly have failed to produce something great."

The story of the opera is based upon the "Epic of the Army of Igor," one of the early Russian *bylini*. This, as explained by Hiram Kelly Moderwell, answered his purpose in being distinctly national, widely known, filled with picture and action, but entirely free of that intense feeling which wrings the soul of the artist who tries to express it. "He knew he must write his work in spare moments; he did not dare risk himself in the clutches of a 'Boris,' which haunted Moussorgsky's nights while he was working with it. He must have a text without continuity—one which would be fresh and clear after a year's neglect." The same critic recounts the story of the epic:

"A prince goes out to fight the enemy. He and his son are captured. During his absence his viceroy plays havoc with the principality. His own son falls in love with the daughter of the conqueror, and remains to marry her, while the father escapes and returns to his wife to live happily thereafter. Such a story might do equally well for a historical novel of to-day, designed to be light summer reading. The true folk epic always has a plot which can stir the heart at the mere mention of it. The Iliad—a great man's superb love for his friend; the Odyssey—a man's wanderings in quest

of his home! From such plots a thousand stories can be made, and every one of them will be new. 'Prince Igor' not only makes use of the most mediocre plot material; it persistently avoids any ethical ramifications. Igor's son placidly deserts his downtrodden country to remain with his sweetheart. Igor himself returns home happy as any child at finding a lost toy, untouched by the fact that his country is in disgrace, and business goes on as usual in the city of Poutivle. This is no national epic; it is no more than a romantic yarn. And modern scholarship has vindicated the Russian folk from the charge of fathering this weakling: it is now generally accepted that the 'epic' of Prince Igor was a forgery concocted by certain monks who had nothing else to do with their time."

Concerning Borodin and the opera by which his fame in Russia and other European countries has been mainly established, Rosa Newmarch, perhaps the great authority on Russian music writing in English, wrote in her book "The Russian Opera":

"In the atmosphere of healthy, popular optimism which pervades it throughout; in the prevalence of major over minor keys; in the straightforwardness of its emotional appeal—'Prince Igor' stands almost alone among Russian operas. The spirit of pessimism which darkens Russian literature inevitably crept into the national opera; because music and literature are more closely associated in Russia than in any other country. Glinka's 'A Life for the Tsar' is a tragedy of loyal self-sacrifice; Tchaikovsky took his brooding melancholy into his operatic works, which are nearly all built on some sad or tragic libretto; Cui deals in romantic melodrama; Moussorgsky depicts the darkest phases in Russian history. 'Prince Igor' comes as a serene and restful interlude after the stress and horror which characterizes many Russian national operas. Nor is it actually less national because of

its optimistic character. There are two sides to the Russian temperament: the one overshadowed by melancholy and mysticism; prone to merciless analysis, seeing only the contradictions and vanities of life, the mortality and emptiness of all that is. I doubt if this is the true Russian temperament; if it is not rather a morbid condition, the result of sudden and copious doses of culture, administered too hastily to a people just emerging from a semi-barbaric state—the kind of result that follows alcohol taken on an empty stomach; a quick elation, an equally speedy reaction to extreme depression. The other side of the Russian character is really more normal. It shows itself in the popular literature. The folk-songs and *bylini* are not all given up to resentful bitterness and despair. We find this healthier spirit in the masses, where it takes the form of a desire for practical knowledge, a shrewdness in making a bargain and a cooperative spirit that properly guided would accomplish wonders. It shows itself, too, in a great capacity for work which belongs to the vigorous youth of the nation and in a cheerful resignation to inevitable hardships. Borodin was attracted by temperament to this saner aspect of national character.

"The most distinctive feature of Russian art and literature is the power to reflect clearly, as in a glass, various phases of popular life. This has also been the aim of the Russian composers, with few exceptions. They cheerfully accepted the limitations imposed by the national vision, and have won appreciation abroad by the sheer force of genius manifested in their works. They resolutely sought the kingdom of the ideal, and would have been greatly surprised to find such things as universal fame added to them. Borodin, for example, cherished no illusions as to winning the approval of Berlin or Paris for his work. 'Prince Igor,' he said with admirable philosophy, 'is essentially an opera for the Russians. It would never bear transplantation.'"

TRANSFERRING THE ATMOSPHERE OF "TREASURE ISLAND" TO THE THEATER

LITTLE of that quality which is termed by the admirers of "R. L. S." as "Stevensonian" was ever conveyed by the great romancer into the modern theater. In collaboration with W. E. Henley, Stevenson wrote a series of plays, "Beau Austin," "Macaire" and "Admiral Guinea." They were not suitable to the exigencies of the modern stage. Richard Mansfield and others were successful in a "melodramatization" of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Plays have also been made out of "Prince Otto," "The Suicide Club," and "A Lodging for the Night." Some years ago an attempt was made to dramatize "Treasure Island," but the author did not succeed in transferring to the stage those qualities that have

made the book one of the greatest novels of adventure in the English language. But now this difficult feat has been accomplished by Jules Eckert Goodman and Charles Hopkins, the author and the producer of the "Treasure Island" play that is now filling the Punch and Judy Theater. Concerning the success of Mr. Goodman's effort, Heywood Broun, the diligent critic of the New York *Tribune*, writes:

"The folk of 'Treasure Island' talked and acted and looked just as we always knew they would. Jules Eckert Goodman brought them out of the pages of the romance, and out they leaped full-bloodedly, singing, cursing and fighting.

"Bill Bones roared and died. Long John Silver stamped across a quarter deck, and from down the road was heard

the tap, tap, tapping of blind Pew, come to hand the black spot to the Captain. Goodman has done more than bring familiar characters back. Once again the ear thrilled to such words as 'cutlass,' 'cove' and 'luggie.'

"For an evening an audience was allowed to watch life as it never was or will be except in the mind of a boy or a Stevenson. As Silver said, 'It's great to be young and have ten toes.'

"The chief task of the playwright who dramatized 'Treasure Island' was to get the spirit of the man who said 'to miss the joy is to miss all.' Jules Eckert Goodman has not missed. Romance ramped at the Punch and Judy Theater last night. Stevenson aimed at the heart of a boy when he wrote his story, but he struck the fancy of the world. To the boy 'Treasure Island' is an adventure. To the grown-up person it is a lark. This



THE SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS WERE GONE!

This is how that thrilling situation from Stevenson's "Treasure Island" is depicted in the play at the Punch and Judy Theater. Here is Stevenson's description: "Before us was a great excavation, not very recent, for the sides had fallen in and grass had sprouted on the bottom. In this were the shaft of a pick broken in two and the boards of several packing-cases strewn around. On one of these boards I saw, branded with a hot iron, the name *Walrus*—the name of Flint's ship. All was clear to probatation. The *cache* had been found and rifled: the seven hundred thousand pounds were gone!"

double appeal is well preserved in the dramatization."

Nevertheless, Mr. Goodman has not been entirely successful, in the opinion of the *Times* critic. "It is far better at the beginning than it is toward the end, but the whole endeavor has been made with something of that infinite relish with which the story was conceived, and that is why the play is such excellent fun. If Robert Louis Stevenson could have attended the premiere . . . he would have had the time of his life." The Punch and Judy Theater is precisely the place for *Treasure Island*, in the opinion of this critic, tho its stage is not much larger than a napkin.

"And yet the Punch and Judy with its beguiling Old English interior is the perfect place to hear Stevenson's story told again from the stage. You may have read it under an electrolier in the Presidential suite of the newest and biggest hotel in the world, but all the joy in the book has never been yours if you never read it in the country with the wind rattling the windows and playing tricks with the old oil lamp on the table beside your bed. Mr. Hopkins's playhouse has the very atmosphere and so has his production. An evening spent with it is evidence enough that it was just about time a good, picturesque, colorful, oathful, costume melodrama made its appearance on Broadway.

"The scenes are too numerous, but some of them are jolly sights. The Admiral Benbow, the quay at Bristol where Long John Silver, that soft-spoken rogue, had his Spy-Glass Inn; the cave

with the sight of the sea at the mouth and the gleam of the pieces of eight in the corner; the cove where Jim finds the marooned pirate, hungering for a bit of cheese, and then the sight of the *Hispaniola* adrift—stirring dormant memories of 'Ben Hur'—these are stage pictures very good to look upon."

"*Treasure Island*," in the opinion of the *New York Press*, is essentially a play for boys; but the critic of the *Times* believes that only the mature and sophisticated Stevensonian will really appreciate its adventurous romance. The *Press* thus recounts the incidents of the play:

"The curtain rises with Bill Bones, the captain, singing 'Sixteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest, Yo ho ho, and a Bottle of Rum!' in the little tap room of the Admiral Benbow Inn. The captain sings his song, is visited by Black Dog and receives the black spot from the hands of Pew. He dies in a frenzy, and Jim and his mother seize his chest and take forth the famous chart. Then there is the *Hispaniola*, lying quietly at her dock, alongside the Spy-Glass Inn, and John Silver himself, with Flint on his shoulder, scheming to get the survivors of the old gang on board.

"There is Jim again, hiding in the apple barrel. And there is the big fight in the stockade. It's a real fight, too, and bloodthirsty pirates litter the stage before the curtain goes down on the victorious little group. Then Jim steals off in Ben Gunn's boat. You see him cut the *Hispaniola* adrift, while Hands and Redcap fight on the decks. You see Jim Hawkins, luckiest of boys, as from his perch in the cross-tree he shoots the miserable

Hands, and takes full command of the ship. All this time the *Hispaniola* is tossing about in the seas—very real seas, with waves that tumble over one another.

"Then you see the pirates' disappointment when they discover the treasure has disappeared, and their fear when they hear Ben Gunn's voice imitating the song of old Flint. And finally, at the very end, you see Jim and his friends kill all the pirates save that unctuous villain, Long John, and troop off in a body to Ben Gunn's cave to bury their arms in gold to the elbow. And the whole thing is so thickly coated over with oaths and atmosphere that never for a moment could a boy doubt that these are real pirates, as real as any that ever slit a throat or scuttled a ship."

A good deal of emphasis is laid, in these reviews of the play, upon the abundance of oaths. As a matter of fact the story as Stevenson wrote it is practically free of oaths. He gets all the pirate atmosphere in without the use of curses. Another surprising fact concerning Stevenson, who has been characterized as "Jim Hawkins grown up" is brought out in "On the Trail of Stevenson" by Clayton Hamilton (Doubleday, Page). He could amuse children in his romances, but Louis belonged to the considerable and not unworthy class of men who always feel uncomfortable in the presence of very young children. He didn't know what to do with them. He could write immortal poems in reminiscence of his own childhood; but he couldn't make a baby smile. This is presented upon the authority of Edmund Gosse.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

DOUBT RESPECTING THE ACTUAL EXISTENCE OF ATOMS AND MOLECULES

MUCH as we hear of atoms, molecules, electrons and ions, there remains considerable misapprehension in the popular mind concerning the true nature of these terms and concerning the senses in which they are to be used. This is due to the theoretical and mathematical considerations involved in the assumption by physicists of the existence of molecules and atoms. Moreover, writes Professor Norris W. Rakestraw in *The Scientific American*, there is one notion of which it is necessary to rid oneself. This is the idea that there is very much direct knowledge of these particles to be had at the present time. Altho scientists speak very positively about them, no one, odd as it must now seem, has ever directly observed the actions of molecules. Whether or not they have a real objective existence, we have no direct means of knowing. All that we can say is that matter behaves as if they did exist. If, however, by assuming their existence and by assuming certain facts about them, we can arrive at theoretical conclusions which are capable of experimental confirmation, we are justified in considering our assumptions to be true. In this way, many things have been learned which lead us to put considerable faith in the actual existence of molecules. We can compute their number, size, weight and velocity, altho we can not tell much about their appearance, their internal structure, or the forces which govern their action.

"For our present purpose matter is conveniently divided into solids, liquids, and gases. These are called the three 'states of aggregation,' a term which in itself suggests that there is a different molecular structure in each case. Of the three, gases have the simplest molecular structure, and, indeed, it is found experimentally that all gases have a great many common physical properties; they have an equal number of molecules in equal volumes, they expand equally with increasing temperature, and contract equally with increasing pressure.

"The molecular theory assumes that the molecules of which a gas is composed are moving rapidly in straight lines, collisions constantly taking place, one molecule with another or with a wall of the containing vessel. As an example, let us take the case of a volume of hydrogen. Each hydrogen molecule is supposedly similar to every other hydrogen molecule

and has an average velocity of 5,570 feet, or something over a mile per second. In that time, however, it makes about ten billion collisions with other molecules, for there are millions upon millions of them flying about in every cubic inch of the gas. As this motion is apparently constant, the molecules must be perfectly elastic; that is, none of their momentum is lost by impact with each other. What we call the pressure of the gas is nothing more nor less than the ceaseless bombardment of the walls of the vessel by the rapidly-moving molecules. Tho each molecule is so small that its separate impact would be imperceptible, the combined force of the millions upon millions which are striking every square inch of surface of the walls goes to make up the total pressure of the gas, which is thus proportional to the number of impacts in a given time and to the momentum of each molecule as it strikes. If the volume is increased, the distance is increased through which each molecule must pass; therefore, the number of impacts, and consequently the total pressure, is decreased. Temperature is a measure of the velocity of the molecules, and so increasing the temperature increases the number of impacts and the force of each impact—in other words, increases either the pressure or the volume."

Gases expand indefinitely—that is, no matter how much the containing vessel is enlarged, the gas will always fill it completely. This is not, as is often supposed, because the molecules repel each other, but because they are rapidly moving in every direction and thus tend to scatter about in all directions until stopped by the containing walls. It can readily be shown that the gas molecules could not repel each other. On the contrary, they exert attractive forces. But since ordinarily the space between molecules is thousands of times greater than the size of the molecules themselves, these attractive forces apparently have practically no effect.

In the structure of liquids the molecules seem to be less free to move about than they are in gases. They no longer move in short straight lines but thread their way among each other in curves, because of the action of their attractive forces. A sort of equilibrium is established between their energy of motion—their kinetic energy, as it is styled—and the force of mutual attraction. In liquids as well as in gases the molecules are free to move about and fill every crack and

corner of the containing vessel. However, the characteristic property of a liquid is the fact that it has one free and distinctive surface.

"While a molecule is in the interior of the liquid the attraction of other molecules upon it is equal in all directions, and these attractions thus neutralize each other. But when the molecule comes close to the surface there is a greater pull inward than outward and it is drawn back again. Now, if we would write the mathematical equations of those forces acting, we would find that the position of equilibrium is reached when the liquid takes the form of a perfect sphere, and this is what always happens when the liquid is free to take its own shape—as when dropping through a vacuum. This force, at the surface pulling the molecules inward, produces a tangential force which is known as surface tension, and in many ways it acts exactly as tho there were a rubber membrane stretched over the liquids. The important thing to note here, however, is that the molecules are responsible for this.

"Sometimes a molecule rushes to the surface with such a velocity that it overcomes the attractive forces and flies out of the liquid completely. It is then in exactly the same condition as a gas molecule and moves about in the air just as any other molecule of the air. As this continues, the liquid is said to *evaporate*, and, inasmuch as it is always the most swiftly moving molecules which can fly out of the liquid in this way, the slower ones are left behind and the liquid becomes cooler—as its temperature is only a measure of the velocity of its molecules."

In the case of solids, it is not yet very well known how the molecules arrange themselves. It seems that here they no longer move about freely but are restricted in their motions to certain small areas. It is as tho there were centers about which a number of molecules revolve in more or less regular orbits and it is only with difficulty that they can escape from these restrictive forces. The change which a solid undergoes upon dissolving into a liquid is an interesting one and here again there is disagreement among scientists as to what actually takes place.

Let us now turn to the consideration of those smaller particles which are called atoms. We have seen that molecules are complex bodies composed of a number of atoms:

"A molecule is a little cluster or group

of atoms which is held together by some sort of electrical force. When something happens to disturb the equilibrium of the group, some of the atoms may break away and others will, perhaps, take their places, or some other process of readjustment will take place. In such compounds as nitroglycerine, the equilibrium of the groups of atoms which form the molecules is very unstable, and a slight disturbance causes them to break up so violently that an explosion occurs.

"The forces which hold the atoms together within the molecule are only imperfectly understood."

Upon closer consideration of the atom we find that it, too, consists of yet smaller particles, which have been called corpuscles or electrons. Many experiments have been devised to prove actual existence of these parti-

cles. The atom with its electrons revolving in regular orbits has been likened to the solar system, composed of the sun and the planets. If we imagine the earth reduced to the size of an electron, the total visible universe with its thousand million stars would approximate the size of a human blood corpuscle. The revolutions of the planets about the sun would reduce to the same order as those of electrons within the atom. Their frequency of vibration would produce a visible light spectrum as do the electrons. The distance between stars corresponds to that between molecules of air. In fact, we would have almost a perfect microcosm. Yet there is one point always to be borne in mind:

"All these things of which we have

spoken—molecules composing all types of matter; atoms composing these molecules, uniting under the forces of 'chemical affinity' in all the various ways represented by chemical reactions; electrons, revolving in more or less regular orbits within the electrical sphere of the atom, forming the electric current and causing light, heat, and radiant energy—all of this wonderful field of knowledge has been opened up by modern science, with its marvelous methods of accurate and penetrating research. There still remains much to be done; a great deal of the theory has scarcely passed beyond the mathematical stage. For, after all, though we build our whole structure of scientific knowledge upon this foundation, it is yet a theory, for no one has perceived the molecule, the atom or the electron in its activities. They are creations of scientific thought."

PASSING OF THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE

QUITE recently the Pennsylvania Railroad inaugurated an electric train service over that part of its main line between Philadelphia and Paoli, on a stretch of its four-track bed carrying fast through-trains between the East and the West and hauling almost the heaviest traffic of any railroad in the world. The episode afforded *The Scientific American* material for comment at the time as a development of the utmost importance, and, returning to the subject, our contemporary now says another recent and even more significant instance of a great railroad that operates in close proximity to the coal fields abandoning a part of its coal-burning equipment in favor of electric traction, is that of the Norfolk and Western on a division between Bluefield, in West Virginia, and the coal mines. Heretofore special conditions have dictated the substitution of electric for steam locomotives, as in the case of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which, by theory, was the first main line railway to adopt the electric locomotive. There the problem was to avoid the smoke and gas in its Baltimore tunnel. The Hoosac Tunnel in Massachusetts, the Pennsylvania's approach to New York city under the Hudson and the Great Northern's tunnel under the Cascade Mountains created similar special conditions. The New York Central and the New York, New Haven and Hartford railways were forced to electrification by legislative action as a result of a serious collision in the tunnel leading into the Grand Central station in New York city. Other notable instances of electrification could be cited; but Charles B. Brewer, who writes the article in the *Scientific American*, calls attention to other cases as follows:

"The reasons for adopting electrifica-

tion on the Pennsylvania's 'mainline' and on the Norfolk and Western Railway were, however, influenced by problems which constantly confront the railway officials of almost every system. Here we see, in one case, the steam locomotive supplanted dangerously near the heart of the Pennsylvania coal fields, and, in the other case, at the very mouth of the West Virginia mines. No question of the utilization of water power entered into consideration in either case. Both receive power from boiler installations.

"Might it not be well to ask: Who shall be bold enough to prophesy how long the roar and puff of the steam locomotive will be heard? And, especially, how long will they be heard in the great West, where coal is hauled hundreds of miles to mock the great water-powers along which it steams?

"Steep grades and a heavy freight traffic dictated the change on the Norfolk and Western road. Because, under steam operation, only $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour could be made by its freight trains with two locomotives and a 'pusher,' steam has given way to electricity. The new electric engines haul heavier loads at twice the speed over the steepest grades and nearly four times the speed over other parts of the run."

Many of the grades in the West are almost twice as heavy as those where electrical installation has already been called in to solve the problem of heavy grades. Two engines are used every day on grades on many western roads for short passenger trains. Mr. Brewer was recently a passenger on a train in the West where three locomotives were required for fourteen cars. The Denver and Rio Grande Railway has used five locomotives for eleven passenger and mail coaches.

Electrification, however, requires large sums of money. The government's conservation policy has been held responsible in part for the slow development of water-power in the

West; but there is a prospect of legislation on this subject soon.

"The steam locomotive which has been supplanted on the Norfolk and Western Railway is the famous 'Mallet' compound type, with mechanical stokers and superheaters—the last word of the locomotive builder.

"The new Baldwin-Westinghouse electric tractors are the most powerful locomotives in the world. They weigh 270 tons and have a guaranteed horsepower of 6,700. Experience with them has shown a continuous output of 8,000 horse-power, and, while the trains are being accelerated, the motors develop as high as 11,000 horse-power. The fact that the heavy express trains of the New York, New Haven and Hartford are hauled by 100-ton locomotives, which, when running 60 miles an hour, develop only 1,500 horse-power, illustrates the tremendous advance in the power of the Norfolk and Western electric tractors.

"One of the unique features of the Norfolk and Western installation is the use of the three-phase motors from a single overhead wire. By using the three-phase motor the locomotive can hold or brake the trains at constant speed while descending the grades, and utilize the energy by returning it to the line and making it available for any other train on the road. This is the first installation of the kind except on the line at Giovi, Italy. At Giovi, however, the trains are only 400 tons and on the Norfolk and Western they are 3,250 to 4,700 tons. Italy has been very quick to adopt advanced practice in electrification. An Italian railroad first followed the lead of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the use of electric locomotives in 1895.

"The advantages gained by the Norfolk and Western's electrification have been pronounced. Formerly two 'Mallets,' with a pusher at the grades, handled the trains at $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour and required four hours for the trip. One electric tractor, which also uses a pusher at the grades, now handles much heavier trains at 14 and 28 miles an hour and

makes the trip in less than *two* hours. So far the electric tractors have handled 75 loaded cars with ease. It is the intention to increase the number until the limit is reached. An enormous draw-bar pull of 180,000 pounds has been recorded."

Electricity is extensively employed in other countries. In Switzerland, where there is no coal and many water-powers have been developed, it is used on a number of lines, and the government last year decided so to operate all the lines of the state railways. Three important projects are under consideration in India and work has

recently been completed in Sweden on the seventy miles of the most northerly railroad in the world, which extends within the Arctic circle. This railroad has reported an increase of forty per cent. in the weight of its trains and a fifty per cent. increase in speed through the use of electricity.

The latest system of electrification will be used to operate the trains through the new Canadian Pacific tunnel near Glacier, B. C. This tunnel will be the longest railroad tunnel in the western hemisphere, except one for the unfinished "Moffat" road in Colorado. It is just five feet over five miles long.

A work of great importance is also under way at Melbourne, Australia:

"The change affects 289 miles of track and involves an expenditure of over \$10,000,000. The provision is made for handling upwards of twice the number of passengers and also increasing the speed of the trains, the change will effect a saving of about \$500,000 a year in operating costs. Originally 1917 was set for the completion of the work, but the General Electric Company, which is supplying 400 motors for the service, states it is so advanced that it will be in operation next year.

"The eyes of the railway world are centered on these recent installations."

MESSAGE OF THE GREAT SCIENTIST WHO DISTRUSTED MODERN SCIENCE

FAME is for the noisy and the noxious. That was an important article in the scientific creed of the world's most famous entomologist, J. Henri Fabre, whose renown came to him late in the long life that has so recently closed. It may be some years before the significance of his labors will be realized, notes a writer in London *Nature*, for to hosts of readers he is but a charming essayist upon the subject of insect life. In reality, as a writer in the London *Nation* points out, Fabre seems destined to become an authority for the rebels against the whole system of accepted and orthodox evolutionary science; nor is it a mere coincidence that those who attack prevailing conclusions based upon the Darwinian theory of natural selection find a mine of material in his investigations. This aspect of Fabre has been neglected owing, first, to the lateness in life at which he came into his own, and, next, to the fact that he formulated no system in opposition to the prevailing scientific orthodoxy. His views must be collated from the body of his writings. Typical of this circumstance is the volume called "The Hunting Wasps," just brought out in this country by Dodd, Mead—a volume in which Fabre has his fling at modern evolutionary thought in his most characteristic manner. We suffer to-day more than we ever did, says Fabre here, from a mania for explaining what might well be incapable of explanation. "There are some—and their number seems to increase daily—who settle the stupendous question with magnificent audacity." Give them a half dozen cells, he complains, a bit of protoplasm and a diagram for demonstration, and they will account to you for everything.

The organic world, he proceeds, the intellectual world, the moral world, all things, are thus made to derive from

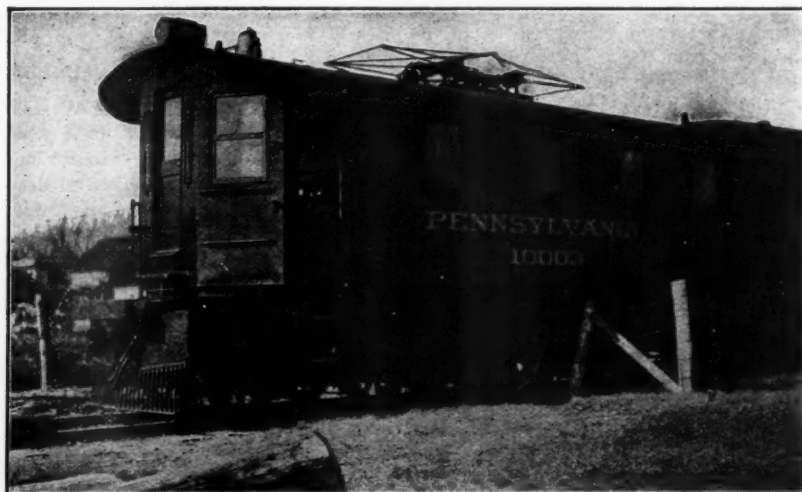
the original cell, evolving by means of its own energy. "It's as simple as A B C." Instinct, roused by a chance action that has proved favorable to the animal, is an acquired habit from this point of view. And men argue on this basis, declares Fabre scornfully, invoking natural selection, heredity, the struggle for life. "I see plenty of big words, but I should prefer a few small facts." These little facts he had been collecting and catechizing for nearly forty years and their replies did not seem to him to favor current scientific theory.*

"You tell me that instinct is an acquired habit, that a casual circumstance, propitious to the animal's offspring, was the first to prompt it. Let us look into the thing more closely. If I understand aright, we must suppose some *Ammophila*, in a very remote past, to have accidentally injured her caterpillar's nervous centers; to have found herself the gainer by this operation, both as regards herself, in being released from a

* *THE HUNTING WASP.* By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead.

struggle not unattended with danger, and as regards her larva, thus supplied with fresh, living and yet harmless victuals; and consequently to have endowed her offspring, by heredity, with a natural tendency to repeat the advantageous device. The maternal legacy did not benefit all the descendants equally: some were poor hands at the new-born art of the stiletto; others were adepts. Then came the struggle for existence, the hateful *vox victis!* The weak went under, the strong flourished; and, as age succeeded age, selection by vital competition changed the fleeting impression of the start into a deep-rooted, inefaceable impression, exemplified in the masterly instinct which we admire in the Wasp to-day.

"Well, I avow, in all sincerity, this is asking a little too much of chance. When the *Ammophila* first found herself in the presence of a caterpillar, there was nothing, you would have it, to guide the sting. The choice was made at random. The pricks were directed at the upper surface of the captured prey, at the lower surface, at the sides, the front and the back indiscriminately, according to the fortunes of a close struggle. The Hive-bee and the Social Wasp sting those points



HOW THE NEW KING OF THE RAILS LOOKS

Electric Tractors are among the most powerful locomotives in the world. Some weigh 270 tons and have a horse-power of 6,700.

which they are able to reach, without showing a preference for one part over the other. That is how the *Ammophila* must have acted, when still ignorant of her art.

"Now how many points are there in a Grey Worm, above and below? Mathematical accuracy would answer, an infinity; a few hundreds will serve our purpose. Of this number, nine or perhaps more have to be selected; the needle must be inserted there and not elsewhere: a little higher, a little lower, a little to one side, it would not produce the desired effect. If the favorable event is a purely accidental result, how many combinations would be needed to bring it about, how much time to exhaust all the possible cases?"

When the difficulty becomes too great for the modern scientist, says Fabre sarcastically, the scientist takes refuge behind the mist of ages. He retreats into the shadows of the past as far as fancy can carry him. He calls upon time, that factor of which we have so little at our disposal and which, for this very reason, is so well suited to hide our illusions. "Here you can let yourselves go and lavish the centuries." Suppose we shake up hundreds of figures, all of different values, in an urn, and draw nine at random. When shall we, in this way, obtain a sequence fixed beforehand, a sequence that stands alone? The chance is so slight, according to the mathematicians, that we may as well set it down as naught and say that the desired arrangement will never come about. For the *Ammophila* of the prehistoric age, the attempt was renewed only at long intervals from one year to the next. Then how did this sequence of nine stings at selected points emerge from the urn of chance? "When I am driven to appeal to infinity in time, I am very much afraid of running up against an absurdity." But, replies the modern scientist, the insect did not attain its present surgical dexterity at the outset. It went through experiments, apprenticeships, varying degrees of skill. There was a weeding out by natural selection, eliminating the less expert, retaining the more gifted until instinct, as we know it, developed, thanks to the accumulation of individual capacities added to those handed down by heredity. Fabre reports:

"The argument is erroneous: instinct developed by degrees is flagrantly impossible in this case. The art of preparing the larva's provisions allows of none but masters and suffers no apprentices; the Wasp must excel in it from the outset or leave the thing alone. Two conditions, in fact, are absolutely essential: that the insect should be able to drag home and store a quarry which greatly surpasses it in size and strength; and that the newly-hatched grub should be able to gnaw peacefully, in its narrow cell, a live and comparatively enormous



"I SEE PLENTY OF BIG WORDS, BUT I SHOULD PREFER A FEW SMALL FACTS"

Fabre, the renowned entomologist, now dead, complained that modern science was completely astray with its cell, its protoplasm and its "mist of ages."

prey. The suppression of all movements in the victim is the only means of realizing these conditions; and this suppression, to be complete, requires sundry dagger-thrusts, one in each motor center. If the paralysis and the torpor be not sufficient, the Grey Worm will defy the efforts of the huntress, will struggle desperately on the road and will not reach the journey's end; if the immobility be not complete, the egg, fixed at a given spot on the worm, will perish under the contortions of the giant. There is no *via media*, no half-success. . . .

"If, on her side, the Wasp exceeds in her art, it is because she is born to follow it, because she is endowed not only with tools but also with the knack of using them. And this gift is original, perfect from the outset: the past has added nothing to it, the future will add nothing to it. As it was, so it is and will be. If you see in it naught but an acquired habit, which heredity hands down and improves, at least explain to us why man, who represents the highest stage in the evolution of your primitive plasma, is deprived of the like privilege. A paltry insect bequeathes its skill to its offspring; and man cannot. What an immense advantage it would be to humanity if we were less liable to see the worker succeeded by the idler, the man of talent by the idiot! Ah, why has not protoplasm, evolving by its own energy from one being into another, reserved until it came to us a little of that wonderful power which it has bestowed so

lavishly upon the insects! The answer is that apparently, in this world, cellular evolution is not everything.

"For these among many other reasons, I reject the modern theory of instinct. I see in it no more than an ingenious game in which the arm-chair naturalist, the man who shapes the world according to his whim, is able to take delight, but in which the observer, the man grappling with reality, fails to find a serious explanation of anything whatsoever that he sees. In my own surroundings, I notice that those who are most positive in the matter of these difficult questions are those who have seen the least. If they have seen nothing at all, they go to the length of rashness."

There is general agreement among those scientists who analyze the work of Fabre critically that had his researches been known sufficiently while he was engaged in them, certain generalizations now much in vogue would never have gained acceptance as established facts. He was not taken with sufficient seriousness for many years after the publication in France of his first studies of insect life. His authority to-day in the field of entomology is almost pontifical, for he studied Nature at first hand in the open and was prone to look with disdain upon the laboratory scientist, whatever his field. Despite his prodigious age, Fabre worked to the end.

WHAT THE EMOTIONS DO TO THE BODY IN A LABORATORY TEST

DURING the past four years there has been conducted in the Harvard physiological laboratory a series of investigations concerned with the bodily changes which occur in conjunction with pain, hunger and the major emotions. A group of remarkable alterations in the bodily economy has thus been discovered by Professor Walter B. Cannon, the distinguished physiologist, and his assistants. These alterations, he says, can reasonably be regarded as responses that are nicely adapted to the individual's welfare and preservation. Thus the researches have revealed a number of unsuspected

adrenin is injected into the blood, it will cause the pupils to dilate, hairs to stand erect, blood vessels to be constricted, the activities of the alimentary canal to be inhibited, and sugar to be liberated from the liver. These effects are not produced by action of the substance on the central nervous system but by direct action on the organ itself. And the effects occur even after the structures have been removed from the body and kept alive artificially. . . .

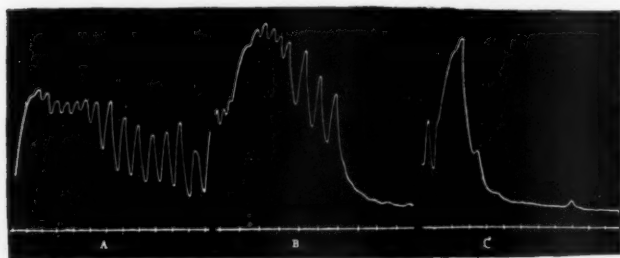
"Both by an exceedingly delicate biological test (intestinal muscle) and by an examination of the glands themselves, clear evidence has been secured that in pain and deep emotion the glands do, in fact, pour out an excess of adrenin into the circulating blood.

"Here, then, is a remarkable group of phenomena—a pair of glands stimulated to activity at times of strong excitement and by such nerve impulses as themselves produce at such times profound changes in the viscera; and a secretion given forth into the blood stream by these glands, which

known also that adrenin affects the vessels of the brain and the lungs only slightly if at all. From this evidence we may infer that sympathetic impulses, tho causing constriction of the arteries of the abdominal viscera, have no effective influence on those of the pulmonary and intracranial areas and actually increase the blood supply to the heart. Thus the absolutely and immediately essential organs—those the ancients called the 'tripod of life'—the heart, the lungs, the brain (as well as its instruments, the skeletal muscles)—are in times of excitement abundantly supplied with blood taken from organs of less importance in critical moments. This shifting of the blood so that there is an assured adequate supply to structures essential for the preservation of the individual may reasonably be interpreted as a fact of prime biological significance."

It has likewise been established that there is an increase of blood sugar in time of great emotion. Sugar is the form in which carbohydrate material is transported in organisms; starch is the storage form. In those that have been well fed the liver contains an abundance of glycogen or animal starch which may be called upon in time of need. At such a time the glycogen is changed and set free in the blood as sugar. Ordinarily there is a small percentage of sugar in the blood. When only this small amount is present, the kidneys are capable of preventing its escape in any noteworthy amount. If the percentage rises sufficiently, however, the sugar passes the obstacle set up by the kidneys. The condition known to physicians as glycosuria, therefore, may properly be considered in certain circumstances as evidence of increased sugar in the blood. The injection of adrenin can liberate sugar from the liver to such an extent that glycosuria results. Does the adrenal secretion discharged in strong emotional excitement play a part in glycosuria under such conditions?

"Adrenin secreted by the adrenal glands in times of stress has all the effects in the body that are produced by injected adrenin. It plays an essential rôle in calling forth stored carbohydrate from the liver, thus flooding the blood with sugar; it helps in distributing the blood to the heart, lungs, central nervous system and limbs, while taking it away from the inhibited organs of the abdomen; it quickly abolishes the effects of muscular fatigue; and it renders the blood more rapidly coagulable. These remarkable facts are, furthermore, associated with some of the most primitive experiences in the life of higher organisms, experiences common to all, both man and beast—the elemental experiences of pain and fear and rage that come suddenly in critical emergencies. What



"EXCITEMENT"
The effect of prolonging excitement. A, the record in "quiet" serum; B, in defibrinated blood after eleven minutes of excitement; and C, in serum after fifteen minutes of excitement.

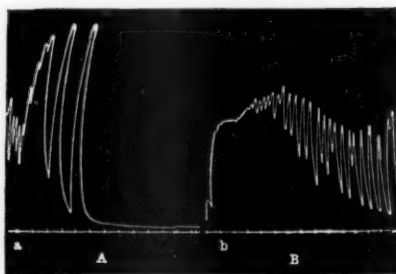
ways in which muscular action is more efficient because of the emotional disturbances of the viscera. Every one of the visceral changes noted—the cessation of processes in the alimentary canal, thus freeing the energy supply for other parts, the shifting of blood from the abdominal organs, whose activities are "deferable," to the organs immediately essential to muscular exertion (the lungs, the heart, the central nervous system), the increased vigor of contraction of the heart, the quick abolition of the effects of muscular fatigue, the mobilizing of energy-giving sugar in the circulation—every one of these visceral changes is directly serviceable in making the organism more effective in the violent display of energy which fear or rage or pain may involve.* But a word must be said regarding the adrenal gland and adrenin:

"Lying anterior to each kidney is a small body—the adrenal gland. It is composed of an external portion or cortex, and a central portion or medulla. From the medulla can be extracted a substance called variously suprarenin, adrenin, epinephrin or 'adrenalin,' which, in extraordinarily minute amounts, affects the structures innervated by the sympathetic division of the autonomic system precisely as if they were receiving nervous impulses. For example, when

is capable of inducing by itself, or of augmenting, the nervous influences which induce the very changes in the viscera which accompany suffering and the major emotions."

At times of pain and excitement, sympathetic discharges, probably aided by the adrenal secretion simultaneously liberated, will drive the blood out of the vegetative organs of the interior, which serve the routine needs of the body, into the skeletal muscles, which have to meet by extra action the urgent demands of struggle or escape. But there are exceptions to any general statement that by adrenin the viscera are emptied of their blood:

"It is well known that adrenin has a vasodilator, not a vasoconstrictor, action on the arteries of the heart; it is well



A RECORD
The effect of bubbling oxygen through active blood. A, relaxation after active blood applied at a; B, failure of relaxation when the same blood, oxygenated three hours, was applied to a fresh strip at b.

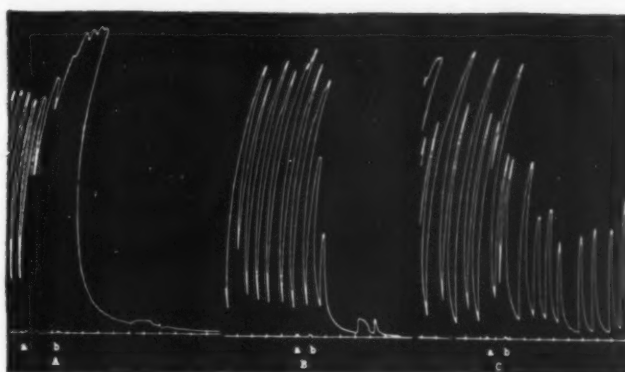
* BODILY CHANGES IN PAIN, HUNGER, FEAR AND RAGE. By Walter B. Cannon. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

is the significance of these profound bodily annerations? What are the emergency functions of secreted adrenin? . . .

"Adrenin, when freely liberated in the blood, not only aids in bringing out sugar from the liver's store of glycogen but also has a remarkable influence in quickly restoring to fatigued muscles, which have lost their original irritability, the same readiness for response which they had when fresh. Thus the adrenin set free in pain and in fear and rage would put the muscles of the body unqualifiedly at the disposal of the nervous system; the difficulty which nerve impulses might have in calling the muscles into full activity would be practically abolished; and this provision, along with the abundance of energy-supplying sugar newly flushed into the circulation, would give to the animal in which these mechanisms are most efficient the best

possible conditions for putting forth supreme muscular efforts."

At all stages of the experiments of which some of the results are here set forth, Doctor Cannon was aided by a corps of competent assistants who checked every report and verified all conclusions.



AN ADRENALIN EFFECT

Effect of adding adrenin 1:1,000,000 (A), 1:2,000,000 (B), and 1:3,000,000 (C), to formerly inactive blood. In each case a marks the moment when the quiet blood was removed, and b the time when the blood with adrenin was added.

THE CONTROVERSY OVER THE AMOUNT OF PROTEIN REQUIRED BY A HUNGRY GERMAN

FOODS contain in various proportions three constituents, now commonly known as protein, carbohydrates and fats.

All these contribute the driving power or energy required to keep the human machine in healthy activity. But the building-up of the machine itself in youth and the constant maintenance of it when adult by the replacement of wear and tear, can be secured only by supplies of protein. Potatoes contain not one fourth, not even one fifth, of the protein furnished by rye meal, hardly more than a seventh of that in wheat, while sugar provides no protein at all. This is why so much has been said in the scientific press of the world on the subject of the supply of protein available for the average German working in the fatherland. The most important publication on the subject has been the one edited by Doctor Eltzbacher, rector of the Commercial College in Berlin, a treatise based upon the work of experts. It was given great attention in the British medical press and seemed to establish at the time—ten months ago or more—the proposition that a supply of protein was available in adequate quantities to the male working in Germany, no matter how severe a blockade of food stuffs from overseas was prosecuted by an enemy dominating the oceans. A very different idea of the subject is conveyed by Professor W. J. Ashley, the British economist and dietician, who gives his conclusions in *The Quarterly Review*. The two leading items, says the Briton, are, first, grain and potatoes, and, second, meat.

As to grain and potatoes, Doctor Eltzbacher's work bases its calculations on an average of the official crop estimates for 1912 and 1913. The harvests for those years were exceptionally

generous. That of 1914 showed a great falling off. Professor Ballod, whose name carries weight, says the official figures do not give the notion of this falling off. If we take the final official figures for 1914 and make a fifteen per cent. reduction and then calculate the protein content in precisely the Eltzbacher way, we shall, says Professor Ashley, arrive not at the Eltzbacher figure of 963,000 tons of protein but at 753,000. We might now accept, for the purposes of this argument, all the other Eltzbacher figures, yet these everywhere err on the optimistic side, thinks the Englishman. Thus, the calculation as to meat is based on the average number of cattle and pigs slaughtered in the last two years, multiplied by the "dead-weight" figures employed by the Health Department. But these dead-weight figures have been shown over and over again to be constructed on quite mistaken principles, and it has been found by more than one calculation based on them that the resulting meat statistics are by ten per cent. too large:

"The Eltzbacher pamphlet could not well pass over entirely such notorious criticisms, and it allows that the Health Department figures are 'sometimes too high for the real dead weight.' 'But,' it goes on, 'we have thought it best to retain them here, in order to include the animal fats not fully included in the 'dead weight,' tho they serve as human food.' As the Health Department itself only estimates the consumable quantity omitted in the nominal dead weight as about five per cent., it is rash to allow ten per cent. on this account. We may fairly knock off two per cent. from the Eltzbacher meat figures, and bring down the total protein figure for animal food from 346,900 to 340,000 tons. The same disposition to snatch at the biggest plausible figure is observable when the

Eltzbacher pamphlet comes to dairy produce. 'We will allow,' they say, '2,200 liters of milk for the annual average yield per cow.' But this is one of the largest estimates ever suggested; the standard treatise on dairy-farming puts it at 2,000. To dock the Eltzbacher protein figure for dairy produce by five per cent., and assign to this head of the account 159,000 instead of 167,300 tons, would be to treat it generously. Accepting all the other Eltzbacher estimates—for green vegetables and fruit, for fish and for eggs—the total we reach for the protein available from Germany's own internal resources, with a harvest like that of 1914, is not 1,554,000 but 1,411,000 tons.

"This has now to be divided among the population; and something, tho not much, turns upon the relative proportions to be assigned respectively to men, women and children of various ages. Physiologists propose somewhat differing scales of need; and, if we are to average them, it is surely enough to take the three most authoritative German scales, and reach a total of 52.2 million consuming units, rather than by dint of throwing in two American scales and one Danish (as the Eltzbacher pamphlet does in one part of its argument) reach the smaller total of 51.8 millions."

What matters far more is the amount to be taken as requisite per unit, that is, the amount required for an adult male engaged in moderate work. The actual average consumption per man per day in 1912-1913, according to the Eltzbacher calculations, had been 116 grams of digestible protein. Until quite recently the figure universally assumed in such discussions has been 118 grams of crude protein, equal to about 105 grams of digestible protein, proposed in 1881 by the famous German physiologist, Voit. Now to supply 105 grams—with proportionate amounts for women and children—would call for 2,001,000 tons of pro-

tein. In recent years the whole subject has been reconsidered in consequence of the writings and investigations of Professor Chittenden of Yale. He has maintained that, with a proper hygienic choice of diet, a man could live on far less protein than Voit proposed. German physiologists generally, and foremost among them their most distinguished expert, Professor Rubner, have replied that tho men could undoubtedly live on less, if the food were selected for the purpose, it would not be safe to assign less than Voit's figure when dealing with large numbers and longish periods, unless there were a sweeping change in the eating habits of the people. The difference between the amount physiologically requisite and the 105 grams of digestible protein might, said Rubner, be regarded as a margin necessary for safety, and in arranging dietaries for institutions it would be well to keep to Voit's figure.

Nevertheless, slightly lower estimates than those of Voit are fairly tenable. Yet the German social economist, Professor Bauer, writing the article "Consumption" in the well-

known German Encyclopedia of Political Science, concludes, on a survey of recent physiological literature: "tho the opinions of physiologists still differ as to details, 100 grams of crude protein," equivalent to about 92 grams of digestible, "are still regarded as the lowest limit for the permanent maintenance of industrial activity." When, then, the Eltzbacher group, of which Rubner must have been a leading member, go far below this figure of 92, and propose 80, it looks to Professor Ashley as if the Germans were cutting their coat not according to the size but according to the cloth:

"Even with this small allowance the requirement would be 1,605,000 tons, as compared with the 1,411,000 probably available; with the more credibly necessary allowance of 92, the requirement would be 1,853,000 tons. That is, Germany, cut off from imports, but otherwise going on with its ordinary habits and methods of agriculture, would be short of the food essential for healthy existence by about 24 per cent.

"True, the Eltzbacher pamphlet assumed that Germany would not continue in its ordinary way of life. It proposed far-reaching intervention by the Govern-

ment, prohibiting the use of bread-corn for fodder, compelling farmers to reduce their stock of pigs, etc., etc., as well as the careful avoidance of all waste by housekeepers. These recommendations, 'provided that every farmer regards it as a matter of honor to observe' the new rules, and that the nation exhibits 'the two peculiarities of the German character, perspicuity and perseverance,' will provide, they reckoned, some 480,000 tons additional of protein. There is the best of evidence, however, that, during half the first war-year at any rate, instead of less bread-corn being fed to cattle, a good deal more was given them, in consequence of the disappearance of Russian barley. The measures adopted by the Government for the storage of food led to the actual loss of a considerable quantity of it. For instance, 14 per cent. of the potatoes stored by one large urban municipality went bad, and this was only typical of what happened elsewhere; and the smell of rotting potatoes under the arches of one of the big Berlin railway stations compelled the residents in the neighborhood to appeal to the sanitary authorities. We may be quite sure that half the expected saving is an outside estimate; and, if so, Germany's protein supply must have remained considerably below the amount necessary."

THE VINDICATION OF ALUMINUM

ALUMINUM is by far the most plentiful of the metals in the earth's crust, but until recent times it has been one of the most difficult of all to prepare in the pure state, writes a metallurgical expert in the London *Standard*. Aluminum is the foundation metal of granite and of clay. The English put an "i" in the name and refer to it as "aluminium." All soils contain it, and the outer crust of the world is full of it. Evolutionists usually explain this by saying that a big drop of liquid once formed in the flaming vapors of our universe, and as the drop cooled down the heavier part sank towards the center, leaving the lighter elements on the surface. Aluminum, being one of the lightest of them, naturally became a constituent of the outer crust. Lead, iron, and gold lie deeper down.

It was one of the greatest metallurgical achievements of the last century to separate the pure metal from the common minerals in which it was so strongly locked, and it was an equally great commercial triumph to put the metallurgical operation into such a position that aluminum has now become almost a household metal, white, clean, strong, and astonishingly light.

"Thirty years ago the world's annual production was about 5,500 lbs. In 1913 it rose to nearly 174 million pounds. At first it was a disappointment. The wonderful new white metal was only a quarter the weight of iron, bulk for bulk, and was

supposed to be as strong as steel. So it was for minor purposes when small quantities were used, but as engineers used it more and more they discovered its limitations. Its strength was not so great as had been thought; its marvelous lightness was still there, but on the whole engineers fought shy of it.

"A little later aeronautics came into being, and aircraft makers found aluminum to be the very metal they needed. About the same time the astonishing chemical properties of the powdered metal were recognized. Aluminum thereafter became one of the most desirable metals for any nation that wished to wage war. Its use in aeroplanes is now well known, but its use when filed to a powder is less understood. Yet in this condition it forms part of two of the most destructive agents used by the Central European Powers. The first is the high explosive used to charge the Austrian shells. This is known as 'ammonal,' a mixture of five or eight parts of ammonium nitrate with one part of finely powdered aluminum. The exact proportions, and the means for keeping the mixture dry, are, of course, secrets which the Austrians keep to themselves, but even as made in English laboratories its explosive violence is tremendous. It is one of the few explosives that has never been used as a propellant. No gun known to warfare could resist its suddenness. The explosion chambers would be smashed to pieces before the projectile had begun to move. So it is put inside the projectile itself and allowed to explode amongst the enemy a few miles away from the gun. So far as we know it is only the Austrian howitzer shell that contains this horrible mixture."

The other chemical use of powdered aluminum is in making thermite, the famous incendiary bomb which enables an airman to drop melted iron in such quantities as to set even wood pavements on fire. This is a mixture of oxide of iron and aluminum powder.

Now, it is not easy to extract aluminum from either clay or granite even with the best modern appliances. The world's supply depends almost entirely on a mineral known as bauxite. It is really doubtful whether Germany can produce enough aluminum to meet her needs. We can only estimate her abilities in this direction from what was known before the war, and the sources of aluminum in 1913 can be summed up in a very few words.

The United States and Canada, in that year, produced nearly half of the world's output of aluminum, the remainder being furnished in almost equal quantities by France, Great Britain, and Switzerland, leaving out of account a certain amount (perhaps eight hundred tons) produced by Italy. So far as the Allies are concerned, therefore, they are in a much better position with regard to the supply of this metal.

Moreover, France contains the most suitable of all European deposits of the raw material of manufacture—nearly pure bauxite. We must, however, remember that the Swiss production is available, and it is probable that Germany has, since the war, extended its own production.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

MR. BALFOUR DEVELOPS HIS PHILOSOPHY OF INEVITABLE BELIEF IN GOD

MY desire has been to show that all we think best in human culture, whether associated with beauty, goodness, or knowledge, requires God for its support; that Humanism without Theism loses more than half its value." This is the sentence which, according to the London (Church) *Guardian*, best states the drift of the latest book by the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour.* In substance the volume is a collection of the Gifford Lectures delivered at the University of Glasgow in 1914. But Mr. Balfour, busy enough as First Lord of the Admiralty in these war times, has taken time to carefully revise them for publication now. They compel attention at once on both sides of the Atlantic.

The sentences which best summarize Mr. Balfour's teaching, in the opinion of President Butler of Columbia University, are these:

"If we would maintain the value of our highest beliefs and emotions, we must find for them a congruous origin. Beauty must be more than an accident. The source of morality must be moral. The source of knowledge must be rational. If this be granted, you rule out Mechanism, you rule out Naturalism, you rule out Agnosticism, and a lofty form of Theism becomes, as I think, inevitable."

Dr. Butler selects Mr. Balfour's book as the most noteworthy volume he has read during the past year.

Mr. Balfour has succeeded in putting the agnostic dogmatists on the defensive, declares a reviewer for the Literary Supplement of *The Contemporary Review*. "A negative can only maintain itself by attack; and henceforward the attack is with those who believe, not so much as a formal article of faith but as a matter of daily and momentary necessity, that not only is there a God but that his presence is proclaimed by all the facts of life." Here is Mr. Balfour's "great confession of faith" with which he concludes the book:

"God . . . is Himself the condition of scientific knowledge. If He be excluded from the causal series which produces

beliefs, the cognitive series which justifies them is corrupted at the root. And as it is only in a theistic setting that beauty can retain its deepest meaning, and love its brightest luster, so these great truths of esthetics and ethics are but half-truths, isolated and imperfect, unless we add to them yet a third. We must hold that reason and the work of reason have their source in God; that from Him they draw their inspiration; and that if they

repudiate their origin, by this very act they proclaim their own insufficiency."

To the three most characteristic quotations made above we may add at least one more to indicate both the scope and the limitation of Mr. Balfour's argument:

"When . . . I speak of God, I mean something other than an Identity wherein all differences vanish, or a Unity which includes but does not transcend the differences which it somehow holds in solution. I mean a God whom men can love, a God to whom men can pray, who takes sides, who has purposes and preferences, whose attributes, howsoever conceived, leave unimpaired the possibility of a personal relation between Himself and those whom he has created?"

The fact is, says Mr. Balfour, that all men in practice accept certain "inevitable" beliefs. Even those who criticize them in theory live by them in practice. We believe, for example, in a world external to ourselves, the independent existence of things and persons, altho as to what this "external world" really is men differ profoundly. We believe that there is a measure of regularity in nature; so strong is this speculative prepossession that there is no experimental evidence which would convince the man of science that, when physical causes were the same, physical consequences would be different. Belief in purposeful action and belief in esthetic values are also inevitable. None of these inevitable beliefs of common sense or science as developed and held to-day is the result of a mere naturalistic process, according to Mr. Balfour's analysis. But they do constitute a basic working creed of root-beliefs upon which all men act. They have the force of "irresistible assumptions," they possess the highest degree of "intuitive probability." Scratch an argument about such beliefs and you find a "cause," tho you may or may not discern a strictly logical "reason" to account for the creed.

Belief in God cannot be eliminated from the plain man's creed, contends Mr. Balfour, without loss of value in other elements of his creed. Value is lost if design be absent. Value of what? Value of our most valuable beliefs and their associated emotions, he answers. The connection between be-



HE FIGHTS AGNOSTICS

The First Lord of the British Admiralty, Mr. Balfour, defends the plain man's belief in God.

* THEISM AND HUMANISM. By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour. The Gifford Lectures. George H. Doran Company.

lief in God and a belief concerning beauty or goodness or natural law is not in the ordinary sense a logical one. They are not connected by a formal chain of influence. But all beliefs have a double aspect: a position in a cognitive series and a position in a causal series.

"All beliefs, in so far as they belong to the first kind of series, are elements in one or more collections of interdependent propositions. They are conclusions, or premises, or both. All beliefs, in so far as they belong to the second kind of series, are elements in the temporal succession of interdependent events. They are causes, or effects, or both.

"It has, further, to be noted that whereas reasons may, and usually do, figure among the proximate causes of belief, and thus play a part in both kinds of series, it is always possible to trace back the causal series to a point where every trace of rationality vanishes; where we are left face to face with conditions of belief—social, physiological and physical—which, considered in themselves, are quite a-logical in their character."

Where reason fails there is still the problem of origin, and origin qualifies value, in Mr. Balfour's argument. It is destructive of rational values to root them in unreason, and "the emotional values associated with and required by our beliefs about beauty and virtue must have some more congruous source than the blind transformation of physical energy."

Contrasted to the "argument from design," Mr. Balfour calls his method an argument from value to design—a design that "is demanded by all that we deem most valuable in life, by beauty, by morals, by scientific truth." This design is "far deeper in purpose, far richer in significance, than any which could be inferred from the most ingenious and elaborate adjustments displayed by organic life."

Mr. Balfour finds in Theism the only

congruous origin to account for the highest qualities of human action, knowledge and admiration. His sweep of art, history, morals, the theory of probability, the logic of perception, and the presuppositions of science, to enforce his contention, is both amazing and fascinating. He points out, for instance, that esthetic values are in part dependent upon a spiritual conception of the world we live in. The lover of natural beauty longs to regard it as a revelation from spirit to spirit, "not from one kind of atomic agitation to the 'psychic' accompaniment of another." History would lose its interest if it were merely a "natural history" of animals whose life and strife in the end signify nothing. Not brute fact but what actually happens to self-conscious personalities and communities, "a world-outlook that calls for some attribution of permanent value to human effort," makes history interesting.

Again, if the most that we can say for morality on the causal side, says Mr. Balfour, is that it is the product of non-moral, and ultimately of material agents, guided up to a certain point by Selection, and thereafter left the sport of chance, "a sense of humor, if nothing else, should prevent us wasting fine language on the splendor of the moral law and the reverential obedience owed to it by mankind."

"That debt will not long be paid if morality comes to be generally regarded as the causal effect of petty causes; comparable in its lowest manifestations with the appetites and terrors which rule, for their good, the animal creation; in its highest phases no more than a personal accomplishment, to be acquired or neglected at the bidding of individual caprice. More than this is needful if the noblest ideals are not to lose all power of appeal. Ethics must have its roots in the divine; and in the divine it must find its consummation. . . . I find in the love of God a moral end which reconciles other moral ends, because it includes them."

In the field of intellectual values, Mr. Balfour's objection to the school of thought represented by Leslie Stephen and other agnostic empiricists is that "it talks loudly of experience, yet never faces facts; and boasts its rationality, yet rarely reasons home." It never really takes account of "that natural history of knowledge, of that complex of causes, rational and non-rational, which have brought our accepted stocks of belief into being." None the less by faith and not by reason does this school accept presuppositions and intuitive intellectual tendencies of scientific belief, like the atomic theory. "What would have happened about the year 1842 if conservation of energy had been a theological dogma instead of a scientific guess?" queries Mr. Balfour, good-humoredly. He concludes:

"It is enough to say that as, according to M. Bergson, the course followed by organic evolution cannot be wholly due to Selection, so the course followed by scientific discovery, as I read its history, cannot be wholly due to reasoning and experience. In both cases we seem forced to assume something in the nature of a directing influence, and (I should add, tho perhaps M. Bergson would not) of supra-mundane design. And if 'a Power that makes for truth' be required to justify our scientific faith, we must surely count ourselves as theists."

The best that Naturalism can offer, says Mr. Balfour, is an imitation of creative purpose by Selection. This breaks down where most required, at the highest levels of value in connection with our powers of thought and the beliefs to which they lead. "The philosopher admits, in theory, no ground of knowledge but reason. I recognize that, in fact, the whole human race, including the philosopher himself, lives by faith alone. The philosopher asks what creed reason requires him to accept. I ask on what terms the creed which is in fact accepted can most reasonably be held."

PRESIDENT WILSON AND OTHERS SEEK TO REVITALIZE THE COUNTRY CHURCH

THE country church got its inning in the minds of the American people in a way that never occurred before, reports the *New York Christian Advocate*, when it found itself dignified and championed by the President of the nation at the recent conference at Columbus, Ohio. President Wilson recalled his father's pastorate of a group of country churches, and emphasized the mission of the rural church as the vitalizer of the lives of the communities in which it exists. A number of religious papers print the

full address. Some of his utterances very strikingly express the spirit of this conference—a spirit which represents the chief significance of the gathering, according to many commentators.

The President would have the church reminded that it is put into this world not only to serve the individual soul but to serve society also.

"We look back to the time of the early settlements in this country and remember that in old New England the Church and the school were the two sources of the life of the community. Everything

centered in them. Everything emanated from them. The school fed the Church and the Church ran the community. It sometimes did not run it very liberally, and I for my part would not wish to see any Church run any community; but I do wish to see every Church assist the community in which it is established to run itself, to show that the spirit of Christianity is the spirit of assistance, of counsel, of vitalization, of intense interest in everything that affects the lives of men and women and children."

Concretely, the country pastor has an unparalleled opportunity, Mr. Wil-

son observes, to be a country leader in a spiritual cooperative effort for betterment of community conditions.

"In a farming community one of the things that the Department of Agriculture at Washington is trying to do is to show the farmers of the country the easiest and best methods of cooperation with regard to marketing their crops; learning how to handle their crops in a cooperative fashion, so that they can get the best service from the railroads; learning how to find the prevailing market prices in the accessible market, so as to know where it will be best and most profitable to send their farm products, and drawing them together into cooperative association with these objects in view. The church ought to lend its hand to that."

The pastor, by offering part of his time and securing men in his congregation to help in this work without charging for it, would demonstrate practical and legitimate leadership suggesting a real spiritual brotherhood. President Wilson further stresses the social value of church organization by which the whole community can cooperatively use its life:

"There are a great many ways by which leadership can be exercised. The Church has too much depended upon individual example. 'So let their light shine before men' has been interpreted to mean 'Put your individual self on a candlestick and shine.' Now, the trouble is that some people cannot find a candlestick, but the greater trouble is that they are a very poor candle, and the light is very dim. It doesn't dispel much of the darkness for me individually to sit on top of a candlestick, but if I can lend such little contribution of spiritual force as I have to my neighbor and to my comrade and to my friend, and we can draw a circle of friends together and unite our spiritual forces, then we have something more than example; we have cooperation."

We may have something to do with the individual soul in the next world by getting it started straight for the next world, adds the President; but we have nothing to do with the organization of society in the next world. We have to save society, so far as it is saved by the instrumentality of Christianity, in this world:

"It is a job, therefore, that you have got to undertake immediately and work at all the time, and it is the business of the church. Legislation cannot save society. Legislation cannot even rectify society. The law that will work is merely the summing up in legislative form of the moral judgment that the community has already reached. . . . Law is a record of achievement. It is not a process of regeneration. Our wills have to be regenerated and our purposes rectified before we are in a position to enact laws that record those moral achievements. And that is the business, primarily, it seems to me, of the Christian. . . . America is great in the world, not as she is a successful government merely, but

as she is the successful embodiment of a great ideal of unselfish citizenship."

The Columbus Conference attracted some 500 delegates from 34 states for its regular sessions. The Commission on Church and Country Life, Gifford Pinchot, chairman—one of the commissions of the Federal Council of Churches—was responsible for the remarkable meeting. Startling results of a completed survey of rural church conditions in Ohio were reported. Among the facts brought out are these, cited by *Zion's Herald*:

"One out of every 10 churches had been abandoned in recent years. Only one third are increasing in membership, and two-thirds of the churches have either ceased growing or are dying. Eighty-three per cent. have less than 100 members; 21 per cent. have less than 25; 27 per cent. have between 25 and 50, and 34 per cent. have between 50 and 100. Only 6 per cent. have individual preachers, while 26 per cent. share ministers with another church. A large proportion of preachers receive about the same pay as a day laborer. Less than 40 per cent. of the rural population are church members."

The dominant note of the conference was sounded by President Kenyon L. Butterfield, of Massachusetts State Agricultural College, in a report on the function, platform and policy of the country church. The function of the country church, he declares, is "to create, to maintain and to enlarge both individual and community ideals under the inspiration and guidance of the Christian motive and teaching, and to help rural people to incorporate these ideals in personal and family life, in industrial effort, in political development, and in all social relationships. The Church must bring men to God—must lead in the task of building God's Kingdom on earth." Cooperation, federation, consolidation where only one church is needed in a community, but under methods which preserve to each denominational group its corporate identity and liberty of conscience, are parts of the platform presented. For this report President Butterfield secured opinions and suggestions from nearly a hundred leading men in country life work, including pastors, country church organization officials and professors in colleges and theological seminaries. Other specialized subjects of the Conference included financing the country church, training of country pastors and leaders, church cooperation and federation, the allies of the country church, the country church as a community center, the church and rural economy.

The Survey, New York, speaks of the strong social note in the conference: "It was interesting to note how the principle for which the social settlements have stood in the neglected quarters of great cities was constantly urged as the solution of the problem

of the open country—the principle of neighborhood organization through the cooperation of all the neighbors with a view to building up a new and better social life. Such familiar phrases to settlement people as identifying one's self with the neighborhood, sharing the common life, making the community a better place to live in, cooperating to secure better opportunities for health and recreation, were so often on the lips of the speakers that one had almost to rub one's eyes to make sure that the conference was not a gathering of settlement workers."

The denominational press as a rule highly commends both the spirit and service of the conference. *The Presbyterian*, Philadelphia, is an exception. It voices a "growing" skepticism of the Federal Council and its conferences as having a secularizing influence. The country church and the country people to-day, it declares, are starving for the Bread of Life. "Some country preachers are giving themselves so much to the temporal side of the work that they have no time left for that which is eternal. They coddle the body and starve the soul. . . . The function of the Church, according to Scripture, is to preach Christ, the Son of God and Son of man, God manifest in the flesh, who, being a vicarious sacrifice, is the power and wisdom of God unto salvation. What President Butterfield gives as its function is only incidental,—a by-product, which cannot exist aside from the true function."

Another sharp criticism appears in an editorial in the *Universalist Leader*. The editor, Dr. Bisbee, insists that the remarkable thing about the conference is that these wise men totally missed the real genius of the church and its work. They come at the subject, he says, from the standpoint of modern business efficiency discovering economic waste in over-churched rural communities which should be eliminated. This is the wrong standard to apply to the church, he concludes. Its ministry is too fine and personal to be subject to tabulation by statistics.

"The wise men assume that the different churches stand for simply different theological doctrines which are purely academic and have no practical bearing upon the life that now is. Perhaps they did once, but to-day they stand for different programs of life, for that is all the different interpretations of Christianity mean, and where is the department-store mind which can meet these different demands? Life is glorified quite as much by difference as by likeness, when the differences serve to enlarge the horizon. . . . The church deals with personal convictions out of which grow personal actions, and the church is not yet built in which convictions to suit all classes and individuals in the community can be handed out over one pulpit by even the wisest minister!"

BOMBS OF CHURCH DIFFERENCES EXPLODE OVER THE FIELD OF CHRISTIAN UNITY

ON the eve of a preliminary World Conference on Faith and Order, projected by the Protestant Episcopal Church in behalf of Christian Unity, signs of discord multiply in that Church itself. Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity Parish, New York, is head of the Conference Committee and a recognized leader of the so-called Catholic or "High-Church" party in the church. He is one of those who recently withdrew from the Episcopal Board of Missions because of its decision to send delegates to the pan-denominational conference at Panama this month on South American religious conditions. Continuing controversy over that policy called forth a special meeting of the House of Bishops in January, and in various parishes rectors took occasion stoutly to defend participation or to criticize it. Among the Episcopal Church papers *The Living Church*, Chicago, is the lively champion of the "Catholic" element and voices criticism of the Panama conference inside and outside its own church. *The Churchman*, New York, reflects chiefly the other predominant element in the church and pleads for a tolerant cooperative policy.

The Conference on Faith and Order at Garden City, Long Island, last month was called specifically to discuss differences and bring out constructive suggestions concerning possibilities of a reunited Christendom. *The Churchman* observes:

"People who are working for unity must begin with the imperfect and trust that their conscientious efforts under the Divine Guidance will produce something better or less imperfect than what exists at present. The ancient Church was united, altho it was not perfect. Yet its imperfections were better than the perfections of a divided and dissevered Christendom. All means and instruments can be used to accomplish the one common end, and for that reason it strikes us that the chairman of the Garden City Conference need not have led the party which tried to outlaw the Panama Conference. Neither Garden City nor Panama are finalities. No step forward can be taken at this stage unless existing prejudices and presuppositions are weighed and treated tenderly. Many of the delegates to the Garden City Conference will be puzzled, confused, and perhaps rendered suspicious when they see a section of Churchmen opposing a conference on Christian work in South America. Isolation may be defended on purely technical grounds, but the influence of our Church will be more potent and its position made more plain if all opportunities of conference are treated as giving a field for free and frank discussion of all questions that concern a common Christendom."

But Dr. Manning's elaborate explanation of the position of the Protestant Episcopal Church and its relation to Christian unity (published most fully in *The Constructive Quarterly*) seems to have been taken for a high explosive rather than a peace treaty. Briefly, he claims a special strategic position for the Protestant Episcopal church in relation to the Roman Catholic and the Eastern Orthodox churches, because of the Apostolic succession of its priesthood and its church doctrine. On the other hand, he says, the Episcopal church has many interests and aims in common with Protestantism and has been much influenced by it. But holding a fundamental and definite Catholic standard, union in religious work with a "United Protestantism," such as the Federal Council of Churches of men's making, would be a surrender of principle and loss of hope for the reunion of all Christendom. Dr. Manning deplores the fact that there are now more than 160 separate denominations in this country bearing the name Christian. "The theory of 'the churches' is weakening if not destroying all real belief in The Church." "It is plain that there can be no adequate unity among Our Lord's followers until it shall again be possible for them, without violation of principle or of conscience, to kneel together at one Altar, there to eat of the One Bread and to drink of the One Cup." Reunion will come "not by surrender of the truth, or of that which is believed to be such, but by deeper entrance into the truth, under the guidance of God's spirit, so that all may progress toward a common mind."

A number of denominational papers throw back at Dr. Manning what Dr. Reiland, the rector of St. George's church, New York, says in his latest year book:

"St. George's church has stood for a hundred years for evangelical Protestant Christianity, and it has a peculiar right to protest against this ominous and Romanizing tendency in the Church. The laity should be warned that there is a Catholic party, and that it is striving to devitalize the true Protestant character of the Episcopal Church. We should use every means in our power to organize and prevent any further misrepresentation. We should insist that if our Catholic friends cannot stand our Protestant atmosphere they should move; we should make use of every opportunity to unite with other Protestant communions in the interests of spiritual common sense, efficiency and economy at home and in the mission fields. Our attitude toward other communions is at fault because whenever Christian unity is discussed, advocates for the word 'Catholic' and all that is

implied thereby, who love to assert that 'Catholic' is our legal title, are unfortunately permitted to represent the Protestant Episcopal Church in a way that seriously misrepresents it. . . . Through them our attitude toward the Roman and Greek Churches is one of obsequious nervousness, and our attitude toward the Protestant communities close at hand and closer at heart is one of affable condescension."

No Roman Catholic representatives took part in the Garden City Conference. But a letter from the Papal Secretary of State expressed the Pope's interest and his hope that "the unity of faith and fellowship instituted by Christ and built upon Peter may be restored."

Ultimately, of course, remarks the *Congregationalist*, Boston, the Protestant Episcopal church will have to make up its mind whether it is ready to meet the representatives of other communions upon equal ground.

"Even were it possible to persuade the Free Churches to accept the exclusive ordination on which this party in the Protestant Episcopal Church insists, that would, of course, bring us no nearer to the complete reunion of Christendom which we all desire. For the orders of the Protestant Episcopal Church are held invalid by the Roman Catholic Church, and no reunion with that Church seems possible except on terms of humble and entire submission. With the Roman Church our Protestant Episcopalian brethren cannot discuss reunion on equal terms; it remains to be seen whether with the Free Churches they will not. The Protestant Episcopal Church has always gloried in its intermediate position and its hope of mediatorial influence founded on its living in a half-way house between the extremes of Christendom. The progress of events seems to be forcing upon the members of the communion a decision whether they will choose to submit themselves to the exclusive sectarianism of the Latin communion or will join hands with the free and tolerant forces of modern Christendom. . . . The most hopeful feature of the situation is the growth here and there of actual cooperation between Christians of both communions under the stress of local circumstances and opportunities of work for Christ."

The Baptist *Watchman-Examiner* seems to find restraint difficult in commenting upon Episcopalian assumption of leadership in unity and opposition to the Panama conference:

"In the attitude of the High-Church party of the Episcopal Church we have a fine illustration of a compromise that is an unblushing partnership with evil and all in the interest of 'union.' Such union would be a stench in the nostrils of God Almighty. Dr. Manning and his party, standing as they claim in a mediating position, are holding out one hand

to Rome and the other to the warring 'sects.' They would be glad to have us all meet on common ground; but if Dr. Manning and his sympathizers must choose between the 'sects' and Rome, they prefer Rome!"

This paper also finds the "Stonemen's" organization in Philadelphia to be "another development among High-Church Episcopalians in the interest of Christian unity!" It is represented that the "third degree" of this interdenominational men's brotherhood amounts to confirmation in the Episcopal church at the hands of a bishop. "Christianity has been disgraced by this Protestant Jesuitism," says the *Watchman-Examiner*.

"The Episcopalians of Pennsylvania should see to it that the order of 'Stonemen' is disbanded, and Bishop Rhineland and Rev. Mr. Stone should be taught that the 'sacraments' of the Church of Christ are not to be degraded into the rites and ceremonies of a lodge or secret order. It is declared upon good authority that seventy-five per cent. of the 'Stonemen' come from non-Episcopal churches. These men should have their eyes opened, and that right speedily, and they should turn away from an organization that caught them by craft.

"We make no charges against the Episcopal Church, but we predict that the time will come when that Church will have to rid itself of the High-Church party, or awake to the fact that the High-Church party is leading the whole Church to Rome. Meanwhile let the Episcopalians realize that they have forfeited for the present their leadership in the matter of the reunion of Christendom. If they persist in putting the High-Church party forward as leaders in the

Christian unity program they need not be surprised if all non-Episcopal churches reject their leadership and suspect their sincerity."

The same week in which this Baptist editorial appeared we find an Episcopalian editorial in *The Living Church* dealing with "union services" on last Thanksgiving Day in the following unusual fashion. The editorial does not lend itself to abridgment:

"We would show all deference to every conscientious attempt to bring Christian people into unity. But to close up several churches of different sorts and try to make a service that shall be an amalgam of what they would all have found useful to themselves separately does not accord with, at least, the canons of good taste. Incidentally, it shows that the greater part of each congregation is expected to stay at home.

"Simply as an illustration of how not to do it, and not with a desire to select one well-meaning priest of the Church for a criticism that applies annually to a small group, we take the recent Thanksgiving Day service that occurred at the Church of the Advent, Cincinnati, according to reports that have come to us.

"It was designated a 'union service.' A half dozen—more or less—ministers of various sorts, vested in their coat tails, entered the chancel, the rector, the Rev. Samuel Tyler, accompanying a Presbyterian minister.

"A Baptist minister began the service. "A Presbyterian minister led the Psalter.

"A second Presbyterian minister read the lesson, which was followed by the *Jubilate*. [The *Te Deum* was not used.]

"A Congregational minister offered prayers.

"The rector gave out notices and welcomed the visitors.

"A 'Christian' minister preached the sermon—forty minutes long.

"A United Presbyterian minister gave the final prayers and the benediction.

"And it was all with the very best of intentions.

"But when a church building is consecrated, a definite compact is made. The rector, wardens, and vestry bind it absolutely and permanently to the sole worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church and to loyal obedience to the laws of the Church. Thereupon the Bishop accepts the church as within his spiritual jurisdiction.

"Now when all this is flouted, and a 'union' service supplants the order of the Church, there is something more at stake than merely the good intentions of the rector. The rights of the laity are violated. The compact to which the parish has been a party is broken. The rector has not 'played fair.' He has treated the church as his private property. He has done what seemed to him wise, but he has used property that is not his in doing it."

All this never will be done on any considerable scale, concludes the *Living Church*, and nobody need be greatly excited over it; but "because it is important that the world should understand that such individualism is repudiated by the Episcopal Church in general, and that a clergyman cannot indulge in it without bringing well-merited criticism upon himself, it is well that occasionally such an affair should receive more than the passing notice or the absence of notice which usually we accord to local irregularities in the Church."

CALLING ON THE CHURCH TO MAKE WAR AGAINST DISEASE AND POVERTY

MANY who recognize that high spiritual values emerge from the crisis of war ask if they cannot somehow be secured at less terrible cost. Since it is a consciousness of common danger that calls forth supreme devotion and self-sacrifice, a writer in *The Constructive Quarterly* proposes a substitute—War Against Disease. The size of the danger to the United States is over half a million preventable deaths each year. "The churches, if they will," he urges, "can rouse our people and the people of other countries to a crusade against disease which would be the most fruitful war the world has ever known; and the preaching of such a crusade would go far to bring the uplifting forces of social loyalty into the life of peace."

This exhorter is Professor C.-E. A. Winslow, educational director of the New York State Department of Health.

He quotes the conservative estimate of the Committee of 100 on Conservation of National Vitality that 40 per cent. of the million and a half deaths which occur in this country annually could be prevented by the application of the knowledge of hygiene and sanitation which we now possess. Sanitary administration and education, he points out, have reduced infant mortality, for instance, in New York City, from a rate of 144 per thousand births in 1907 to 94 in 1914. Two years' effort in the state reduced the rate from 127 to 97. The point of view on this matter is expressed by Dr. Holt:

"Does God fix the death rate? Once men were taught so, and death was regarded as an act of Divine Providence, often inscrutable. We are now coming to look upon a high infant mortality as evidence of human weakness, ignorance and cupidity. We believe that Providence works through human agencies and

that in this field, as in others, we reap what we sow—no more and no less."

Communicable diseases of children, like scarlet fever, measles, whooping-cough and diphtheria, needlessly carry off 40,000 a year. The death rate from typhoid fever has been decreased from 46 to 16 per 100,000 in two decades. Two-thirds of 150,000 deaths a year from tuberculosis should be prevented. "It is the conviction of the foremost medical authorities that if every person over 45 would consult a competent physician once a year and have a complete examination made to detect the beginning of disease and receive a prescription not of medicine but of a regimen of personal hygiene, five years would be added to the average adult life."

The needless death rate year after year is indeed a real and terrible community danger, declares Prof. Wins-

low. The struggle against it is a cause which, rightly presented, might well serve as an incentive to the same quickened and ennobled sense of common responsibility which war calls forth.

"Men go to war to defend their national honor, their national civilization, their ways of thinking and living and doing. If we could see all the fruits of our own society that have been cut off and lost as a result of premature death we should, I think, find that the injury to our civilization by disease is in the aggregate as deep as any which a foreign conqueror could work. As to honor, we may doubt whether it is really less contemptible to let our fellow citizens die through our own ignorance and neglect, from the attacks of microbes or of preventable degenerate disease, than to fail to protect them from the attacks of human foes."

Professor Winslow appeals to the sense of social responsibility in the church for cooperative service with expert specialists in public health campaigns. By spreading sanitary knowledge, personal work and support of health administration, they can apply the force of religion to building up sanitary fortifications of the community and securing munitions for the very real and very immediate war against disease.

Surgeon-General Gorgas' victory over malaria and yellow fever and his attack upon pneumonia at Panama are cited by Professor Winslow. General Gorgas agrees with the trend of Professor Winslow's argument and appeal.

But in his comment in the same issue of the *Quarterly*, he declares that "poverty is, after all, the greatest enemy to the health and well-being of the race." The more wages can be increased the greater will be the improvement, other things being equal, in the sanitation of the community under consideration.

"Natural wages" belong to every man, insists this famous sanitary engineer. By this he means that each human being "is by right entitled to all he produces, and he is wronged when, in our complicated civilization, he gets anything less than he produces."

"If in any modern community every individual could get as wages all he produces, poverty would be greatly lessened and sanitation greatly improved. Justice, therefore, in the matter of wages is the most important health measure that the sanitarian could possibly put into effect. Justice for the past two thousand years has been enforced by the teachings of Christianity as one of its basic principles.

"The greatest Teacher of morality and religion the world has ever known impressed upon His disciples that to Caesar should be rendered that which belonged to Caesar. Now I am inclined to think that much more good would be accomplished if sanitarians would join the churches in teaching the desirability and need of justice in the relations of mankind, and more particularly of justice in regard to wages, than if the churches joined the sanitarian in teaching special measures of sanitation, such as those in regard to malaria and yellow fever."

When the individual has learned and understood sanitation, says General Gorgas, the all-important question arises of his financial ability to carry it into effect.

"It seems to me, therefore, that the wise and just course for both the churches and sanitarians is to join forces in advancing in their various communities every measure that tends to increase wages, and to bend their principal endeavors in this direction, until natural wages have been obtained for every member of that community.

"I do not mean to advocate the stopping of the teaching of special measures of sanitation, but merely to call attention to the fact that sanitary attainment has a very definite limit, beyond which it can not advance as long as the poverty of a large portion of the community remains as abject as it is at present among all our great civilized nations. When this poverty has been abated to such extent as will obviously occur, when each individual gets natural wages, then sanitation would advance far beyond anything that has occurred in the past."

The endeavor to discover what outside forces are depriving the individual of his "natural wages," and to remove them, is the kind of attack General Gorgas lays down for both churchmen and sanitarians. "The churchman, if you will, because he wants to improve morals and give justice. The sanitarian because he wants to improve health, both appreciating that the alleviation of poverty is the greatest single step in the cause which he so ardently wishes advanced."

DOES THE AMERICAN DEMOCRATIC IDEAL LACK ESSENTIAL SELF-SACRIFICE

BEHIND the high-sounding phrase of a "democratic ideal," have we Americans actually renounced the crucial standard of duty which calls for self-sacrifice? After contact with such a spirit of universal self-sacrifice as animates France and Germany in the present war, Brooks Adams of Massachusetts, author of "The Law of Civilization and Decay," thinks we have certainly reached the danger point. He cannot share the optimistic self-satisfaction which pervades America at this crisis in world affairs. Mr. Adams' assemblage (in the *Yale Review*) of perils of theory and practice which threaten the survival of our national civilization affords a striking exhibit of the effects of the war upon current thought. We reproduce his concluding paragraph first:

"If it be true, as I do apprehend, that our 'democratic ideal' is only a phrase to express our renunciation as a nation of all standards of duty, and the substitu-

tion therefor of a reference to private judgment; if we men are to leave to ourselves as individuals the decision as to how and when our country may exact from us our lives; if each woman may dissolve the family bond at pleasure; if, in fine, we are to have no standard of duty, of obedience, or, in substance, of right and wrong, save selfish caprice; if we are to resolve our society from a firmly cohesive mass, unified by a common standard of duty and self-sacrifice, into a swarm of atoms selfishly fighting each other for money, as beggars scramble for coin, then I much fear that the hour cannot be far distant, when some superior because more cohesive and intelligent organism, such as nature has decreed shall always lie in wait for its victim, shall spring upon us and rend us as the strong have always rent those wretched because feeble creatures who are cursed with an aborted development."

Mr. Adams is convinced that the trouble does not lie in the fact that in America the necessity of self-abnegation has not as yet arisen. It lies in denial of the personal obligation to

sacrifice for the whole community. "The American Democratic Ideal," the subject of his article, seems to Mr. Adams to consist in "the principle that no man or woman should be forced to conform to any standard of duty against their will, or, in short, in the principle of universal selfishness." Mr. Adams holds the following proposition to be axiomatic:

"That no organized social system, such as we commonly call a national civilization, can cohere against those enemies which must certainly beset it, should it fail to recognize as its primary standard of duty the obligation of the individual man and woman to sacrifice themselves for the whole community in time of need. And, furthermore, that this standard may be effective and not a theory, it must be granted that the power to determine when the moment of need has arisen lies not with the individual but with society in its corporate capacity. This last crucial attribute can never be admitted to inhere in private judgment."

Mr. Adams thinks we do not even

perceive the true standard of pure democracy illustrated by the sense of duty and the self-sacrifice shown in the war. He sees the whole manhood of France march to the frontier without a murmur or a quaver. The same thing goes on in Germany. In mass, nothing is more truly democratic than universal military service for one's country. On this point he says, "What can be more democratic than that prince and peasant, plutocrat and pauper, shall serve their country together side by side, marching in the same regiment, wearing the same uniform, submitting to the same discipline, enduring the same hardships, and dying the same death?" But Americans bitterly assail the German military system as conflicting with the American "democratic ideal."

Germany has made no such contribution to our civilization as France, in Mr. Adams' opinion, but he believes her military system of universal service is truly democratic and wishes it might be adopted here. The German system, to any one who knows the history of the Seven Years' War and of Jena, is plainly an effect of a struggle of a people for existence. The German people and the German army are one; their vices and virtues are the same: "To imagine that a handful of Prussian squires, most of whom are far from rich, could coerce millions of their countrymen from all ranks in life, who equally with the junkers are trained and armed soldiers, into doing something which they thought harmful, and waging wars which they hated as ruinous or wrong, was and is to me a proposition too absurd to deserve serious refutation."

What then can be the secret of the hostility of Americans to German universal military service, a hostility which Americans disguise under the phrase of faith in "democratic ideals"? asks Mr. Adams. His suspicion ripens into this conviction:

"That the real tyranny against which my countrymen revolted was the tyranny of universal self-sacrifice, and that they hated German universal military service because it rigorously demanded a sacrifice from every man,—from which sacrifice they personally shrank. For, if the German system should be forced upon America, as it might be were Germany to prevail, they would perhaps be constrained to give one year of their lives to their country."

So selfish individual interest is what the American "democratic ideal" really stands for, according to Mr. Adams' analysis. He observes much evidence in varied fields to prove that such is the prevailing American standard. The modern feminist repudiates sacrificial obligations of the family which has been the cement of society and the chief element in cohesion. Our capital-

istic class is far more powerful than are the Prussian Junkers in Germany. The standard recognized by them in railway administration, for example, is hardly self-abnegation in the performance of public duty. Nor does labor appear to get beyond effort to extort from society a selfish pecuniary advantage. In art and letters that which sells is good, that which does not sell is bad; the standard of self-interest is incarnated in price.

Further, Mr. Adams after some hesitation has concluded that, "as a unified organism, we are nearly incapable of sustained collective thought, except at long intervals under the severest tension." After the effort of the Civil War our thought became more disorderly than ever.

"Ordinarily we cannot think except individually or locally. Hence the particular interest must, as a rule, dominate the collective interest, so that scientific legislation is impossible, and no fixed policy can be long maintained. Thus we can formulate no scientific tariff since our tariffs are made by combinations of private and local interests with little or no relation to collective advantage. We can organize no effective army because the money and the effort needed to construct an effective army must be frittered away to gratify localities, nor can we have a well-adjusted navy because we can persevere in no unified plan developed by a central mind. We call our appropriation bill for public works our pork barrel; probably with only too good reason. But the salient point is that in our national legislature the instinct of unity, continuity, and order seldom prevail over individualism or disorder, with the result that our collective administration of public affairs may not unreasonably be termed chaotic."

The same rule holds in the States, adds Mr. Adams, and in our cities may be found probably "the most perfect exemplification of our 'democratic ideal,' or the principle of selfishness in public affairs." "I submit most humbly," he writes, "that untold ages of human experience have proved to us that nature is inexorable and demands of us self-sacrifice if we would have our civilization, our families, our art, or our literature survive."

A more hopeful view appears in a new volume on "American Ideals" (Doubleday, Page) by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, author and co-editor of *Educational Foundations*. He thinks that the very consciousness of the unattained ideals that our weaknesses exemplify are the surest signs of encouragement in the United States. The results of a kind of straw vote concerning both our ideals and our weaknesses which Mr. Cooper took are suggestive even in the briefest tabular form.

One hundred representative Americans of varied professions and callings

were asked, "What are the leading ideals of the men with whom you most frequently associate?" Here is the summary of their answers:

IDEALS.	
	No. times mentioned
To be of service to one's fellows....	46
To make money for selfish enjoyment or personal power.....	28
The search for truth and justice, intellectual achievement, to contribute to human knowledge.....	24
To provide for a family, domestic happiness, and education of children	22
Efficiency, self-reliance.....	11
Honesty, integrity, fair play—the square deal.....	11
Confidence in Democracy and its institutions	9
To attain reputation and high professional standing—i. e., personal ambition	8
Deeper religious life.....	8
Tolerance in religious, social, and personal matters; greater freedom of the individual.....	8
Love of beauty (art, music, literature, etc.) and the creation of beauty....	6
Chivalry toward women and protecting of the weak.....	3
Education of the masses.....	2
Prohibition	2

The same persons answered the second question, "What do you consider to be the chief point of weakness in our contemporary American life?"

WEAKNESSES.	
	No. times mentioned
Materialism, dominance of money, worship of bigness, deference to material success.....	27
Want of thoroughness, superficiality..	20
Extravagance and wastefulness.....	16
Self-indulgence and complacency....	15
Lack of perspective and ignorance of foreign nations.....	14
Lack of public responsibility generally	13
Breaking up of home life and lack of home training for children.....	9
Shallowness in religion.....	8
Evasion of law when possible without being caught.....	8
Lack of respect for intellect.....	6
Class legislation and class solidarity..	5
Imitateness, lack of independence..	4
Exaggerated opinion of the greatness of the United States.....	4
Intemperance in liquor, eating, etc....	3
Love of display.....	3
Lack of education for liberal leisure..	2
Irresponsible journalism.....	2
Unemployment	2
"Organizations" for everything.....	2
Unequal distribution of wealth.....	1
Danger of our mixed population.....	1

No one can read these frank answers, says Mr. Cooper, without feeling that underneath even the most pessimistic of them there runs a sense, not of failing but of triumphing, even if slowly, and of the perfecting of our life of business, public and private institutions. Letters that accompanied these answers abound in faith and hope.

LITERATURE · AND · ART

The Brilliant Fiction of
Miss Ethel Sidgwick.

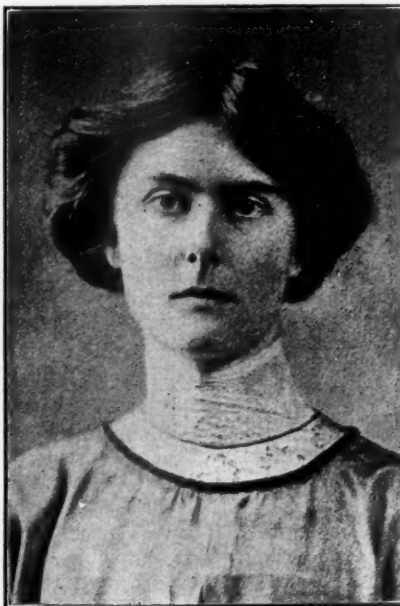
HENRY JAMES is the acknowledged master of that type of fiction which Arthur Symonds has called the art of "complaining nerves." A number of novelists, declares William Stanley Braithwaite in the Boston *Transcript*, have tried to emulate the perfection of this method. "I think almost everyone has failed, except Ethel Sidgwick." This young English woman may have her faults, he admits, but her latest book, "Duke Jones" (Small, Maynard), is a triumph of this special type of fictional technique. This, he explains, "is not purely a matter of style but of structure, formations of mass and proportion, harmony of relations and adaptability, such as a master architect achieves in the interior of a building." The reviewer of *The New Republic* is of the opinion that no recent work more happily vindicates the Henry James method in fiction than "this delightful book." "She has the gift of making one feel initiated, of compelling one to realize that the most eloquent words in life are the unspoken, that the most imperceptible movements and intonations are the most poignant and revealing." The same critic notes: "This book hinges upon sex; yet, thanks to its objective realism and its tang of wit, it comes like a cooling cordial after the reeking autobiographic draughts held out to us by Compton Mackenzie, D. H. Lawrence, and the rest of the author's male contemporaries in English fiction." Further:

"One deviation from the method of Mr. James that counts to Miss Sidgwick's advantage as a creator is her preoccupation with the actual spectacle of life. Her eye is as eager and fascinated as her intellect. It dwells affectionately and curiously on the surface of the human creature while her mind probes and penetrates within. Not as voices in a vague tenebrous maze, after all, do we ourselves know human beings. So, while we are given to appreciate how and why the young bride is moved, we realize it the more because of the gesture of the hands that betrays Violet's emotion. We know so well how 'twilight blue' became her dark pallor that we share the general masculine revolt when her favorite blouse appears at the table d'hôte below the golden head of her rival; we stand, with Sadi, elated by her flight up the Parade steps at Brighton; we are comforted to see her brewing coffee before her new drawing-room fire. As for Charles, her husband, it is as much by the corrobor-

tion of his easy bearing, his fashion of eating cake and commanding porters, as by the penetration of his selfishness and his cleverness that we shall continue to remember him."

Remy de Gourmont's Final
Inconsistency.

NOT even the consummate irony of the late Remy de Gourmont was strong enough to withstand the spiritual and intellectual upheaval brought about by the Great War, as Havelock Ellis points out in a tribute to the great French sage published in *The New Republic*. Gourmont's last book, "Pendant l'Orage" (*Mercure de France*), a sort of war-time diary published a short time before his death, makes this interesting fact apparent. Practically all his life Gourmont had



A FEMINE HENRY JAMES

The novels of Miss Ethel Sidgwick are acclaimed as the happiest vindication of the Henry James method in fiction, even tho her intellectual flights are not at all times completely successful.

been a bitter enemy of patriotism and of international bitterness. As a young man, while assistant librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale he published an article entitled "Patriotism the Plaything." He wrote:

"Personally, I would give, in exchange for these forgotten districts [Alsace and Lorraine], neither the little finger of my right hand (it serves to steady my hand in writing), nor the little finger of my left hand (it serves to brush the ashes off my cigaret). . . . The day will come, perhaps, when we shall be sent to the fron-

tier; we shall go without enthusiasm, it will be our turn to get ourselves killed, we shall get ourselves killed with real displeasure. 'Mourir pour la Patrie!' We sing other songs, we cultivate another sort of poetry. In a word, if we must speak out plainly, 'We are not patriots.'"

"Such an outcry arose," Mr. Ellis writes, concerning this advocacy of a reconciliation between Germany and France, "that the Government deemed it desirable to dismiss him from public service." In later years Gourmont wrote: "The wise man has only one country, Life." While it is not true that Gourmont was killed by the war, his last book shows clearly how hard he was hit by it.

"A few years earlier, in one of his 'Dialogues des Amateurs,' he had made his alter ego, M. Desmaisons, say to his friend M. Delarue: 'I should not dislike a new Deluge.' 'Can you swim?' asks M. Delarue. 'No, but I would take refuge in the Mountains of Irony; I would remain faithful to my philosophy, which is to contemplate the movements of life with an innocent eye.' The innocent eye is here, but we are very far indeed from the Mountains of Irony in these simple grief-laden notes in which the great critic sets down impressions of the day which are scarcely distinguishable from those of his most ordinary fellow citizens. He has abandoned his radiant and challenging individualism. He no longer exclaims, as of old: 'A man must be himself. If he is a German, let him be very German.' Now it seems to him that 'between my present and my past there is a curtain of mist which with a gesture I sometimes try to dissipate'; it seems to him indeed that the past has never existed, and that he is merely a phantom floating in the air. Every rich and vigorous nature must sometimes fall into inconsistencies, and Gourmont was often inconsistent. But this great final inconsistency in the face of a desolated world was one which surely he would not himself have corrected even if he could, and none will account it to him even a weakness."

A Powerful Welsh
Realist.

WELSH life is treated with a realism and power that suggests Thomas Hardy, in a group of stories dealing with life in the villages of South Wales by Caradoc Evans, under the title of "My People" (Melrose, London). Mr. Evans, according to the critic of the London *Athenaeum*, is as scrupulous and relentless as Zola or Huysmans in certain of their books. "Here and there the atmosphere is lightened not so

much by genuine definite humor as by the simplicity that creates absurd situations. . . . We could have wished that the writer had alleviated the depression he causes by some broader touch, some suggestion that these remote places he knows so well are not wholly full of darkness." The same critic would have Mr. Evans give a more sympathetic account of life in Wales, for "what he has written will come as a shock to those who have only the casual visitor's knowledge of that country." But to those readers who, like the late William James, retain a "sense for life's more bitter flavors," the American publication of this unique example of realism will be looked forward to with interest. Something of the simplicity and power of Caradoc Evans' art is indicated in a review of his book by *Punch*:

"No guessing could give you any idea of the quality of these horrible studies. The Welsh peasantry have been written about before now; here we have the lowest class of them from within. Not a trace here of poetry, imagination, or those pleasing manifestations of the Celtic spirit that we have learned to associate with art movements and the soulful eccentricities of the over-educated. I can best compare 'My People' to the grimest passage from Hardy told in the language of the Old Testament. The sordid brutality of them is only half relieved by a gleam of savage humor that the author sometimes permits himself in the telling. Yet the power of the thing is undeniable. One feels that the author is telling of what he knows and has himself experienced; it is this that gives its horrible fascination even to the most repellent of the stories."

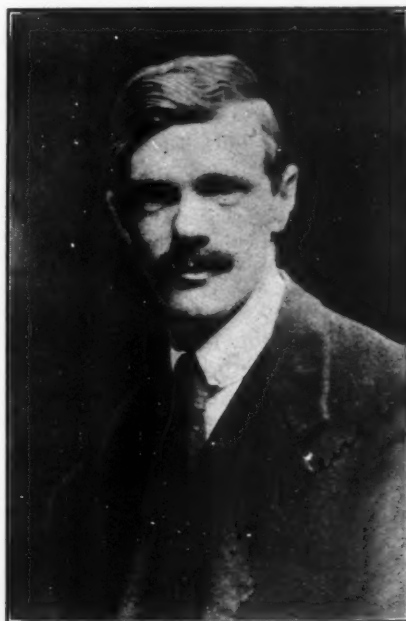
Caradoc Evans may eventually take his place beside Eden Philpotts, John Trevena and other British novelists who look up to Thomas Hardy as their master. There is such a tremendous demand for the book in London that the publisher Melrose has not been able to keep pace with it.

The Suppression of "The Rainbow."

ALMOST coincident with the attempted suppression in this country of "Homo Sapiens" by Stanislaw Przybyszewski through the efforts of Mr. John Sumner (Anthony Comstock's successor), the British courts have forbidden the circulation of "The Rainbow," by D. H. Lawrence, author of the popular "Sons and Lovers." Like his earlier work, "The Rainbow" is a family study. The story extends over three generations of yeomen farmers of Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, the Brangwens. The English critics were led to comment on Mr. Lawrence's freedom in his treatment of sexual matters, the majority of them finding his method "undeniably unhealthy." In a letter pub-

lished in *The Athenæum* G. W. de Tunzelmann declares that in spite of the book's artistic defects, the reader's interest in "The Rainbow" increases throughout. This critic declares the book should have been rewritten—with due restraint. Then it would have been "an object lesson at least as valuable as that of the drunken helots to the youth of Sparta." The same writer points out what he considers the mistake of one of the most talented and promising of English novelists:

"Unfortunately, he has become so enamored of his hypothesis that he has allowed himself to treat its most repulsive consequences with what evidently the court considered loving appreciation. This has led him into what many, I fear, may regard as salaciousness, tending to stimulate the perfectly legitimate sexual impulses and appetites into morbid excesses, in defiance of the universal experience that they stand in need not so



A SUPPRESSED REALIST

One thousand and eleven copies of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's new novel "The Rainbow" were ordered destroyed by an English court. "Zola's novels are child's food compared with the strong meat contained in this book," in the opinion of Clement K. Short. And from the bench Sir John Dickinson thundered his denunciation of this type of fiction.

much of stimulation as of regulation and control by the will.

"The sense of isolation of the individual spirit must at some time or another have oppressed every thinking man and woman. The author assumes this spiritual isolation to be absolute, and susceptible only of more or less imperfect and transient masking by a sort of conscious absorption in the material environment. This masking is assumed to find its most complete expression in sexual intercourse, which is, therefore, to be glorified in itself, and free from every semblance of restraint."

James Douglas in *The Star* and Clement K. Shorter in *The Sphere* de-

nounced "The Rainbow" in vigorous terms. Methuen, the English publisher, was ordered to destroy the entire edition, and to pay a fine of £10 10s. The publisher declared that the MS. had been twice returned to Mr. Lawrence for revision. The author finally refused to make further amendments.

Reading-Stimulant or Anodyne?

WE are indebted to "E. F. E." of the Boston *Transcript* for the following tribute to books and reading by H. G. Wells. It is quoted by "E. F. E." but its original source is not indicated:

"Stimulant or anodyne—I do not know which is the better service of a book, or whether, indeed, reading, like opium, does not serve both uses, according to our demands. A book deals with reality, only to deny and overcome it. Either it turns away from reality into magic lands of glamor and painless adventure, rest, and refreshment, or it faces the thing that is, with the stirring indication of the things that may be and might be. By retreat or by attack it fights the real. Even when its profession is most 'realist' it is still impressing upon the real the graces and virtues of artistic beauty. So that books are the remedy for every sort of distress. They are gaps in the prison-house; windows upon that great world of creative possibility which is the 'promised land' for all who travail in the world of fact. For my own part it is my constant regret that I am too busied with things to read with that same sense of limitless range which was so wonderful in the reading of my youth. And I do not read much fiction. I delight in a good story, but good stories are rare, and I had rather a good argument than an indifferent story. I like to see old Reality in the grip of a philosopher or a scientific man being led off to be questioned. Still more do I love to have old 'Use-and-Wont, with her claim to be the inevitable thing, under challenge. And I read history with a perpetual curiosity. I live by, and in, and for books, and the thing that lives in books. I could not live in a bookless world. It would be a mindless world. It would be like living among animals. A bookless man is, indeed, little better than a beast. What can you do with him?"

Masterpieces You Have Never Read.

A PROMINENT and gifted American novelist confessed, when asked by the *New York Times* to make a list of the greatest English novels, that he had never read "Tom Jones." This admission has been widely commented upon. Few have praised his frankness. The genial and penetrating humorist of the *New York Evening Sun*, Don Marquis, is, however, of the opinion that "literary insincerities" and learned pretensions concerning books are common faults in America. Like the late Samuel Butler, who took great delight in "heaving

bricks" at the accepted literary masterpieces of the world, Mr. Marquis is of the opinion that honesty is the first essential in appreciation. "How many of us, if we were really honest," he asks in his column, "could make a list of great works that we have tried to enjoy and couldn't rise to?" He makes a frank confession himself, exaggerating, we suspect, his own defects, as is the wont of humorists:

"There are a number of books that we habitually pretend we have read which we have never read at all. They are great books, we suppose. At least we've heard a lot about them and read a lot about them and people who assume to know say they are great books. Some of them we have tried to read and couldn't read, but we have pretended at one time or another to have read all of them. Here is our list of shame:

"Tom Jones.' We have tried to read it four times and could never get five pages into it.

"The Vicar of Wakefield.' We have attempted it at least six times and taken the count in the first round every time.

"Dante's Divine Comedy.' We have been going against the Cary translation, which we hear is a good one, at least once a year for twenty years and we can't get interested in it. Yet up to the present moment we have always pretended that we had read all of it and liked it.

"Don Quixote.' We have read a little of it and we know all the usual things that are said about it, and we even wrote some stuff about it one time, saying all the things that are usually said about it, for which we got \$25; but we don't really like it: it puts us to sleep; it seems long drawn out and clumsy to us.

"Boswell's Life of Johnson.' We never read any of it. But we have pretended to, and have pretended at times to quote incidents from it and have got away with the incidents. . . .

"We have always pretended that we were familiar with Walt Whitman's poetry, but as a matter of fact we never read anything through excepting 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed.'"

Do We Need a Revolution of Literary Values?

ANOTHER critic to attack the accepted classics is Albert Mordell, of Philadelphia. In "Dante and Other Waning Classics" (Acropolis Publishing Co., Philadelphia), Mr. Mordell attempts to demolish not only the Italian poet but Milton, Bunyan, Thomas à Kempis, Pascal, and St. Augustine. Dante's Beatrice strikes Albert Mordell as a type of woman absolutely extinct. "One cannot help speculating whether she has any passions at all. She is bloodless, characterless and unreal. . . . She drives the poet into an abyss of falsehood instead of leading him to knowledge." This critic is especially severe upon the authors of "theological" masterpieces, asserting that their works can have little or no interest to modern readers. Concerning Dante's imagi-

native description of the "Heaven of the Sun," Mr. Mordell writes:

"The authors of theological books are made to perform amusing feats not in keeping with the seriousness of their calling on earth. They wheel around the poet and Beatrice thrice in the form of shining lights. Thomas Aquinas names them and they wheel around again singing and keeping time. They cease and revolve again. Meanwhile an inner circle of lights, who are spirits of some other obscure theologians, enter upon their gyrations, matching motion with motion, song with song. They danced, exulted, and sang together. The effect was as if one ring of brilliant stars revolved around another. They sang not of Bacchus and Pan but of three in one. They would occasionally cease to give St. Thomas or some one else an opportunity to talk. These theologians were all authors of books full of false speculation which are unread to-day."

The "Nerviest American" In War-torn Europe.

AT the very moment when feeling in Berlin against "American ammunition" ran highest, Marsden Hartley chose to exhibit his more than ultra-modern canvases in the Berlin branch of the Munich *Graphic-Verlag*. The Berlin correspondent of the New York *Times* characterizes the artist as "the nerviest American" in Europe. He has "outfuted the Futurists," and has succeeded in surprising, astounding, paining, and even amusing war-ridden Berlin. But Mr. Hartley's ideas on art are not those of the Berlin critics. For the information of visitors, both German and neutral, we are informed, Mr. Hartley supplied, instead of a catalog, an "Artist's Prolog" for his exhibition. He explained his aims in these terms:

"Pictures that I exhibit are without titles and without description. They describe themselves. They are characterizations of the 'Moment,' every-day pictures, of every day, every hour. I am free from all conventional esthetics, and leave every artist his. Art is or it is not, just as every artist is or is not. What he desires to represent and express is of no great importance, excepting only if he desires to represent ideas that are not personal with him. The reigning tendency of every modern movement is against individuality. With this strongly marked individuals have nothing to do. They have enough to do to create according to their own conceptions of nature, of life, of esthetics. Art means a sad and sorry fight against conventional ideas. But somehow she manages to go her way in peace. She waits only for visionary individuals, intellectuals, spiritual, but in any case soulfully visionary ones. Appearance is to be imitated, reality never."

Artistic Ammunition From America.

THE Berlin critics were not ready or willing to accept the unique and mystical art of the American. "This American screeches at

you through a huge advertizing megaphone," wrote the critic of the *Lokal-Anzeiger*, a paper which has since, according to dispatches, been prohibited, tho it was regarded as a semi-official organ. Why Marsden Hartley is the "nerviest American" may be understood from the violent reaction of the *Lokal-Anzeiger* critic, who places in the mouth of the American artist the following words:

"It's all rot, what has so far been painted—rot, rot, and again rot! Wretched daubers, pitiful daubers were they all, from Antonello da Messina down to Max Liebermann. I, I furnish the only real painting. I, Marsden Hartley from Mixed Pickles in Bluffagonia. Look, I take a brush in my hand—why, no, I take ten big brushes in my hand, stab them in my color pots and paint "Characterizations of the Moment," as I call them by my latest advertizing phrase. Circles, wave lines, triangles, shreds, numbers, letters, even music notes I paint on the canvas in clean unmixed colors, blue, red, green, white, and black, just as the manufacturer furnishes them to me.

"But that's nothing yet. A really great Brush is not in these great times neutral; it must be also patriotic. "Everything for the Fatherland!" Therefore I paint flags on my canvas—Prussian, Bavarian, and Austrian; also shoulder straps and helmets and iron crosses. Lawless, mad, in hopeless disorder, as chance directs. Triumphant ornamental, helter-skelter, as in a kaleidoscope. Don't you see the Childlike, the New, the Never-There-Before that only Marsden Hartley of Mixed Pickles, Bluffagonia, can paint?"

The Best Short Stories of the Year.

IN HIS annual analysis of the best short stories of the year 1915, made for the Boston *Transcript*, Edward J. O'Brien selects the following five as the best published during the year:

Zelig. By Benjamin Rosenblatt. *The Bellman*.

Ultima Thule. By John Galsworthy. *The Delineator*.

The Friends. By Stacy Aumonier. *The Century*.

Jeanne the Maid. By Gordon Arthur Smith. *Scribner's*.

The Weaver Who Clad the Summer. By Harris Merton Lyon. *Illustrated Sunday Magazine*.

In his "honor roll," Mr. O'Brien lists ninety-one stories possessing "a quality of substance and form which entitles them to be regarded of somewhat permanent literary value. The very best of these he indicates by an asterisk. They will be reprinted in Mr. O'Brien's book "The Best Short Stories of 1915." The honor roll follows:

Allen, Frederick Lewis. Madame Zaranova. Anonymous. Safety in Numbers. Arcos, René. One Evening—The Meeting. Aumonier, Stacy. *The Friends. Blackwood, Algernon. The Other Wing. Brown, Alice. The Return of Martha. Brown, Katharine Holland. The Old-Fashioned Gift.

Burt, Maxwell Struthers. *The Water-Hole. Byrne, Donn. *The Wake. Canfield, Dorothy. *Flint and Fire. Child, Richard Washburn. Not in the Dispatches.

Cobb, Irvin S. *Blacker Than Sin.
Colcord, Lincoln. A Life and a Ship. Rescue at Sea.
Comfort, Will Levington. *Chautonville.
Cowdery, Alice. Chains.
Day, Mary Louise. His Surrender.
Dix, Beulah Marie. *Across the Border.
Duncan, Norman. A Nice Little Morsel o' Dog Meat.
Dunning, Harold Wolcott. The Little Captain.
Dunsany, Lord. *A Story of Land and Sea.
*The Exiles' Club. The Three Infernal Jokes.
Dwiggins, W. A. *La Dernière Mobilisation.
Dwyer, James Francis. *The Citizen.
Earle, Mary Tracy. "The Tropic Bird."
Ewers, Hanns Heinz. The Spider.
Finch, Lucine. The Woman Who Waited.
Fitch, Anita. Colin McCabe: Renegade.
Forman, Henry James. The Monk and the Stranger.
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. Emancipation.
Galsworthy, John. *Ultima Thule.
Gerslind, Katharine Fullerton. Blue Bonnet.
*Martin's Hollow. *Miss Marriott and the Faun.
Gibbon, Perceval. *The Penalties of Artemis.
Gibbon, Perceval. *The Town of His Dream.
Gregg, Frances. *Whose Dog?
Hall, Gertrude. *An Epilogue.
Hall, Wilbur. The Fiddler of Glory Hole.

Hampton, Edgar Lloyd. Finsen.
Harris, Burt. *The Truth.
Hecht, Pen. Depths, Gratitude, *Life.
Hopper, James. Forty Years Hence.
Hughes, Rupert. *Michaelen! Michaelawn! Sent For Out.
Hurst, Fannie. Ever, Ever Green, *Rolling Stock, *T. B.
Johnson, Arthur. *Mr. Eberdeen's House.
Johnston, Calvin. Promise Lands.
Jordan, Virgil. *Vengeance Is Mine!
Kaun, Alexander S. Gratitude.
Koizumi, K. *Uguisu. (A Japanese Nightingale.)
Lyon, Harris Merton. *The Weaver Who Clad the Summer.
McIntyre, John T. The Hand of Glory.
Mitchell, Mary Esther. A New England Pippa.
Muilenburg, Walter J. *Heart of Youth. *The Prairie.
Myers, Walter L. *Mates.
Nichols, William T. The Other Woman.
Noyes, Newbold. *The End of the Path.
O'Brien, Seumas. *The House in the Valley, *The Whale and the Grasshopper.
O'Reilly, Mary Boyle. *In Berlin.
Paine, Gustavus S. *Here He Is.
Palmer, Vance. The Law of the Dark.
Pickhalf, Marjorie L. C. Stories.

Post, Melville Davisson. The New Administration.
Robertson, Morgan. *The Poison Ship.
Roof, Katharine Metcalf. *The Waiting Years.
Rosenblatt, Benjamin. *Zelig.
Singmaster, Elsie. *The Survivors.
Smith, Gordon Arthur. *Jeanne, the Maid.
Sneddon, Robert W. One Mother, The Musician.
Steele, Wilbur Daniel. A Matter of Education.
*On Moon Hill, *Romance, *The Yellow Cat.
Stringer, Arthur. *The Ivy and the Tower.
Synon, Mary. *The Bounty-Jumper.
Wallace, Edgar. The Greater Battle.
Walpole, Hugh. *The Twisted Inn.
Weston, George. *The Martial Mood of M'sieur.
Wharton, Edith. Coming Home.
White, William Allen. *The Gods Arrive.
Winslow, Horatio. The Wonderful City.

"To this list Katharine Fullerton Gerslind has contributed five stories, Wilbur Daniel Steele four stories, Lord Dunsany, Ben Hecht and Fannie Hurst three stories each, and Lincoln Colcord, Rupert Hughes, Walter J. Muilenburg, Seumas O'Brien and Robert W. Sneddon two stories each."

PAUL CÉZANNE, THE MISANTHROPIC DON QUIXOTE OF MODERN ART

PURELY as a painter, he is the greatest the world has produced. In the visual arts he is surpassed only by El Greco, Michelangelo and Rubens." Such is Willard Huntington Wright's estimate of Paul Cézanne ("Modern Painting"—John Lane Company). Other critics have called him "the greatest artist who ever lived"; others, "the Nietzsche of painting." Zola, who was his friend, characterized him as a failure ("un raté"). His art has become the most disputed of the past century. His friend Ambroise Vollard, whose volume of reminiscences has recently been published, depicts him as the Don Quixote of modern art. But Émile Bernard disagrees with this and calls Cézanne the "last Spartan." On the other hand, the Italian Futurists refuse to admit his greatness. Carrà describes the "Old Man of Aix" as a belated imitator of Michelangelo, devoid of the modern note, the death-knell of "the art of the past." A comprehensive exhibition of Cézanne's work, now at the Montrose Galleries in New York, has awakened American interest in the artist who, so Frederick James Gregg asserts (in *Vanity Fair*), is "the most powerful of the moderns."

If the layman can not understand or appreciate the intricacies of Cézanne's technique, he will at least discover in this curious figure a character of engrossing human interest. His youth—

a youth of forty years' duration, Mr. Wright informs us in his significant book—was filled with "literature and laziness." Finally he gave up Bohemian Paris and returned to Aix. The residents of that provincial city of the south decided he was crazy. Cézanne clashed with the local celebrities. He withdrew into himself and developed an "abnormal sensibility." Ridiculed, bullied, robbed, "it is small wonder that he became misanthropic."

"Every day Cézanne watched his own evolution: to him this progress was the essential thing. He left his unfinished works in the meadows, in studio corners, in the nursery. They have been found in the most out-of-the-way places. He had given large numbers of them to chance friends on the spur of the moment. His son cut out the windows of his masterpieces for amusement, and his servant and wife used his canvases for

stove cleaners. He saw his work put to these uses tranquilly, knowing that he would do better, that he would 'realize' more fully. His mind was too exalted to be impatient with the pettinesses of life. His great aversion was politics, and, unlike Delacroix, he was above nationality. During the Franco-Prussian war he hid with a relative that he might pursue his own ideal rather than sacrifice himself for the protection of his tormentors. What did he care for France when his whole admiration was for Italy and Holland? Painting, not the preservation of nationality, was his innermost concern. In evading conscription he called down upon him the public abuse which such actions evoke. But it passed him by: he was too absorbed in his work to heed, just as later he was too engrossed to follow his mother's hearse to the funeral or to seek a market for his pictures. At every step he paused to study the rapports of line, of light, of shadow, of color. At table, in conversation, or at church, he never for a moment lost sight of his desire. One can find a parallel for this intellectually ascetic creature only in the old martyrs. He was the type that renounces all the benefits and usufructs of life in order to follow the face of a dream."

Zola made Paul Cézanne the hero of his novel "*L'Œuvre*," under the name of Claude Lantier; but the novelist was not subtle enough to understand the revolutionary painter. Mr. Wright condemns the Zola portrait as a gross libel. Zola thus decried Cézanne: "He is made in one piece, stiff and hard under the hand; nothing bends



APPLES ON A TABLE

This masterpiece is said to be a striking example of the simple, direct and honest way in which Cézanne attacked the deepest problems of modern art.



Copyright, Washington Square Gallery

ANATHEMA TO ACADEMICIANS

A few years ago Alfred Stieglitz exhibited the works of Paul Cézanne in New York, but critics and artists were not interested. Now they acclaim "the Old Man of Aix" as the "God of modern art."

him; nothing can wrench from him a concession." In later years, Zola, with colossal egotism, asked Cézanne to give him back the letters he had written to the artist, in order to make a volume out of them. He himself, as M. Bernard writes in the *Mercure de France*, had conscientiously destroyed Cézanne's letters, "out of friendship." "I would not have wanted to have them read by others for anything in the world, because of their careless form." They would have been more valuable for artists than the letters of M. Zola, M. Bernard points out. Zola looked upon Cézanne as a failure; but Cézanne, with characteristic naïveté, wept a whole day over the death of the novelist.

Willard Huntington Wright declares that Cézanne's reputation for barbarism, vulgarity and ignorance has little foundation in fact. "He despised the polished and shallow wit of men like Whistler; and he bitterly attacked those painters who strove for *salon* popularity."

"Cézanne's hatred for facile and thoughtless workmen who continually entertain amateurs was monumental. To him they were pupils who, by learning a few rules, were able to paint conventional pieces after the manner of thousands who had preceded him. They represented the academicians with whom every country is overrun—the suave and satisfied craftsmen who epitomize mediocrity, whose ap-

peal is to minds steeped in pedantry and conservatism. In France they come out of the government-run Beaux-Arts school to which the incompetents of both America and England flock. Cézanne harbored a particular enmity for that school; anyone who had passed through it aroused his scorn. 'With a little temperament anyone can be an academic painter,' he said. 'One can make pictures without being a harmonist or a colorist. It is enough to have an art sense—and even this art sense is without doubt the horror of the *bourgeois*. Thus the institutes, the pensions, and the honors are only made for cretins, farceurs, and drolls.'"

Mr. Wright tells us that "Cézanne was ever attempting to solve the problem of the dynamics of vision." Consequently, in his preoccupation with the most technical problems of paint, he had no admiration for mere prettiness or esthetic "beauty." Cézanne, as M. Vollard points out, was quite confident that the art-loving public would be able to appreciate one of his "realized" canvases—had he been able to "realize"; but in the meantime, the public did not need to understand his work to discover a certain "clumsiness" in it. It was suggested that this was the result of defective eyesight—a Cézanne legend that has since become widely current. The artist himself, according to M. Vollard, seized upon this as a pretext to reaffirm his pretended impotence to "realize." This led Huysmans to describe Cézanne as "an artist



Courtesy of Montross Gallery

A STILL LIFE MASTERPIECE

There is no literary interest in this angular study of a plaster cupid, critics inform us; but painters who passed Cézanne by with a shrug of amusement a few years ago, are now poring over these "magisterial" paintings.

with a sick retina, who, out of exasperation at his defective eyesight, fashions the beginnings of a new art."

Toward the end of his life, the eccentric old artist confessed: "I shall remain the primitive of the way I have discovered." "Cézanne's very limitations," in the language of Mr. Wright, "have been the inspiration of an army of hardy imitators who believe it is more vital to imitate modernity than to reconstruct the past."

If Cézanne failed to "realize," we must not conclude that he was impotent in art. Thus M. Émile Bernard, who was a close friend, warns us against making the mistake of Zola, and, to a certain extent, that of M. Vollard.

"How many of Cézanne's works, by the very admission of the master-painter, may be considered as realized? From this incompleteness people have concluded he was impotent, the common error of those who believe that power lies in the ability to *finish*. Often there is more achieved in a beginning by Cézanne than in the most finished picture by other artists; because a finished thing which contains nothing is more unfinished, not even having been begun, than the sketch of a master who reveals in his first strokes the rarest qualities of his taste and his genius. One must return often to this opinion of impotence, by which critics have attempted to cast Cézanne aside. We must not conclude that, because through modesty and simplicity the artist accused himself of lacking the power to realize, that he was

impotent. In all his works is revealed a great painter potentially; and some of them reveal this completely. For he realized sometimes and made discoveries always."

Solidity is said to be one of the most striking characteristics of the Cézanne canvases. The master of Aix conceived drawing, form and color as one and the same, "in the exact manner that these qualities," to quote Mr. Wright, "united in each natural object, present themselves to the eye. His method was the same as the mechanism of human vision." In a manner of speaking, Cézanne was the painter of the third dimension. Mr. Wright explains:

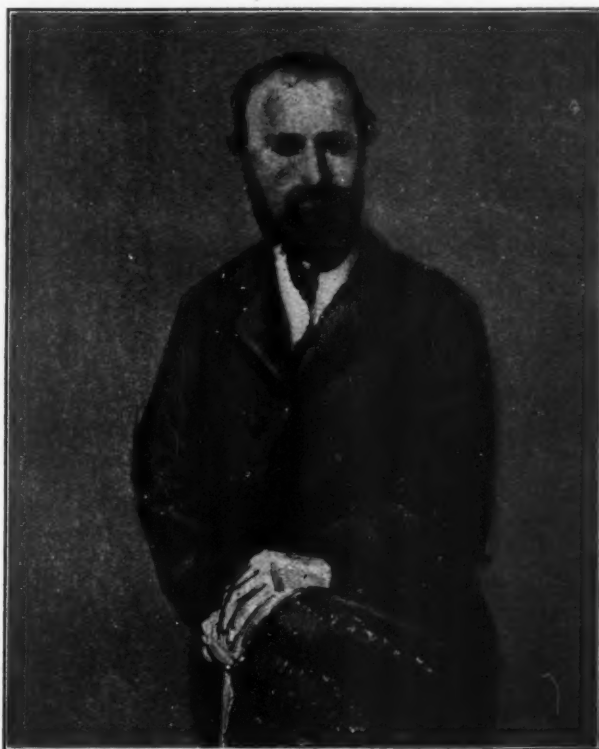
"Solidity alone, however, though a high and necessary virtue of painting, is a limited quality. Unless it is made mobile it gives off the impression of rigidity. It is to painting what the rough clay is to sculpture—the dead material of art. In order for it to engender esthetic sympathy it must be organized, that is, it must be harmonized and poised in three dimensions in such a way that, should we translate our bodies into its special forms, we should experience its dynamism. This Cézanne did, and therein lay his claim to greatness. In his best canvases there seems no way of veering a plane, of imagining one plane changing places with another, unless every plane in the picture is shifted simultaneously. Cézanne's solidity is organized like the volumes in Michelangelo's best sculpture. Move an arm of any of these statues, and every other part of the figure, down to the smallest muscle, must change position. Their plasticity, like Cézanne's, is perfect. There is a complete ordonnance between every minute part and between every group of parts. Nothing can be

added or taken away without changing the entire structure in all its finest details. Cézanne once said to Ambroise Vollard, who had called attention to a small uncovered spot on a canvas which the artist had pronounced finished: 'You will understand that if I were to put something there haphazardly, I should have to start the whole picture over from that point.'"

Cézanne's ancestors migrated to France from the village of Cesena in Italy toward the end of the eighteenth century. M. Bernard finds significance in this Italian ancestry. But Paul Cézanne was the son of a money-lender

who little by little became a provincial banker, ending his life in middle-class opulence, thus giving the artist the independence he needed so much. Stoical, mistrusting monk of painting, "spitting on his century, damning the decadent cowardice of those who have lost in luxury the simple strong sense of things, Cézanne died, as it were, upon 'the field of battle.'" "The fact of this great modern genius going to work in a hired carriage, too weak to walk, should be a lesson to those painters who are always awaiting the combination of propitious circumstances which will provide them with a perfect studio, a perfect model and a perfect desire." Mr. Wright sums up his estimate:

"Cézanne's significance lies in his gifts to the painters of the future to those in whom the creative instinct is a sacred and exalted thing, to those serious and solitary men whose insatiability makes of them explorers in new fields. To such artists Cézanne will always be the primitive of the way that they themselves will take, for there can be no genuine art of the future without his directing and guiding hand. His postulates are too solidly founded on human organisms ever to be ignored. He may be modified and developed: he can never be set aside until the primal emotions of life are changed. Only today is he beginning to be understood, and even now his claim to true greatness is questioned. But Cézanne, judged either as a theorist or as an achiever, is the preeminent figure in modern art. Renoir alone approaches his stature. Purely as a painter he is the greatest the world has produced. In the visual arts he is surpassed only by El Greco, Michelangelo and Rubens."



Courtesy of Montross Gallery

A STUDY IN THE THIRD DIMENSION

So the critic of the *New York Times* declares this portrait—evidently of Ambroise Vollard. When you look at the original "you are entirely unconscious of the fact that you are never to forget him. . . . You go deep into the picture and you cannot see how it was done. That is the secret Cézanne has succeeded in keeping to himself."

EVIL EFFECT OF THE AUTOMOBILE UPON THE GRAMMAR OF POPULAR AMERICAN AUTHORS

HOW soon can you let us have another good story? We have your readers, now we must hold them with another novel before they forget how well they liked this one. If we strike while the iron's hot with another equally good story we ought to be able to double these sales with it and at the same time keep this one alive and going good for another year." In this fashion, according to Florence Finch Kelly in *The Bookman*, the American publisher is apt to speak to the popular young author of

a "best seller." Flushed with the success of his first book, the young author hastened to obey, says Mrs. Kelly in the course of her amusing but penetrating essay on "Speeding-Up the Author." She gives further details of this process:

"With visions of a yacht and a herd of automobiles and several gold mines floating before him and luring him on, the young author pounds his typewriter furiously to get a new novel ready in record time. Stop for niceties of phrasing, for graces of style, for careful working out of his characters, for craftsman-

ship, for literary finish? Not he! He is chasing that herd of automobiles with too much fervor to know whether he is using singular verbs with plural subjects or singular subjects with plural verbs."

Publishers are too intent upon profits "to care in the least how much punishment the English language may suffer in the scuffle." Mrs. Kelly disapproves of this method of obtaining money to purchase automobiles and other luxuries. Among the better-known victims of the so-called speeding-up process she instances the anonymous author of "Me: A Book of

Remembrance," Kathleen Norris, Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter, Gertrude Atherton, and Winston Churchill ("one of the more temperate workers among our writers of fiction"). "Me: A Book of Remembrance," according to the "proud" advertisements of its publishers, was written in two weeks. "It is a book of some hundred thousand words or more and she was flat on her back in a hospital during the writing. The imagination grows giddy at the thought of how rapidly her pen might have spun across the pages had she been well enough to sit up." Against Mrs. Norris's "Saturday's Child," a novel of 180,000 words written, it is said, in ninety-eight days, Mrs. Kelly presents this evidence:

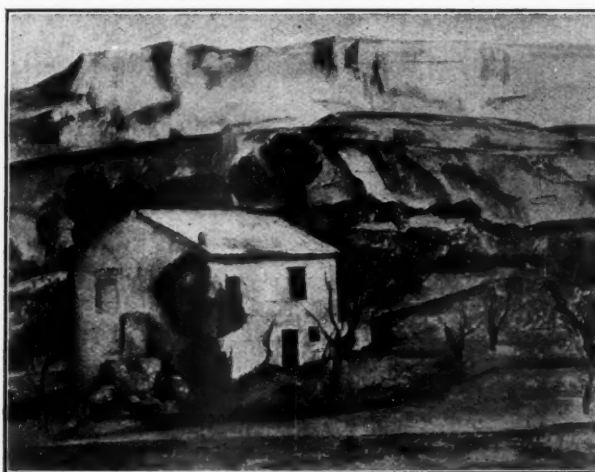
"Mrs. Norris's stunt of 180,000 words in fourteen weeks betrayed her into such sins against the art of words as this sentence: 'Even the Nottingham lace curtains at the second-story windows seemed akin, altho they varied from the stiff, immaculate, well-darned lengths that adorned the rooms where the Clemenceaus—grandmother, daughter, and granddaughter, and direct descendants of the Comte de Moran—were genteelly starving to death, to the soft, filthy, torn strips that finished off the noisy cheerful, irrepressible Daleys' once-pretentious home.' Another page yields this example: 'Ella was by this time passionately playing the new and fascinating game of bridge whist, in a nearby room, but Browning was still busy, and presently he came across the floor to Susan, and asked her for a dance—an honor for which she was entirely unprepared, for he seldom danced, and one that she was quick enough to accept at once.'

"The works of the best-known American authors are full of such slovenly, slipshod writing as these sentences show. It is the direct result of rapid work and unwillingness to take proper time and care for the drudgery of revision—combined perhaps with lack of the artistic conscience. For one is forced by much reading of present-day American books to the conviction that that pride in work well done which is one of the master urges in human development can have little influence upon American authors. Rather do they seem to be moved by the desire to achieve rapid and immense output, with consequent quick and large financial returns."

Even tho Winston Churchill publishes a novel only about once in two years, "one needs to read no more than a page almost anywhere in, for instance, 'A Far Country,' to be convinced that "if he had taken double two years for its writing its quality would have been improved."

"Neither Fowndes nor Ripon have

the peculiar ability you have shown,' is a sentence whose construction might have been less deplorable had Mr. Churchill taken more time for revision, altho 'Neither Laurens nor Conybeare, however, were for annihilating it' makes one wonder if possibly Mr. Churchill has suffered a lapse of memory since his school days. 'I loved her with that affection which goes out to those whom we feel understand us,' was taken from a randomly chosen page of 'A Far Country,' and so was 'And they are often the respectable lawyers, too, men of high station whom you would not think would do such things.'



Courtesy of Washington Square Gallery

A CÉZANNE LANDSCAPE

Cézanne canvases now hang in the Louvre, in many great European collections, in the two greatest American collections, but during his lifetime he was more wantonly libeled, maligned and ridiculed than any other artist of modern times.

"If I had not been as conventional as the rest I would have preferred to have run away with her,' is an example, also from 'A Far Country,' of an unfortunate locution less often found in the work of American than of English authors, altho of late it can be noted more and more frequently in American novels. It is no less than committing mayhem upon the mother tongue thus to disable the subordinate infinite in the function of indicating by its tense delicate shades of meaning."

In many ways, we read, Gertrude Atherton is capable and brilliant, but her slovenly style is a shocking commentary upon how little we Americans care for literary grace—even for lucidity. It shows that "we gobble our reading and are conscious of nothing in it but its strongest flavors."

"Here is a sample sentence from 'The Perch of the Devil': 'The moon chuckled and reminded his exacting mistress, Nature, that were he given permission to scatter some of his vast experience instead of the seductive beams that had accumulated it, this young man, with his natural distinction of mind, and already educated beyond his class, would enjoy a sudden clarity of vision and perceive the defects of grammar and breeding in this elemental siren with nothing but Evian instincts to guide her.'"

Mrs. Kelly asks us to imagine an American author spending hours, even days, over a page of manuscript as Gustave Flaubert did in order to make each sentence a perfect, rounded whole, in order to make each word express its exact shade of meaning. Flaubert is a model for our automobile-mad authors.

"For three years he brooded over the idea of his masterpiece, 'The Temptation of St. Anthony,' before he set pen to paper. An American author doesn't brood over an idea. He doesn't have time for such evolution of his work. He gets the general shape of his thought, seizes his typewriter or summons his secretary, and works it out as he pounds, or talks. In three years an American novelist could write three novels of a hundred thousand or so words each and collect and spend the royalties from all three. But slow-going Flaubert, after his three years of working out and reworking in thought, took one year to put his first draft upon paper. It made 540 pages and he thought it too wordy. So he laid it aside to let it ripen, for the mellowing process makes easier the work of revising and pruning and condensing. Seven years later, six of which he had spent upon 'Madame Bovary,' he had made a second version, reduced to 193 pages. Six years more sufficed to make this more compact by nearly sixty pages. Afterward he did still more pruning and revising, and it was not until nearly thirty years after he first began thinking of the work that it was finally published. And now—does there live, can there ever live, any true lover of the art of literature whose heart will not thrill at the exquisite perfection of those majestic, glowing pages, packed full of human significance and profound philosophy, but beautiful as morning sunlight upon precious stones?"

"Ideas that are not brooded over, lovingly and with pleasure," this critic concludes, "come forth unripe, malformed. Expression that is not watched, cared for, pruned, revized, is almost sure to be wordy, unkempt, and awkward." Mrs. Kelly warns our American writers of their high mission and responsibility:

"Doubtless the authors who do that kind of work think it good enough to buy automobiles with. But has any author the right thus to misuse and debase his mother tongue, to lower the standard of English speech, to lessen the knowledge and the appreciation of good English, because he wants to buy a new motor-car?"

"For it is not his to do with as he will. He holds it and uses it in trust and if he cannot or will not use it with due regard for its beauty, its dignity, and its simplicity he ought, in common honesty, to find some other means of paying for that automobile."

ELLIE: THE TRAGIC TALE OF AN OBESE GIRL

You are pretty sure to laugh at this and think you are reading a little comedy of life. You will be right; but if there are no tears underneath your laughter, then there is something wrong with your tear-ducts or the heart that moves them. This tale in *vers libre* (which is becoming more and more popular as a narrative form) is written by Mary Aldis and published in the *Little Review*, of Chicago.

SHE came to do my nails.
Came in my door and stood before me waiting,
A great big lummock of a girl—
A continent.
Her dress was rusty black
And scant,
Her hat, a melancholy jumble of basement
counter bargains.
Her sullen eyes,
Like a whipped animal's,
Shone out between her silly bulging
cheeks and puffy forehead.

She dropped her coat upon a chair
And waited;
Then, at a word, busied herself
With files and delicate scissors,
Sweet-smelling oils and my ten finger tips.
She proved so deft and silent
I made her come again;
And twice a week
While summer dawned and flushed and
waned
She used me in her parasitic trade.
The dress grew rustier,
The hat more melancholy,
And Ellie fatter.

Each time she came I wondered as she
worked
If thought lay anywhere
Behind that queer uncouthness.
She had a trick of seizing with her eyes
Each passing thing,
An insatiable greediness for something out
of reach;
And yet she seemed enwrapped
In a kind of solemn patience,
Large, aloof and waiting.
We hardly ever spoke—
I could not think of anything worth say-
ing;
One does not chatter with a continent.

Finally it was homing time;
The seashore town was raw and desolate
And idlers flitted.
The last day Ellie came
Her calm was gone, she had been crying.
Fat people never ought to cry;
It's awful. . . .
The hot drops fell upon my hand
While Ellie dropped the scissors suddenly
And sniffed and blew and sobbed
In disconcerting and unreserved abandon-
ment.
I said the usual things;
I would have patted her but for the
grease,

But Ellie was not comforted.
Not until the storm was spent
And only little catching breaths were left
I got the reason.
"I'm so fat," she gulped, "so awful, awful
fat
The boys won't look at me."
And then it came, the stammered pas-
sionate cry:

Could I not help?
Could I not find a medicine?
We talked and talked
And when at dusk she went, a teary smile
Hovered a moment on her mouth
And in those sullen, swollen eyes
A little hope perhaps;
I did not know.

The city and its interests soon engulfed
me.
A letter or two,
A doctor's vague advice to bant and exer-
cize,
And Ellie and her woes passed from my
mind
Until, as summer dawned again,
I heard that she was dead.
A curious letter written stiffly,
From Ellie's mother,
Told me I was invited to the funeral
"By wish of the Deceased."

Wondering, I traveled to the little town
Where the sea beat and groaned
And sorrowed endlessly,
And made my way down the steep street
To Ellie's door.
Her mother met me in the hall
And motioned,—
"She wanted you to see her,"
Then ushered me into an awful place,
the parlor—
A place of emerald plush and golden oak
Set round with pride and symmetry,
And in the midst
A black and silver coffin—
Ellie's coffin.
Raising the lid she pointed and I looked.

Somewhere in Florence Mino da Fiesole
Has made a tomb
Where deathless beauty lies with up-
turned face.
Two gentle hands, palms meeting,
Touch with their pointed forefingers
A delicate chin, and over the vibrant
body
Clings a white robe
Enshrouding chastely

Warm curving lines of adolescent grace.
No sleeper this,—
The figure glows, alert, awake, aware,
As if some sudden ecstasy had stolen life
And held imprisoned there
The moment of attainment
Rapt, imperishable and fair.

Even so lay Ellie,
And when from somewhere far I heard
The mother's voice
I listened vacantly.

The woman chattered on,
"The dress you know, white chiffon, like
a wedding dress—
I never knew she had it,
She must have made it by herself.
It's queer it fitted perfectly
An' her all thin like that—
She must have thought—"

Then black-robed relatives came stream-
ing in
To look at Ellie.
I watched them start
And look around for explanation.
The mother pinched my arm:
"Don't ask me anything now," she whis-
pered;
"Come back to-night."

Then old, old words were sung and
prayed and droned,
While everybody dutifully cried,
And when the village parson
Rhythmically proclaimed—
And this mortal shall put on immortal-
ity,—
With a great welcoming
And a great lightening
I knew at last the ancient affirmation.
When evening came I found the mother
Sitting amidst her golden oak and plush
In a kind of isolated stateliness.
She led me in.
"Twas the stuff she took that did it."
She began: "I never knew till after she
was dead.
The bottles in the woodshed, hundreds
of 'em
All labelled 'Caldwell's Great Obesity
Cure
Warranted Safe and Rapid.'
Oh, ain't it awful?" and she fell to crying
miserably;
"But wasn't she real pretty in her coffin?"
And then she cried again
And clung to me.

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT KILL

This is a true story—a tragedy of real life in France. It was told to E. Richard Schayer, an American writer, by an old schoolmaster in Montdidier, France. Mr. Schayer retells it in the *American Magazine*. It is the story of a man who fol-
lowed the non-resistance doctrine of Tolstoy even to the death.

THIS is the story of a man who would
not kill," began the old schoolmaster.
"He came to me two years ago, fresh
from his three years of military service,
which he had hated, with letters from

mutual friends. I took him as my as-
sistant instructor.

"Paul Savigny was his name. He was
pale, but strong, with the pallor of too
many night hours given to study. His

black eyes had all the fire and piercing
quality to be found in leaders in thought
and argument. But he was quiet, studi-
ous and kind, and kept very much to him-
self. Everyone loved him—the pupils

adored him. With them he was all gentleness and gayety, but firm enough, when need be, to inspire respect and obedience. They learned rapidly under his tutelage, and I was delighted with him.

"When war came so suddenly down upon us, Paul held himself aloof from all the excitement, the public meetings and speeches. The morning that Germany's declaration of war became known to us I asked Paul what were his thoughts. I shall never forget the expression on his face as he looked straight into my eyes, his own gleaming with the light of strong resolve, and answered:

"War is without reason or excuse—a hideous, a shameful thing. I shall have nothing to do with it!"

"For a moment the full import of his words did not make itself clear to me. Then I said, in my astonishment:

"But then, you will have to go all the same, when the call for the reserves of your class comes."

"He smiled gently. 'No,' he replied. 'Nothing shall ever force me to take up arms against my fellow men.'"

"You mean," I cried, "that you will refuse to go when France calls?"

"Precisely," he replied.

"But that would be madness!" I exclaimed. "It would be shameful! They will force you to go—or imprison you—or worse."

"Whatever they do to me," he answered, "they cannot make me fight. It is monstrous, this war. It is the work of diplomats and governments, not of the peoples. It is legalized murder. I shall not commit murder for my country nor for any power on the face of the earth. That is my resolve. Let us talk of something else."

I DID not continue the argument, thinking his resolution but that of a visionary who, when the time came, would go like the rest, regardless of his beliefs or creeds. It seemed that I was right, for when the call came a few days later Paul was prevailed upon by his friends to present himself at the recruiting office and receive his orders. It had been arranged for him through some influential friends in Paris that he should be detailed for clerical work in the commissary department, where he would not have to fight.

"He came to me in his uniform to say good-by. He told me of his expected assignment. 'For that reason alone I have submitted myself to the military system,' he said. 'I hate it, all of it. I hate this uniform. It is the badge of blood-lust and butchery—of man in his lowest, most bestial guise. I am a coward. I have sacrificed my beliefs, my ideals, to this extent. But further than this I shall not go. I shall not fight—I will not kill—no matter what they do to me. Farewell, my old friend, my father!'"

"He went with his regiment to some point of mobilization near Paris. A week later I received a carte postale. He was still drilling with his regiment, but he was expecting every day to be given the promised post on the commissary staff.

"The ensuing weeks were filled with the terror and clamor of war. The Germans swept down upon us in their seemingly resistless march to Paris. Column upon column of dusty troops in gray-green uniforms thundered through our little city. The people kept to their homes and made no resistance. There were no outrages, no violence. The enemy paid for what he got at the cafés and shops, treated the citizens with respect, and passed on.

"Then followed those days of terrible anxiety; every moment we expected to

hear of the fall of Paris—and of France. Instead, there came from the south the joyous news of the enemy's retreat and the successes of the Marne and the Aisne. Our town went mad with joy. Everywhere there were flags and ribbons, and cheering, singing crowds. Swarms of French troops poured in upon us, to be welcomed and fêted in every house. Life became almost a thing of joy. We returned to our accustomed duties. We became used to the dull booming of the guns, like those who live by the sea and hear not the beat of the surf.

"One morning the school door opened and in walked Paul. He was dressed in his old suit of black. His face was haggard and drawn under his coat of tan, but his eyes blazed as ever with his unconquerable spirit. The children shouted with joy as they recognized him. Discipline thrown aside, they clamored about him and plied him with questions as he struggled forward to my desk and reached for my hand.

"Silence, my little ones," he cried. "I have come back to teach you. Return to your places."

"It was almost the hour of recess, so I permitted the pupils to scamper off, shouting the glad tidings of Paul's return to everyone they met on the street.

SILENTLY, I waited for his explanation. He looked at me, and smiled grimly.

"It is finished," he said. "They tricked me. I was not given a clerical position. My regiment was ordered to the front day before yesterday. I went with them, hoping until the last that I should get the promised work. That night we camped within a mile of the trenches and were told that the morning would find us in battle. I came away. In the confusion I was not stopped at the railroad station. I have thrown my detestable uniform into the closet. This is my proper dress. I am a teacher, not a butcher. May I stay with you as of old until they come for me? It will not be long."

"I pleaded with him in tears. I pictured the dangers of his position, the contempt and anger of his townsfolk—how they would misunderstand his motives and look upon him as a traitor and coward. I told him he would be tried, convicted and probably shot.

"I know all that," he replied. "It is useless to argue with me. If you do not want me to come to the school, I shall stay away and wait for them in my room. But I should like to be here, at my work, when they send for me. Will you let me come every morning until it happens? It can only be a day or two. The city is filled with troops, the children have already told their parents. The commandant will know about it very soon. Then I shall be questioned, and they will learn all, for I shall not lie, as you know. May I not stay?"

"It seemed a little thing to do for him, who was so determined to throw his life away for a belief, an ideal. I consented. That day he finished the afternoon session in his old capacity and then walked about the town. Where once he had encountered nothing but smiling friendliness and cheerful greetings, he now met only suspicious glances and interrogation. To all questioners he replied, simply, that he had returned to teach school.

"By night all the town knew that Paul Savigny had left his regiment, resumed civilian attire, and was again teaching school. The news of his return reached the military authorities. I was visited by a staff officer and closely questioned. I gave as little information as possible.

"No action was taken that night, but

the next morning, while the children were in the midst of their grammar lesson and Paul stood demonstrating at the blackboard, the expected happened. We heard the thud of feet outside the door, a sharp command, the ring of rifle butts on the cobbles, and the door was jerked open by a young officer.

"Paul Savigny," he demanded.

"I am here, Monsieur," answered Paul quietly from his post at the blackboard.

"You are wanted at headquarters at once. Come!"

"Paul reached up to the top of the blackboard and wrote, in his firm, clear hand, the little sentence you noticed today when you were in my schoolroom: 'La guerre est une bête sauvage qui dévore la civilisation.' Turning to the children he said:

"Good-by, my little ones. That is my last lesson. Study it well, and never forget it."

"He shook my hand with suppressed emotion and in silence—I was too upset to speak—and strode firmly through the door, followed by the officer. The children sat terror-stricken until the tramp of the departing squad died away; then they burst into tears.

"Paul's trial, in camera, was swift and brief. We learned afterward that he made no excuses or evasions, contenting himself merely with the explanation that he would not fight, and that when he had found the promise of a clerical position unfulfilled he had left the army and returned to his profession. He was found guilty of cowardice and desertion in the face of the enemy—and condemned to be shot. He was to die a dog's death, despised by all his former friends—the most loathed thing known to man."

The old schoolmaster's voice broke into a husky whisper. He rose to his feet. "Come, Monsieur," he said.

Silently I followed him out into the sunshine and along the busy little thoroughfare to a quiet street, shaded with poplars, stretching off toward the hillside. He walked on before, with bowed head, hands clasped behind his back. We passed a big white building sitting back from the road. Sentries at the gate and soldiers moving about within the enclosure suggested a barracks or headquarters. A little way beyond, the town merged into the open country. On the left the white stuccoed wall of a hillside cemetery met the road. The little graveyard was built in terraces up the steepest part of the hill.

A NARROW strip of grass separated the wall from the road. Here my guide came to a halt and I saw, close against the wall, a low mound marked by a plain wooden cross. A faded wreath of wild flowers lay on the rough sod. There was no inscription on the cross to tell whose grave it was that lay in unhallowed ground, just outside the enclosure reserved for more worthy clay.

Removing his hat the old man raised his brimming eyes to mine and spoke at last, huskily and tremblingly:

"You do not need to be told, Monsieur, what lies here. Observe. They dug this grave close to the wall. See, here is where he was made to stand, the yawning pit of his own grave at his feet. They laid eight rifles out there in the road. Four were loaded with ball cartridges, four with blanks. Eight white-faced reservists, none of whom had ever shot anything more important than a hare, took up the rifles.

"Then, beneath that poplar, Paul embraced me in farewell. His last words were:

"Some day France will know that I

died, not as a traitor or coward, but in protest against tyranny and evil, and for my faith in the future regeneration of mankind.'

At his request they did not blindfold him nor bind his hands. He faced them, Monsieur, with head held high, eyes shining.

"The young lieutenant, formerly a provision merchant, faltered the commands. As he reached the fatal word 'Fire!' I turned away my head. The volley was ragged, scattering. I felt as tho I had

been pierced with a thousand bayonets. When at last I could bear to raise my head, the firing squad was marching away. Two other soldiers were filling the grave.

"I forced my steps back to this spot and watched the men finish their work. One of them produced from his barrow this little cross. There was a dispute.

"He should not have a cross. He was a traitor, a deserter, a coward!" cried one.

"Deserter and traitor, maybe," said the other, "but coward, no. He died as no

man dies who is afraid. I say he should have the cross."

"The cross was placed. Since then I have come every Sunday with a little wreath of simple blossoms. The townsfolk humor me, knowing my attachment. But to most of them Paul's name still stands for all that is cowardly and treacherous. I wonder will it ever be otherwise? Will they ever understand?"

"And you, Monsieur, what say you? Was this man a traitor—a fool—or a martyr?"

BLISS CARMAN READS THE "SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY"

Almost as interesting as Mr. Masters's sketches of Spoon River are the reactions they excite in the minds of various readers. Some are delighted and some are depressed and some are scandalized; but the reactions are always pronounced. Bliss Carman, for instance, admits that at first he gasped, then "hooted for joy." Then various other emotions assailed him. In the *Forum* he describes them in the same sort of verse Mr. Masters employs.

COMING home from the post office in New Canaan, Carrying "The Spoon River Anthology," Which had just come to me for review, I opened it by chance at page one fifty-four.

With eager enthusiasm To find something new and beautiful in poetry, In this unusual book of which I had heard. There I read the following (Walking slowly a few steps at a time, The better to enjoy the perusal).

ENOCH DUNLAP

"How many times during the twenty years I was your leader, friends of Spoon River, Did you neglect the convention and caucus, And leave the burden on my hands Of guarding and saving the people's cause?— Sometimes because you were ill; Or your grandmother was ill; Or you drank too much and fell asleep; Or else you said: 'He's our leader, All will be well, he fights for us; We have nothing to do but follow.' But oh, how you cursed me when I fell, And cursed me, saying I had betrayed you, In leaving the caucus room for a moment, When the people's enemies, there assembled, Waited and watched for a chance to destroy The Sacred Rights of the People. You common rabble! I left the caucus To go to the urinal."

First I gasped with a cold shock, Then I hooted for joy. Shades of Tennyson and Victoria Almighty!

Have you a photograph of the great laureate

Sending a copy of this to Windsor? Can it be possible that this is New England,

And am I still living in the world in which I was born?

Or am I, too, as dead as all these people In the green Spoon River Cemetery, A relic of another age walking round like a ghost?

Very likely. Anyhow, it made me catch my breath, This terrible frankness.

But after the first momentary astonishment,

I was delighted. Here perhaps was something

As naïve and grotesque as good old Walt, When he solemnly tried to use forbidden words

With a straight face, And only succeeded in raising a grin.

After I had read more of the Anthology, And had got the unadorned biographies Of A. D. Blood, and Nellie Clark, And Georgine Sand Miner, and a few more

Of these Spoon River townspeople, I found that it was so,—that Edgar Lee Masters

Has more in common with Walt Whitman Than just a lack of rhythm.

He can touch upon Rabelaisian topics, And describes scenes of Hogarthian devilry,

Without cracking a smile. In spite of everything he remains As wise and sober as an owl. He is a satirist of humanity, As bitter as Swift and as somber as old John Knox.

This is his record of graveyard memories, Nearly all of them horrible, tragic, revolting, And bleak as desolation.

But then, what would you have? Digging among graves is not a cheerful business,

And prying into poor dead people's secrets

Is not an enlivening occupation for a spring morning.

Still there have to be undertakers, and autopsies,

Body-snatchers and bad smells, As well as new moons and April showers

And love's enchanted dream. And if Mr. Masters was willing to assume

The grisly task, let us give him his fee With a "No more, thank you."

He's the spiritual sexton of Spoon River, He lays bare all the hidden life of the town,

With all the freedom of the dead, who know no shame,

Who have neither reticences nor hope any more.

He uncovers all these common lives for our inspection

As ruthlessly as a hyena among shallow graves.

His Anthology is a morgue of souls, A Charnel house of decayed characters.

Page after page, name after name, Common, typical, convincing American names,

As I proceed through this array of corpses,

Each tagged with its unequivocal epitaph,

Often terse as the Greek Anthology, Uncompromizing as death itself, Robbed of the glamor and pride of life, I am sickened by the uncovered corruption

Of the Elite of Spoon River, And wearied by the dreadful sameness Of their futility. Their lives make up a tale

As depressing as a Russian novel.

Among these two hundred and more records, Every one of them a plot for a short story,

Only a few, like those of Caroline Branson,

And Lucinda Matlock, allow me to remain glad

Or confident about life. That is why I should never want to read the book a second time,

In spite of its fascination and power. You tell me it is the most original work Written in a decade in American letters.

Very well, I shall not dispute with you. But you must kindly—excuse me!

Perhaps you will question whether the book

Should be called poetry. There are people like that.

But if you don't want to read it a second time,

It doesn't matter whether it's poetry or not.

And if you want to read it a dozen times, And keep it under your pillow, it doesn't matter either.

A couple of weeks ago one of the New York papers Printed a pen picture of Theodore Dreiser the novelist,

A brief psychological study I suppose you would call it,

By the chronicler of Spoon River. Very realistic it was, and unsparing,

As brilliant as a portrait by Sargent, And about as complimentary.

But all I have to say is, That, if the author of this Anthology

Is going to start on a peregrination, Dissecting knife and fountain-pen in hand,

Gathering in the scalps of the living As he gathered the locks of the dead,

I hope to God he won't come to New Canaan.

I feel about him as the colored people in the South

Feel about the "night doctors."

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

A LETTER of protest comes from West Butte, California. It is written by Oscar H. Roesner. He deplores the fact that we have made discouraging remarks about the trend of Fannie Stearns Davis and Margaret Widdemer toward sociological poetry. He doesn't want them discouraged. He assumes that what we call sociological poetry is simply that which voices the love of humanity, and that we are forgetting "all of the pathetic poetical cries for burdened and down-trodden humanity that have come down the ages." He says a good deal more to the same effect and is very much in earnest.

It would be a large contract to undertake to steer the poets away from the love of humanity. We hardly know where they would go, in that case, to find their themes, for even the love of Nature is a reflection of the love of humanity. When we spoke of sociological poetry we had in mind that which seems to have for its purpose the propagation of a sociological theory. Even that we do not object to if it is real poetry, as it sometimes is when it comes out of the life and personal experience of the writer. But as a rule, such poetry is neither very good poetry nor very good sociology. The reason is this: The essence of good poetry lies in the vivid concrete image, not in abstractions or generalities. Now to take a sociological theory and express it in that way implies a mastery of the subject that is very rare, at least very rare among lyric poets. We get such an image in Hood's "Song of the Shirt," which is a real poem with a sociological purpose. Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children" is, to our mind, less successful as a poem because it is less vivid and definite. It is harder to visualize it. Lowell in "A Parable" and Markham in "The Man With the Hoe" give us also concrete images which are readily visualized. There are many other poems that might be named, but these are enough to convey the point we are trying to make.

One of the most successful books of poetry of the season—successful in the commercial sense—is the volume of "Collected Poems" by Rupert Brooke, the young British poet whose death in the Dardanelles at the age of 27 has cast a sort of halo over his work. There is in the volume (John Lane Co.) a great deal of arid verse, well done from a technical point of view, but without inspiration. Nearly all Brooke did prior to 1914 was of this sort. But his sonnet sequence inspired by the war (especially the sonnet "The Soldier," published by us in September under another title) will carry his fame down the years, and half a dozen other

poems, notably "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester," "The Great Lover," and "Heaven," have real power and beauty and indicate that a great loss to English literature was sustained in his death. We reprint about two-thirds of "The Great Lover." The first third, which we omit, is mere word-weaving.

THE GREAT LOVER.

BY RUPERT BROOKE.

THESE I have loved:
White plates and cups, clean-
gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and
feathery faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the
strong crust

Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of
wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool
flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through
sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under
the moon;
Then, the cool kindness of sheets, that
soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male
kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
Shining and free; blue-massing clouds;
the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other
such—
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that
lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .

Dear names,
And thousand other throng to me! Royal
flames;
Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or
spring;
Holes in the ground; and voices that do
sing;

Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace; and the deep-pant-
ing train;
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of
foam

That browns and dwindles as the wave
goes home;
And washen stones, gay for an hour; the
cold

Graveness of iron; moist black earthen
mould;
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the
dew;

And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts,
glossy-new;
And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools
on grass;—

All these have been my loves. And these
shall pass,

Whatever passes not, in the great hour,
Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have
power

To hold them with me through the gate
of Death.

They'll play deserter, turn with the traitor
breath,

Break the high bond we made, and sell
Love's trust

And sacramented covenant to the dust.
—Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I
shall wake,
And give what's left of love again, and
make

New friends, now strangers. . . .
But the best I've known
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows
old, is blown
About the winds of the world, and fades
from brains
Of living men, and dies.

Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again
This one last gift I give: that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
Praise you, "All these were lovely"; say,
"He loved."

The celebrations of James Whitcomb
Riley's Birthday have elicited metrical
tributes from half a dozen poets, among
them being Rudyard Kipling and Bliss
Carman. The *Lyceum World* publishes
these tributes and we reprint two of
them, both of which are delightful:

TO J. W. R.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

YOUR trail runs to the westward,
And mine to mine own place;
There is water between our lodges,
And I have not seen your face.

But since I have read your verses
'Tis easy to guess the rest—
Because in the hearts of the children
There is neither East nor West.

Born to a thousand fortunes
Of good or evil hap,
Once they were kings together,
Throned in a mother's lap.

Surely they know that secret—
Yellow and black and white—
When they meet as kings together,
In innocent dreams at night.

By a moon they all can play with
Grubby and grimed and unshod—
Very happy together,
And very near to God.

Your trail runs to the westward,
And mine to my own place;
There is water between our lodges,
And you can not see my face.—

And that is well—for crying
Should neither be written nor seen,
But if I call you Smoke-in-the-Eyes,
I know you will know what I mean.

LOCKERBIE STREET.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

LOCKERBIE STREET is a little street,
Just one block long;
But the days go there with a magical
air,

The whole year long;
The sun in his journey across the sky
Slows his car as he passes by;
The sighing wind and the grieving rain
Change their tune and cease to complain;

And the birds have a wonderful call that seems
Like a street-cry out of the land of dreams;
For there the real and the make-believe meet.
Time does not hurry in Lockerbie Street.

Lockerbie Street is a little street,
Only one block long;
But the moonlight there is strange and fair,
All the year long,
As ever it was in old romance,
When fairies would sing and fauns would dance,
Proving this earth is subject still
To a blithesome wonder-working Will,
Spreading beauty over the land,
That every beholder may understand
How glory shines round the Mercy-seat
That is the gospel of Lockerbie Street.

Lockerbie Street is a little street,
Only one block long;
A little apart, yet near the heart,
Of the city's throng.
If you are a stranger, looking to find
Respite and cheer for soul and mind,
And have lost your way, and would inquire
For a street that will lead you to Heart's Desire—
To a place where the spirit is never old,
And gladness and love are worth more than gold—
Ask the first boy or girl you meet!
Every one knows where is Lockerbie Street.

Lockerbie Street is a little street,
Only one block long;
But never a street in all the world,
In story or song,
Is better beloved by old and young;
For there a poet has lived and sung,
Wise as an angel, glad as a bird,
Fearless and fond in every word,
All his life. And if you would know
The secret of joy and the cure of woe
How to be gentle and brave and sweet—
Ask your way to Lockerbie Street.

One of the best occasional poems written in many moons—one of the best ever written—is that which George Sterling wrote on the closing of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. We reprint from the *Sunset Magazine*:

THE EVANESCENT CITY.

BY GEORGE STERLING.

GREAT on the west, ere darkness lies.
Wine-red the city of the sunset crush her domes,
Below her courts the mournful ocean foams;
Above, no foam of cloud is in the skies.
Awhile I stand, a dreamer by the deep,
And watch the winds of evening sap her walls,
Till ashen armies to the ramparts sweep
And seas of shadow storm the gleaming halls.
So dies that far magnificence of light,
A conquered splendor on a crumbling pyre,

'Mid fall of crimson temples from their height
And ruined altars yielding up their fire.

So fades that city, one with all that finds
The nameless road that Beauty takes at last—
One with her dust upon the twilight winds
And all her music mingling with the Past.

"Farewell!" I whisper low—then thrill to see,
Unseen till now, eternal and afar,
Soul of dead day and pledge of peace to be,
The tranquil silver of the evening star.

And even thus our city of a year
Must pass like those the shafted sun-sets build,
Fleeting as all fair things and, fleeting, dear—
A rainbow fallen and an anthem stilled.

A rainbow fallen—but within the soul
Its deep, indubitable iris burns;
An anthem stilled—yet for its ghostly goal
The incommunicable music yearns.

Only for Beauty's passing shall we trace
The heavenly pathway that her feet have trod;
Only at her departure seek her face—
We that shall find it not this side of God.

Theodosia Garrison's usual sure lyric touch is found in her poem in the *Pictorial Review*:

THE RETURN.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

I COME to you grown weary of much laughter,
From jangling mirth that once seemed oversweet,
From all the mocking ghosts that follow after
A man's returning feet.
Give me no word of welcome or of greeting,
Only in silence let me enter in,
Only in silence when our eyes are meeting,
Absolve me of my sin.

I come to you grown weary of much living,
Open your door and lift me of your grace;
I ask for no compassion, no forgiving,
Only your face, your face.
Only in that white peace that is your dwelling,
To come again—before your feet to sink,
And of your quiet, as of wine compelling,
Drink as the thirsting drink.

Be kind to me as sleep is kind that closes
With tender hands men's fever-wearied eyes,
Your arms are as a garden of white roses
Where old remembrance lies.
I, who am bruised of words and pierced with chiding,

Give me your silence as a saint might give
Her white cloak for some hunted creature's hiding,
That he may rest and live.

The phrase, "roof-tops, roof-tops," is not particularly musical or witching, and we might like Mr. Towne's poem in *Collier's* just as well if he repeated the phrase less often. Yet the very monotony of the repetition helps to convey the sense of weariness which the sight itself imposes.

CITY ROOFS.

(Seen from the Metropolitan Tower, New York City.)

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

ROOF-TOPS, roof-tops, what do you cover?—
Sad folk, bad folk, and many a glowing lover;
Wise people, simple people, children of despair—
Roof-tops, roof-tops, hiding pain and care.
Roof-tops, roof-tops, O what sin you're knowing,
While above you in the sky the white clouds are blowing;
While beneath you, agony and dolor and grim strife
Fight the olden battle, the olden war of Life.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, cover up their shame—
Wretched souls, prisoned souls too piteous to name;
Man himself hath built you all to hide away the stars—
Roof-tops, roof-tops, you hide ten billion scars.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, well I know you cover
Many solemn tragedies, and many a lonely lover;
But ah! you hide the good that lives in the throbbing city—
Patient wives, and tenderness, forgiveness, faith, and pity.

Roof-tops, roof-tops, this is what I wonder:
You are thick as poisonous plants, thick the people under;
Yet roofless, and homeless, and shelterless they roam,
The driftwood of the town who have no roof-top and no home!

We find some real achievement and abundant promise in the volume entitled "To One From Arcady, and Other Poems," by Theodore Lynch Fitz Simons (Sherman, French & Co.). It is the work of a young man, with something of the blasé note so common to youth; but the artist's touch is seen in nearly all of Mr. Fitz Simons's verse. We quote two parts from the lyric-sequence which gives title to the book:

TO ONE FROM ARCADY.

BY THEODORE LYNCH FITZ SIMONS.

WHY did you come so late in life,—
O Love, O wild Desire;
Why came you not when the
time was rife,
When youth was a burning fire?

Why came you not when the days were
sweet,
O Love, O wild Desire;
When my arms were strong and my feet
were fleet,
And life was a joy entire?

But you came, you came, so late,—oh, so
late,—
O Love, O wild Desire;
And in vain, oh, in vain, do I curse my
fate,
And call Youth back through the closing
gate
With a voice that is wild and passionate
As the sound of a wind-swept lyre!

I saw the ruddy figure of the Dawn,—
A shining shape,—
Crushing the purple clouds; he seemed as
one
Who treads the grape;

Wherefrom there burst, as from the
grape-stained lees,
A precious wine
That flooded all the thirsting flowers and
trees,—
The red sunshine.

In the following poem by Clinton
Scollard (from *The Bellman*), the title
itself is almost enough to insure suc-
cess. The best work Mr. Scollard has
done has been inspired by the Nubian
desert, with its caravans, its sand-
storms, its oases, its twilights. This
takes rank among his best:

THE WHISPER OF THE SANDS.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

NIGHT, and the golden glory of the
moon
Above the undulant sweep of desert
lands,
And borne o'er dusky dale and shimmer-
ing dune
The whisper of the sands!

Faint as the faintest ripple on the shore
Of Nile that holds its enigmatic spell;
Faint as the dawn-wind where tall palm-
trees soar,
Or murmur in a shell!

Faint and inscrutable, freighted with the
breath
Of ages that have long, long ceased to
be;
Weighted with mysteries of birth and
death,
Time and eternity!

And so I linger till the night grows old
And the rose-blossom of the morn ex-
pands,
And hear these ceaseless marvels mani-
fold,—
The whisper of the sands!

Here is an unforgettable little pic-
ture in vers libre which we find in the
Masses, by the wife of Louis Unter-
meyer:

HIGH-TIDE

BY JEAN STARR UNTERMAYER.

I EDGED back against the night.
The sea growled assault on the wave-
bitten shore.

And the breakers,
Like young and impatient hounds,
Sprang, with rough joy, on the shrinking
sand.

Sprang—but were drawn back slowly,
With a long, relentless pull,
Whimpering, into the dark.

Then I saw who held them captive;
And I saw how they were bound
With a broad and quivering leash of light,
Held by the moon,
As, calm and unsmiling,
She walked the deep fields of the sky.

A poignant little lyric, as remarkable
for its repression as for its expression,
appears in the pages of the *St. Louis*
weekly, *Much Ado*:

NORAH.

BY ZOË AKINS.

I KNEW his house by the poplar-trees,
Green and silvery in the breeze;

"A heaven-high hedge," were the words
he said,
"And holly-hocks, pink and white and
red. . ."

It seemed so far from McChesney's Hall—
Where first he told me about it all.

A long path runs inside from the gate,—
He still can take it, early or late;

But where in the world is a path for me
Except the river that runs to the sea!

The bards are discovering the mov-
ing pictures. Vachel Lindsay has done
poetic justice to Mary Pickford and,
less successfully, to Jack Bunny. Ag-
nes Lee, in the *Bookman*, gives us
something more comprehensive on the
new art:

MOVING PICTURES.

BY AGNES LEE.

WE have ascended heavens. From
blue vast
We have looked down upon the
mountains. Past

The muted shapes that motion
We have pierced mazes of the water's
might,
Have torn uncanny secrets to the light
From deep on deep of ocean.
We have watched the sun a midnight
pathway tread.

Now at a sign old worlds have come
to be.
Dim cities we had never thought to see
Lift high for us their towers.
Far places we have walked in some far
dream

Are calling through reality, agleam
With unfamiliar flowers
Blowing aloft in Greece's garden-bed.

There pass before the vision in dumb-
show
The brave who slumbered in a hush of
snow,
Who sent the message fearless
Caught in a clime that asked o'er areas
rude
For entrance-fee to its white solitude
The lives of honor's peerless.
(Oh, chronicle of ice forever dread!)

Securely view the sheltered and the
warm
Cold figures in the trenches, shrapnel-
storm,
Sackings and sacrileges,
Young manhood, slave to crown and
potentate,
Urged by a direful heritage of hate
Across the bloody sedges.
(Oh, crimson chronicle the soul has
read!)

Even science has unlocked her hidden
store.
The clinic opens wide an inner door
Unto the wan recesses
Where human plants their tendrils toss
again,
And ghastly vapors newly wrung from
pain
And the mind's weariness
A wasting human field have overspread.

Rekindled are the fires of Akbar's tents.
Strange moons have silvered stranger
continents.
Forsaken gods implore us.
Legended river, peak, and island-girth,
And all the reaches of the realms of
earth
Are vital now before us.
But Mystery, dear Mystery, lies dead.

A sonnet of singular beauty and
perfection comes to us from the col-
umns of the *Toronto Globe*. The au-
thor, we learn, is a lieutenant in the
77th battalion C. E. F.

REALIZATION.

BY ARTHUR S. BOURINOT.

I DID not know that first time that we
met,
That in you I should find my life's
ideal,
And that my heart should ever after feel
No sorrow in your presence, no regret.
For in the past I ever loved to let
Mine eyes find their delight where eagles
wheel
Above the cliffs, seeing the slow night
steal
From deep abysmal caverns, dewy wet.

I loved the sun, the stars which strew
the floor
Of night, the sweetness of gold summer
fields
And incense which the twining wild
flower yields,
Till dreaming on the lintel of love's door
I saw thee with thy down-fallen hair so
sweet,
And laid my love with longing at thy feet.

THE BUSINESS WORLD

AGNES C. LAUT, Department Editor

ON THE VERGE OF A BUILDING BOOM

WHEN the sudden undertow and contraction of credit came in finances six months before the outbreak of the War, one of the first sections of industrial life to be hard hit was building. Building stands for expansion; and instead of expansion came contraction. Masons, carpenters, decorators, were thrown out of employment. Contractors went begging for contracts and could not get them. Contracts were suspended in mid-air, so to speak, and left half finished because no money was forthcoming to pay the workmen. The thing reacted from the big cities of the East to the remotest lumber camp of the West. Pacific Coast lumber interests were almost put out of business. Prices fell to levels unknown for twenty years. Please note that fact! Prices in building materials fell for the first time in twenty years.

What the trade did to save itself was exactly what the textile and clothing manufacturers were doing. It reached clean over the heads of the middlemen to the retail buyer with marked-down prices. It went a step farther. When the merchant fails to sell goods on the shelf, he puts them in ready-to-wear costumes on a figure and sells them made-up. That is what the building trades did to tide over two bad years. Southern pine and cypress people deluged the market with architectural designs for knock-down houses, barns, factories, interior decorations. Pacific Coast lumbermen for the first time in their history opened lumberyards on the Atlantic Coast. One Brooklyn firm actually took a contract for 5,000 portable knock-down houses in one munition town of mushroom growth. It was the same with the steel, the paint, the roofing, the cement, the metal trim houses. You could not afford a \$5,000 new house. Good! Here was a rust-proof metal, or a never-leak paint, with which you could rejuvenate the old building at a cost of \$500 for the metal, \$100 for the paint. There was one stage in the last two years when you could make cement posts for your garden or buy steel posts for your farm at less than the labor of sending your own help into the woods to cut them.

NOW the country is on the verge of the building boom that always results from great prosperity. Wages are the highest and hours the shortest ever known; but, except for

steel, the low prices of the depression period still prevail.

The question may be asked—With short hours and high wages, how can low prices prevail? The answer is the same for home building as for ship building—by standardizing. Formerly, your home-builder cut his own timber, rough-hewed his own logs, sawed his own lumber, made his own window casements and frames, made his own doors, bought at retail his hinges and locks and sash weights and engaged a special man to plane and polish up his hard-wood floors. To-day, you go to a mill for lumber, and that mill cuts in five minutes by machinery as much lumber as one man could hand-hew in thirty days. Suppose you paid your hand-hewer of the old days \$1.50 a ten-hour day; and suppose the saw mill pays its shingle men and sawyers \$6 to \$8 an eight-hour day—figure up the simple problem in arithmetic, how much the saving is.

TO-DAY, if you consult one of the big building registers or records, you will find houses that do nothing but issue windows, casements and doors—windows on sash weights, windows on hinges, windows in leaded panes, windows half-sash, half-door, doors in panels, doors in solid pieces, doors with window inserts; and you will be amazed to learn that this building material, the very latest in architectural convenience, usability and beauty, will cost you less than if you hired a cheap country carpenter at \$2.50 to \$3 a day and paid him to make them for you. How do these firms with high-priced labor and short hours keep the price down? By standardizing! They do not buy at wholesale. They buy the raw product. Some of them, like a certain great machine company, own their own timber limits. They then put in their manufacturing machines for standard sizes; and those machines do in five minutes what formerly one skilled mechanic could barely accomplish in thirty days. Granted the modern skilled mechanic gets \$4 to \$8 a day for eight hours; and the old-time craftsman got \$1.50 to \$2.50 for a ten-hour day. Figure the saving for yourself!

Some years ago, in remodelling a small suburban house, I consulted a country carpenter on hardwood floors. The country carpenters were

receiving \$2.50 to \$3 a day for nine hours. The skilled mechanic in the big industrial centers was commanding \$4 to \$6. Supposing I bought the rough hard wood, which would have cost me \$30 to \$35 a thousand at that time, I asked the man how long it would take him to plane, oil and put it down matched and tight with parquette border—the floor I wanted. His lowest estimate was \$3 a day a month, or \$72 counting out Sundays. I sent an exact drawing of the floor to a special hard-wood-floor firm. Their estimate was \$22 for the material ready to put down, the work of a man at \$4 for two days. Figure that out for yourself! It is what builders mean by standardization. They buy at raw material cost and then standardize in manufacture.

A FEW years later I wanted a moderate-sized barn. I did not want a millionaire barn. I did not want a city man's barn. I wanted a barn that would earn a high rate of interest on moderate investment. You can earn a high rate of interest on investment in only two ways—by keeping down initial expenses and pushing up final results. The lowest local estimate I could get on that barn was \$4,800. The average estimates ran at \$6,000. Now a \$4,800 barn will stable enough stock to occupy the time of two, perhaps three, men. Put your yearly wage cost for caring for stock at \$1,100. Ten per cent. on \$4,800 is \$480. Add labor and interest; and that barn would have to yield nearly \$1,600—all of \$1,600 if you include insurance and taxes. Manufacturers and wholesalers are not content with less than 20 per cent. interest on investment. Why should a farmer be content with 2 per cent.? I was scared at that initial cost. I must either push down costs or push up results. I decided to do both. So I ransacked the ready-to-use catalogs till I found a rust-proof iron sheeting to cover old timber. Including labor, paint, sheeting, that barn, which was 84 by 30, cost me less than \$600—which keeps the farming proposition in the same category as manufacturing or wholesaling.

WHAT can be done in ready-to-use sheathing and flooring can be done in almost every detail of building material. The standardizing of building material for the last twenty years has more than kept pace with shorter hours and higher wages.

In roofings, you have a choice from cypress shingles and redwood shakes, guaranteed good for a century, to slates and metals and felts and rubberoids and sands and tiles. Cement, bricks, hollow tiles, blocks, metals rust-proof are offered in wall work; and the variety of ready-to-use interior decorations is almost endless. Nor need the most isolated country home despair of conveniences. There are electric and gasoline devices costing little more than a new outfit of lamps and costing in upkeep less than oil. There are furnaces on the market that cost less than three stoves, use less fuel and give steadier heat. There are water systems almost automatic in their workings.

To the practical mind, two questions will immediately occur here:

First,—if all these ready-to-use standardized substitutes are so easily available, why has the cost of home-building gone up beyond the reach of the average earner?

Second,—will the ready-to-use standardized substitutes not result in "shoddy"—in work that will require constant repairs after the first five years?

Why has the cost of building gone beyond the reach of the average earner? Granted we have perfected wonderful devices for house heating, for home refrigerators, for country electrical systems. What's the use of all these advantages if the man on the average income can't afford to build his own ingle nook and own his fireside? Better an old-fashioned stone house on a bleak hill in New England than to be a perpetual tenant of some capitalist who draws life blood in rent.

A FEW years ago, an artist friend of mine built, himself a studio bungalow in California for \$3,500. It was exquisite. I have never seen anything more beautiful in New York. Now California pays the highest wages in the world. This man had bought all his material. I wanted something slightly larger. He very carefully drew me the plans. As I could supply a great deal of the lumber, the stone and the help from my own place, and wages were much lower in the East, he drew me plans which he was positive from his own experience could be carried out for \$5,000. I took them to several very moderate Eastern contractors. The highest estimate was \$25,000; the lowest, \$15,000. Was I soft in the head? Were these contractors fools? Or was that artist wildly astray in his estimates? None of these things. It goes deeper.

A little later I saw houses of similar type advertised in New Jersey for \$6,000 to \$7,500, according to the elaborateness of the interior trim. Yet I could get no estimate under \$15,000. Where was the discrepancy? I took it up in detail with a big contractor, and

the explanation was very simple. The contractors I had consulted were what are known as local contractors. That is, they build houses in one place of one style; a house in another suburb in another style; a house fifty miles away in the country in another style. They have no settled permanent staff of masons and carpenters. They sublet, and they hang constantly on the verge of failure. They hire cheap labor; and cheap labor is like cheap lawyers—the dearest labor on earth. Better pay a man \$4 a day for eight hours, every minute filled with work, than \$1.50 a day for nine hours, when half the time is spent fumbling. Also they buy retail in small quantities and receive no trade discounts.

THIS matter of buying retail without trade discounts makes a difference of nearly 40 per cent. The big operator, who builds a dozen houses in one section, standardizes his fixtures and purchases. He pays his men a weekly or yearly wage and does not salt you from \$1 to 50 cents a man per day to make profit. Buying from the standardized manufacturer—say, doors and windows and plumbing fixtures and floor tiling and roof tiling—he quotes lowest prices and can charge you moderate prices and still make a profit. The remedy here is plainly, be your own contractor and buy only standardized material; or employ only the contractor big enough to have his own staff and to buy standardized material. Being your own contractor may end like the case of the man who was his own lawyer and found he had a fool for a client. Unless you have your own permanent, steady, dependable help, if you are your own contractor, you will have trouble by often being compelled to employ drunks and slackers, big on the mouth but singing very small indeed on the job. I have seen some curious examples of that and have had one, myself, on a chimney that was "plugged" six times to lengthen the job. On the other hand, I have a tool house built by dependable men who were not slackers, for \$165, including lumber and labor, when the contractor's price was \$1,100; and I think of a sanitary dairy, the first building of which cost \$7,000, the second larger and better, less than \$2,000; and the second was done by the owner's regular help acting under his orders.

Building is not to-day beyond the average earner's reach if he goes after it right; but no man should attempt to be his own contractor without consulting the big building and architectural exchanges where registers are on file of all the new building devices with cost. Find out what you want! Find out how much it will cost! Then work those two factors out to what you can afford! I don't mean what your pocket and ambitions will afford; I mean what

will equal rent for exactly the same type of home and leave your capital invested unimpaired.

AS TO the second question—Will not ready-to-use substitutes end in "shoddy"? That depends on whether you are big enough fool to buy "shoddy." Every contractor knows that yearly there are rushed up multitudes of duplex houses and apartments and houses for people of moderate income that must be sold instantly: they are so "shoddy" they will not last. It is a case of cheap that is dear. There are shoddy roofings on the market that will not stand a rain followed by a high wind. There are metal trims on the market that will rust and leak in a year; and there are plastic compositions as substitutes for plaster that will warp in the first moisture or heat; but the point is—there are roofings and metal trims and plastic boards on the market costing only two-thirds of the material they substitute, which will not warp and rust and leak, but are durable as the oldest hand-hewn material. One of the prettiest fireplaces I have ever seen in one of the most fashionable roof gardens in the world is nothing but an old syndicate stove greened and gilded with a very fast metal enamel paint. To build a fireplace on that roof would probably have cost \$300. The old stove set in the wall with its metal enamel paint in imitation of the upright fireplaces in a Moorish or Spanish house probably didn't cost \$50 and it isn't shoddy. It throws out a roaring heat and brightens the whole roof.

As in the case of being your own contractor, it is up to you whether you buy "shoddy" or not. If you do, when there are so many genuine substitutes on the market, you are not much to be pitied; but in any case, consult always the builders' and architects' registers. It costs nothing to consult these. They are on record in all building and architectural exchanges; and if no such exchanges exist in your home town, the books cost only \$10 to \$15. Is it safe to be your own architect? That is like asking is it safe to be your own lawyer. It depends on whether your client is a fool.

PROSPERITY INSURANCE

A united community is a prosperous community, urges the *American Lumberman*. Rivalry and discord involve waste of energy, the stuff from which prosperity is manufactured. Energy properly directed brings success and prosperity; wrongly expended it prevents progress and makes success in its proper sense out of the question. A community whose people are at loggerheads can not be really prosperous and progressive.

The one way in which to insure prosperity for your community in 1916 and thereafter is to organize it for community building. Its people must discover or be shown the multitude of interests that they have in common; channels must be opened up for unified effort in behalf of the public welfare. Peace, harmony and progress must be the watchwords for the future.

FROM FAKE TO FACT IN BUYING A COUNTRY HOME

HAS the Back-to-the-Land Movement ended in disillusionment and failure? The welkin rang with it a few years ago. To-day the welkin rings a good deal faintlier, and there is a bit of a wail in the tail end of the echo.

And yet, just as surely as the sap of the dormant tree stirs in February and begins to come up in March and bursts forth in buds in April, so surely does the question come up every spring—to buy or not to buy: Shall it be the commuter's suburban house, or the half-country half-town house with a few acres round it, or the really truly rural farm with horses and cows and pigs and chickens, and dollar bills growing on the cranberry bushes, and apples of pure gold growing in the orchards, without any vision of worms and pests and middlemen and things? Life in town may be all one glorious broad white way (in your fancy) from autumn rains to the last snow of winter; but when the sap begins to stir, it begins to stir in you, too. That apartment, which seemed so cosy in winter, begins to feel like an ill-ventilated packing box; and as for hotels and boarding-houses—what fool was it said that cave life was a thing of the pre-historic past?

Which, being interpreted, means that when spring comes, comes with it to you the longing, which will not down, for open spaces, for the good ground under your feet, for the song of birds instead of the hurdy-gurdy, for the smell of blossoms instead of the stench of the ash cans and the stale air which a million people have used before you got your breath.

AND yet—and yet—let us acknowledge that Back-to-the-Land is no longer a popular slogan. There has been disillusionment and there has been failure. "Good gracious, don't you even say farm to me," said a Back-to-the-Lander whose optimism defied disappointment. "Of course, we love and enjoy country life; but we have gone deeper in the hole every cent we have put in that place; and as for profits—whew!—nix." As that Back-to-the-Lander had plenty of cents to put "into that place," he probably enjoyed putting more money into his "mine" than he would ever take out of it. What he meant by putting money "into that place" was putting \$25,000 of improvements on an already very elaborate house, \$10,000 on a barn that was already superfluously expensive, \$100 a month on a farm manager full of hot air and theory and fancy frills whom it would have been absolutely a profit to pay \$100 a month to keep off the

place. In a word, this Back-to-the-Lander had simply moved the expensive menage—I almost wrote menagerie—of a city out to the country. This was not a farming proposition at all. It was a pleasure jaunt; but the farm got the discredit of the cost.

Of another class are what may be called "the intensive" Back-to-the-Landers—men and women, dead in earnest, who moved out to a few acres and expected if they dug deep enough and worked hard enough to make out of those few acres a comfortable income. They had preached at them "the intensive farming" of Europe—how a whole family in Belgium or Denmark made as much off ten acres as a city man earned in a year. What they had not been told was that the wife and daughters of "the intensive farmer" in Europe worked in the fields, in the stable, in the dairies, and that they considered a cent of as much value as the American considers a dollar.

THEY had read the pretty glowing stories of "intensive" fruit farming—40 trees to the acre, 10 acres of trees, or perhaps 20—there is no reason on earth, when you are farming on paper, why you shouldn't make it 20 or 40—14 barrels or 42 boxes of fruit from each tree—\$1.50 net for each box, or \$4.50 a barrel—total, 1,680 boxes from each acre, 16,800 from 10 acres, \$25,200 gross returns! Jupiter! It went to your head! It beat Klondike! All you needed to do was stick in the trees and sit back and let the dollar bills drop in your lap. Yes, of course, there would be cost of spray and clean culture and fertilizer and cold storage and barrels and boxes; but all that couldn't take more than half the returns, leaving you a net of \$10,000 a year for just sitting under those trees with your mouth open. These pretty stories left out all account of a good spray outfit costing \$200! of a team of horses to haul it costing \$300 to \$400, not to mention \$30 to \$40 for the double set of harness; of men with intelligence enough not to break spraying machinery, costing \$2 a day for two men; of men with intelligence enough not to ruin trees pruning them, costing \$50 a month (the regular wage for pruners in the great apple sections of the West); of the cold storage plant costing at the least \$600; of barrels, immediately on the passing of apple laws, being jacked up to 40 cents a barrel;—of, in fact, a multitude of trifles that punched leaks in the bottom of gross returns so that the end of the year often saw a deficit. In a word, without expense of equipment and labor at all, set down the cost of putting a barrel of

apples on the market at \$1.35 to \$1.50. Average up the price at which apples sold for the last ten years—less than \$2.50 a barrel. From your \$1 a barrel left, deduct interest on cost of equipment; and you have the kind of facts with which the Back-to-the-Lander had to deal when he got out on the job with both feet.

STILL more delusive were the fake yarns of big farms. These scarcely merit reference except that they misled such hosts of Back-to-the-Landers. Whether the publishers knew they were publishing "fakes" or not, I don't know; but I do know that one of the most widely read of these yarns was about a farm that never existed except in the fancy of the sick man who wrote it lying on his back in a hospital. The tenor of all these fakes was much the same—the more you spent, the more you made, tho a good many who have tried out the formula would re-write it, the more you spent, the more you didn't make. The appeal of these fakes was to the rich city man who wanted to retire to the country; and the books set out to show him how to spend his money. They succeeded admirably. What they didn't show him was how to earn money on what he spent; but they swelled the hosts of the misled and helped along the disillusionment that has arrested if not stopped the Back-to-the-Land movement.

It is hard to localize the real cause of the disillusionment. If the land could speak, it might well cry out that it ought not to be held responsible for the blunders of city jackasses and their sissified theorists who don't know a cow from a goat, nor a horse from a hobby horse, but can tell the farmer how to do it. It might well remonstrate that *hot air doesn't make business*, but that you have to get down to a *subsoil of fact*; that putting \$50,000 of improvements on buildings doesn't add one dime's value to the producing power of the soil; that all the theories of proteins in rations and percentages in fertilizers and butterfat in milk do not avail the weight of a pin-feather from one of your plymouth rocks in the sum total of farming *unless you make it pay*; that the whole farming proposition resolves itself into just one question—*Does it pay?*—and if it doesn't pay, you must kick it off and out; for if you don't it will put you down and out.

WHEN you ferret the cause of the misleading evangel back to its base, you will find it like the root of a good many other evils in this world—what the Bible calls "the root of all evil"—money.

The evangel began about six or eight years ago, when the real estate boom developed into a frenzy from Florida to the irrigation sections of the Southwest, and from the Southwest on up to the Canadian Northwest. Not thousands but millions were being spent in advertizing; and it was impossible to exaggerate the successes of those who were succeeding in farming, just as it was impossible to paint too darkly the failures of those who were going down. Advertizing was being sold. Land was being sold. Bonds in irrigation companies were being sold. Shares in land companies were being sold. Town lots were being sold on the strength of the land boom, and railway debentures and shares were being sold on the strength of the settlement. Everybody whooped: "Land—land—back-to-the-land"; and if a man made \$10,000, it was retold as \$100,000; and if a man sank \$100,000 and didn't make a cent, it wasn't retold at all, but "hushed."

Take a big daily or weekly of that period. Run your pencil over and classify the advertizing. Ninety per cent. of it was "boom" stuff, and the reading columns reflected it. I was in the irrigation section of the West and went on up to the wheat section of the Northwest. It didn't take long to see that land was being sold as "irrigated" that was 100 feet above the water line, had no water and never could have water. Similar fakes were being perpetrated in the wheat country of the Northwest, the fruit country of the Southeast, "the abandoned" farm area of the Middle West and East. I could tell a story here of subterranean efforts to stop the exposure of this land faking; but it is aside from the subject. The point is, when the bubble burst the Back-to-the-Land movement bore the brunt of the back-washing wave of disappointment and disillusionment. Now you may curse Old Dame Nature for being cruel, for being hard; but there is one thing you can never curse her for—*she is never a liar. Hot air doesn't produce crops with her. It takes humus and moisture and muscle, and, above all, horse-sense founded on fact.*

THE land was fertile as ever. The successes were true as ever. The failures were as inevitable as Dame Nature knew they must be. What happened was, the bubble burst. The advertizing companies collapsed. The hot-air artists came down to earth with a dull thud. They began to hit facts. The pity is, so many innocent believers of hot-air artists were hurt. The blessing is, the hot-air artist is off the carpet and the Back-to-the-Land movement can go on unattended with a brass band and a gramophone; for the land is there, and the desire is in the human heart for the land.

But get two or three misconceptions clear.

Book farming is not farming.

Kid-glove theory is not farming.

Editorial ink isn't farming.

Agricultural research isn't farming. (It's a scientific search for what may help farming.)

Agriculture college guff isn't farming. (Agricultural college education is just what any other education is—it's a preparation for life. What's done with the education depends on the stuff in the man who gets it. I write this after having employed seven graduates in four years. Of the seven, I would pay six to keep off the place.)

There is only one test of farming—Does it pay? Will it leave a man better off this year than last, and next year than this? No use telling a man to use \$26 a ton fertilizer and \$40 a ton cotton meal and \$100 cows and improved machinery. Unless he makes money he can't buy these things. If he makes money, and they will help him to make more money, he will buy them without any little preachments from you or me. *The job of farming is farming—getting wealth out of the soil.* The farmers in the West began twenty-five years ago with sod shanties. To-day they have houses with city conveniences and motor cars and bank balances. Nobody made them a universal present of it. They got it out of the soil.

LIKEWISE of the East and the Middle West. Our ancestors began in log cabins and stone hutches. To-day the houses and barns in these sections are huge rambling affairs larger than the number of living creatures they house, and larger, much larger, than the help available under modern conditions can handle; but the huge old rambling colonial houses and barns represent wealth taken out of the soil.

Tho the Blind led the Blind very largely in the recent Back-to-the-Land movement and both went into the ditch, the land is there; and the proof of the wealth to be taken out of the soil is there if you have the gumption to get it out.

We'll suppose you want to buy a country home. There are just four types you can buy.

There is the elaborate country home with grounds enough round it to give you a garden. As that is only a country edition of the city, it may be dismissed here.

There is the elaborate country estate with palatial buildings, tenantry and broad acres. As this type of country home has yet to show that it can be made to pay its own way, it may be dismissed as a typical country home. It is not a country home. It is a rural way of spending a fortune made in the city.

There is the simple country place in

a country town or on the outskirts of a country town with just enough ground to give you a garden, where the city man may flee the rush and confinement of metropolitan life for a few months in the year or all the year round.

Then there is the farm, which you expect to pay its own way, if not to accumulate a surplus for you.

Only the last two can be considered as country homes in the general acceptance of the phrase. I may say I would hesitate to consider anything less than 40 acres as "a farm," if you expect it to pay its way; and if you expect it to accumulate a surplus, I should say put it at not less than 200 acres, and as close up to 400 as you can afford. The 200 or 400-acre place will not require much more machinery or very much more help for its operation than the 40-acre or 100-acre place; and the returns will be two and three and fourfold. Take the matter of haying, of harvesting, of planting and picking potatoes, of spraying orchards,—you will need two men in any case, unless you run a truck farm or small poultry place, where one man alone can do the work. If you have 200 or 400 acres, you will get double and fourfold results with almost the same overhead expenses as for 40 or 100 acres. You will need, perhaps, an extra team and an extra wagon; but that will be more than repaid in your fourfold results. Figure this out any way you will—the number of chickens, the number of cows, the tons of hay, the barrels of apples—you will find the thing a fact, borne out by experience if not by the theorists who boomed the small intensive farm ten years ago.

WHERE can such places be found, say, within 50 to 100 miles of the city where you work? Can they be got cheap—say at a price that will not exceed your rent for ten years in town?

I answer, and I answer from experience in both the country town and on the farm—*such places can be found within 50 miles of any city between the Mississippi and the Atlantic at prices varying from \$2,500 or less to \$25,000 or more.* You answer, this is preposterous. Something must be wrong—a slaughter house, or a mill, or objectionable environment. Why, \$2,500 would not equal the city rent of a poor apartment in the poorest part of a city for five years. It would not equal one year's rent in a good section of the city. Perfectly true! Yet I answer, between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, anywhere from Maine to Florida, you can buy houses that originally cost \$5,000 to \$7,000 for less than the cost of the lumber in them. *You can buy farms of good fertility on good roads not two miles from church and market and railroad at half the cost of the buildings*

on them. You can buy them without any disadvantages of slaughter-house, or mill, or objectionable environment.

You ask, how is this possible? There must be something rabidly, rottenly wrong. I answer, there is something rabidly, rottenly wrong; but it is not with the environment. It is not with the land. It is a deep economic thing that would require a book to explain; but the result is that *farms and moderate-sized homes are the cheapest in the East to-day they have been for a hundred years. They are the cheapest now they will be for a hundred years.* Those who buy in the East now will profit from the ground swell of such an advance in prices as brought such fortunes to the West in the last twenty-five years.

WHEN you ask what causes effected the lowered values, I answer—three things, all of which are passing or have passed.

First, the high tariff era of the Civil War caused a mushroom growth of factories all through the East, which drew the country boy and girl to the town.

Second, the opening of the West drew the boys and girls from the East.

And third, the modern trust development put an iron ring of depressed prices round everything the farmer has to sell.

If you will consider these causes carefully, you will see that two have passed and are reversing back this way; and the third is in process of being ousted.

The fact remains—as a result *homes are cheap in the East. Land is cheap, dirt-cheap. It can never be lower.*

It is foolish for the East to resent statement of this fact. With land selling in the East at from \$5 for poor to \$35 for perfect soil per acre of a quality you would have to pay \$75 to \$150 for anywhere in the West from Texas to Alberta, there is no use in blinking the fact, land is dirt-cheap. To pretend to yourself it isn't cheap is to fool yourself; and to resent making the fact widely known is to prevent values going up by people coming in. If you have a good thing, the only way to send the value of that thing up, is to have as many people as possible bid for it.

A FEW years ago I wrote a series of articles on cheap farms in the East. One small section of the East that ought to have known better arose on its hind legs and said such reports were misleading and hurt the East. The protest was given flare heads. The very next week a life-long resident of the very section that had protested—a resident who was then and



Why don't you shut the window when the dollars are flying out?

IF he would put in Grinnell Sprinklers throughout his factory, this man would save \$600 a year that is now flying away in high fire insurance rates. The Grinnell system would cost \$3,000 to erect. Therefore, it would pay for itself in five years.

If he prefers not to invest his own money he can have the system installed free and let the insurance savings pay for it in yearly installments.

But he waits—

—and delays.

—and procrastinates.

—and—"sometime, when we're not so busy."

—and months slip by

—and years!

Meanwhile \$600 a year is slipping out of his safe. In effect, he lights his cigar once a week with a \$10 bill and excuses it in the name of caution, of conservatism, of "going slow". For instance—

A Grinnell System for an Ohio manufacturer cost \$6,100. It would cut his annual insurance cost from \$1,975 to \$395 a year. But he fiddled around for six years. Delay cost him \$9,480.

Another concern in Flint, Michigan, took six years to get down to brass tacks at a net cost to them of \$4,700 a year.

We have seen a similar situation hundreds of times. It is one of the curious features of our business—men who can't seem to realize that it is

costing them cold cash every day they delay the acceptance of Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler economics.

We admit that the installation of Grinnell Sprinkler protection is an important event in any business. It involves a purchase of some size. Due care should be exercised, of course. But dilatory, easy-going procrastination is caution run to seed. Too much "conservatism" and "going slow" on this matter means simply that you are paying for Grinnell Sprinklers now—and not getting them.

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DEAF?

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1916 Acousticon**

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is yet a total stranger to me—wrote a public letter giving example after example of cheap, almost abandoned, homes for sale for little more than arrears of taxes. That proof was not given a flare head. Meanwhile, literally hundreds of letters poured in from the West wanting to know the whereabouts of these cheap lands. They came in an avalanche that could not be answered personally. Tho four years have passed, three or four letters a month still come on the subject; but as the East objected to the West knowing that the cheapest good lands for sale on earth were right in the East, we locked those letters up in files and put them away. If the East had had but a fraction of the public spirit of the West, it would have gone out in the highways and byways to catch those disillusioned Back-to-the-Landers. It would have shouted its opportunities from the housetops. Every village and hamlet would have organized its board of trade and spread its net for these birds of passage seeking land from Texas to Alberta. Canada regards every settler as worth to the community where he settles \$1,000. Canada at that time was getting over 400,000 a year. If the East could but get 100,000 settlers a year, it would mean potential wealth of 100 million dollars a year to the community. Instead of which—these are not my figures, they are the Federal Census—one state of the East has lost 300,000 farmers in ten years.

WHERE are these cheap farms and homes to be found in the East?

Everywhere.

How are they to be found?

By going out after them. Board for a few weeks in some quiet community! Take a horse and drive leisurely off the main highways. You will find miles of unoccupied farms and unoccupied houses; and don't wear too large-sized a hat-band. Leave your millionaire air at home! Jog along and talk to some one you find on the roadside. Find out about these vacant and rented places. The story will grow to have a terrible sameness for you. The boys went West or to town. The girls married. Wages went up for hired help. The old folks wouldn't pay these fancy wages for nine-hour-a-day hired men. When the old folks died, the boy in town or the girl who had married and gone away, came back and mortgaged the old place to the hilt; your roadside informant guesses there are three "plasters" on it; and you could get it by closing out the first; or else the place has been rented "skinned," they call it, for twenty years. Just then a board flaps in the wind; or a rabbit jumps from the clump of brier roses; or phoebe from the rotting eaves yells

his head off at such intruding strangers as you and me.

THIS is the typical story. It is true of countless byways and highways from the Mississippi to the Atlantic. But don't go inquiring as a prospective buyer. Country people with dead property on their hands have a curious idea of city people liking to burn dollar bills. I have known of country places eagerly for sale at \$1,800 some beautiful morning when I have gone leisurely for a drive to enjoy the birds or the flowers, which instantly jumped to \$4,500 or \$5,000 when I went back in a month with a city friend who wanted to buy. You know the story of the old Western prospectors who sit in tatters above a hole in the ground and grow old waiting for some one to pay a million. Deal directly with the owners; for the agent will charge 5 to 10 per cent. and may salt you \$1,000 above the seller's price.

Lastly, don't be scared off your quest. *Good land is cheap only because non-progressive people hold it.* If fertile land were surrounded by progressive people your \$5 an acre "abandoned" farm areas in the East would be selling for \$75 as in the Dakotas and Montana; your \$35 an acre "tenant" farms would be selling for \$200 as in Iowa and Illinois and California and Ohio. It is because non-progressive people are in possession that the good land is cheap.

Therefore be prepared to be told "farmers don't make 2 per cent. on investment." Be prepared to be told that any person who attempts to make "an abandoned farm" pay is "a fool," or "crazy." *Be prepared, in a word, for Knock, Talk and Block! Be prepared for Blob in slathers, Gab in lathers, and Booze in barrels; for if there were no Knock, Talk and Block, if there were no Blob, Gab and Booze, if there were no Jaw Bones instead of Backbones, there would be no fertile land dirt-cheap on the market to-day.*

PERSONALLY, I would never buy for intensive farming; but this is a personal opinion and is not to be taken as a fact. Some one else may have as firm faith in specialized farming as I have in general. I would never buy for intensive farming because I have never known an apple region that in some year was not compelled to depend on something else. (This year, certain favored apple sections of the West did not sell their apples to cover the freight to the East, and would have suffered want if they had not turned to truck gardening.) I have never known a wheat country—and I was brought up in the

An Old Man at Fifty —A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco Business Man, Who Has Solved the Problem of Prolonging Youth

THERE is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world-famous mission, ages ago, has been brought to light right here in staid, prosaic America by Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco business man. He can prove it, too, right in his own person.

At 50 he was partially bald. Today he has a thick head of hair, although it is white. At 50 his eyes were weak. Today they are as strong as when he was a child. At 50 he was a worn-out, broken-down, decrepit old man. Today he is in perfect health, a good deal of an athlete, and as young as the average man of 35.

All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practices for about ten minutes before arising in the morning. Yes, the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem.

As Mr. Bennett explains, his case was not one of preserving health, but one of rejuvenating a weak, middle-aged body into a robust old one, and he says what he has accomplished, anyone can accomplish by the application of the same methods, and so it would seem. All of which puts the Dr. Osler theory to shame.

There isn't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All of this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a wonderful book. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and as Mr. Bennett firmly believes the one hundredth milestone of life, should read.

tism; Varicose Veins in the Legs; The Hair; The Obese Abdomen; The Rejuvenation of the Face, Throat and Neck; The Skin, and many other experience chapters of vital interest.

How You Can Get This Book

"Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" with its 400 pages, profusely illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth, contains as much material as many books selling for \$3.00 or more. By special arrangement with the publishers of *Physical Culture*, the leading and most practical health magazine of the day, it is now possible for you to secure a year's subscription to *Physical Culture*—12 big numbers—each copy containing over 100 pages of interesting and instructive information akin to the development of health, strength and vitality, together with Sanford Bennett's big book, for only \$2.00. The subscription price of *Physical Culture* alone is \$1.50. So you are getting a rare bargain.



SANFORD BENNETT AT 50



SANFORD BENNETT AT 74

Don't Send Any Money

Before committing yourself in any way, however, the publishers will send you "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention," together with the current issue of *Physical Culture*, on approval without deposit. Then, if after examination in your own home you feel you can afford to be without this library of vital practical youth and health-achieving knowledge, send the book back within five days after its receipt and you will owe nothing. If you decide to keep the book and become a subscriber to *Physical Culture*, send your check for \$2.00 and you will receive the magazine regularly for a year. There are no strings to this offer. No money is required in advance. Merely fill out and mail the coupon and by return post "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention" and the current issue of *Physical Culture* will reach you.

For having solved the problem of perpetual youth during life, the world owes Sanford Bennett a vote of thanks. Of course there are those who will scoff at the idea, but the real wise men and women among those who hear of Sanford Bennett and his return to youth, will most certainly investigate further, and at least acquire a knowledge of his methods. This the publishers allow you to do without cost or obligation through their "send no money" offer. But it is advisable to mail the coupon to-day because this unusual no-risk offer is liable to be withdrawn any moment.



Partial Contents

Some idea of the field covered by the author may be gained by the following topics: Old Age, Its Cause; How to prevent It; The Will in Exercising; Exercising in Bed—shown by fifteen pages of illustration. Sun, Fresh Air and Deep Breathing for Lung Development; The Secret of Good Digestion; Dyspepsia; How I Strengthened My Eyes; The Liver; Internal Cleanliness; External Cleanliness; Rheuma-

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wheat country of the West—which in some year did not suffer almost total failure. My own wheat was a total failure this year. I have never known a stock region which in some year either from disease or trust manipulation was not put at disadvantage. (Last year certain sections of the Middle West were ruined by the foot and mouth disease, and certain sections of the East were almost put out of business by the milk trusts.)

I would buy so that I could farm intensively if I wanted to, but would never be tied down to one intensive

form of farming. That is, I would buy a place with an orchard but not dependent on the orchard, with pasture and running water, but also arable land for cereals, so I would not need to buy feed, and with a wood lot to help pay the cost of help in the winter season.

Can such places be bought at low prices? They can, and within fifty miles of the largest markets of the East. That is why I reiterate *that the best chances for ground floor investment in good lands to-day lies between the Mississippi and the Atlantic.*

WHAT LAND OR FARM CREDITS MEAN

D ID you ever ask yourself why it is that the United States is the only country in the world where the land-owning class is not the capitalistic class? In Germany, in Great Britain, in Denmark, in France, in Japan, to own land is tantamount to owning wealth, to be a farmer is to belong to the most powerful class in the country.

Why not in the United States?

If you try to answer that question you find yourself in the middle of the most vexing problems confronting the country to-day, Farm Credits and Farm Markets. The farmer pays the highest rates of interest in the country and he receives barely 45 per cent. of the market price of his produce.

In two lines, those are the sole reasons why farmers in the United States are not capitalists. In two lines, they are the sole reason that two people live in the town for one who lives on the land. They are the sole reason why one man has to feed two men and gets only 45 per cent. of the market price for doing it. Urban population has increased 34 per cent. in ten years. Rural population has increased only 11 per cent. Ten per cent. of the nation's population to-day lives in three big cities. Sixty per cent. lives in smaller cities and towns. Only 30 per cent. lives on the land and produces the food you have to buy. Yet you wonder that the cost of living is high and that the farmer is not content with 45 per cent. of the market price.

JUST take a few brief facts in the case.

Out of 7613 national banks, the book records of 1247 showed extortionate rates charged farmers. When the banks were charging the city man—the manufacturer, the storekeeper, the railroad promoter—4 to 6 per cent., they were charging the farmers 18 to 60 per cent. The highest rates charged were in Texas, Oklahoma, North Dakota, Georgia, Alabama, tho 12 per cent. was considered quite moderate in the Rocky Mountain States. That is,

if your boy wanted to be a merchant, he could obtain loans for from 5 to 6 per cent. If he wanted to farm, his loans would cost from 12 per cent. up. These are records given under oath to the bank examiners. Do you wonder "the kid" chose kid gloves and pen and ink, instead of blue jeans and horse and plow?

Add all the loans made by all the banks in the country! For \$1 loaned on farms, \$6 is loaned on city real estate. Which loan do you think does the country the more good? For \$2.50 loaned on farms, \$97.50 are loaned on factories. From whom do the factories draw the raw material? Only 10 per cent. of all the loans made in the country are made on farms. The railroads of the United States employ two and a half million men, the farms twelve and a half million people. The railroads support ten million people; the farms from thirty-five millions to forty-five millions. Yet the farmer can borrow only \$1 for \$10 the railroad can borrow.

THERE are 2,354,676 farmers living on rented land because they cannot borrow the capital to buy land; and there are one-sixth of all the railroads in the country in receivers' hands.

Do you wonder that farmers are not capitalists in this country? Yet they constitute one-third of the population. The thirty-five to forty million people living on farms yearly add 10 billion dollars to the country's wealth. The seven million people engaged in manufactures add 20 billion dollars to the country's wealth; but they draw one-half of this wealth from the farmer. They get credit. The farmer doesn't. Yet on agriculture, the factory absolutely depends.

Do you wonder that the farmer demands a Land Credit system or Farm Bank system that will do for him what the Federal Reserves have done for commerce? Give him a farm banking system, *owned by farmers, managed by*

(Continued on page 140.)



"Cadillac—Standard of the World" —a phrase or a fact?

IS THE Cadillac, in fact, the Standard of the World?

Is it the one car which is accepted as a pattern of excellence and efficiency?

Look back over the past twelve years and ask yourself what other car has wielded so wide an influence over the industry.

Ask yourself if motor cars, as a whole, are not better cars today because of Cadillac progressiveness and Cadillac initiative.

You recall that the first Cadillac was also the first practical, enduring motor car.

You remember the period in which the Cadillac inaugurated the thorough standardization of parts.

You remember that the Cadillac accomplished also the first production in large quantities of a really high grade car at a moderate price.

The introduction by the Cadillac of electric starting and lighting is still fresh in your memory.

And you know finally, that the Cadillac as a climax to its other constructive contributions to the industry, brought forth the high-speed, high-efficiency V-type engine.

Around the world that V-type multi-cylinder engine is admittedly at the zenith of design and of efficiency.

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Upon its first appearance, the Cadillac Eight received the unique tribute of a larger purchase on the part of other makers than any other car has probably ever known.

Its scientific design and superb workmanship compelled their most intense admiration—its performance was pronounced nothing short of marvelous.

If the Cadillac had not been the standard of the world before, the V-type multi-cylinder Cadillac would have made it so.

It has become the standard of the world in smoothness and in swift acceleration, in flexibility and in hill climbing power.

It is the world's standard in its incomparable roadability, its luxury, its ease of operation and control, and in absence of fatigue after long journeys.

These characteristics, added to its world-wide reputation for dependable and enduring service, have furnished for the industry *new inspirations—new incentives—new goals for ambitions.*

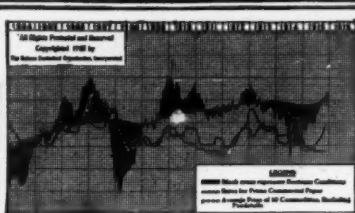
Is not the Cadillac deserving of the title it has so long and so honorably held?

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farmers, operated for farmers, as the Federal Reserves are owned by commerce, managed by commerce, operated for commerce, and give him a market system that enables him to put his produce directly in the hands of the buyer—and he will work out his economic salvation as commerce has.

SO the Farm Credit bills and Land Bank schemes are coming up in Washington, and it seems almost a pity they should be overshadowed by National Defense; for an army is only as strong as its stomach. Trade and commerce are literally based and built on the farm. For instance, we think our enormous exports with resulting redundant prosperity come from War Orders. So they do; but let us examine War Orders!

At the time when purely munition exports totalled 500 million dollars, and motors 75 million dollars, farm produce exports totalled 750 million dollars. Will you please chew on those figures? Then ask yourself why the banks extend \$90 credit to the factory for \$10 they extend to the farm. Ask yourself if the farmer hasn't a right to kick and kick hard.

Europe has worked this thing out or she would not be fed. When a country the size of Texas—Germany—has 60 million mouths to feed, she looks after the farmer, who does the feeding. The same of France and Denmark and Ireland, yes, and Russia and Chile and Japan.

The United States is the only country in the world that has not worked out a cheap money credit system for farmers; and she is the only country in the world where farmers' earnings average lower than mechanics'. It may be predicted that this state of affair will pass within the next ten years; and when it passes, land will jump in the United States to the values of land in Europe, from \$100 to \$1,000 an acre. Shares in a farm will be the most valuable shares to own on earth.

ATTENTION need not be drawn to the Farm Credit bills of last session; for they fell through; but if you want to do more to help along the prosperity of the United States than anything on earth will do, write to your congressman, to your senator, and insist he support one of the Land Credit or Farm Bank bills now before the Government. Insist that he forces these as issues before National Defense, or any other bill. Add \$100 a year to the incomes of the farmers of the United States. Diminish the interest charges of the farmers of the United States by \$100 a year; and you will add more wealth to the nation yearly than twice all the War Orders that have come to the country; and War Orders have literally sky-rocketed

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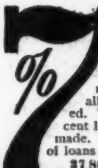
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You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should

You can, I know you can, because I have reduced 32,000 women and have built up that many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms.

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—if you only knew how well! I build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as

Nervousness, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Indigestion, Etc.

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength."

Another says: "Last May I weighed 100 pounds, this May I weigh 125 and oh! I feel SO WELL."

Won't you sit down and write now for my interesting booklet? You are welcome to it. It is FREE. Don't wait, you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 6, 624 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago

Rand, McNally & Co. have just published Miss Cocroft's new book, "Beauty a Duty." For sale at all booksellers. Beautifully bound.

us with a boom. Farm Credits such as Germany has would give this country a permanent boom.

The petty graft and loan shark usury of farm loans need no description here. When farmers are paying from 12 to 60 per cent., the evils need no proof; and those figures are given by the federal bank examiner. I have known farmers who borrowed \$10,000 at 12 per cent.; and over and above the 12 per cent. which they paid as the highest legal rate, they paid the man who found the loan for them \$1,000. Much worse cases are on record. If you want them, write to the federal bank examiner.

HOW the bills now before Congress will emerge is hard to predict; but the points of difference between them and the European systems which have proved a success are these:

It has been proposed to charge 1 per cent. here for the expense of issuing the loans and paying for the machinery of the banking system. In Europe, the overhead charges are only one-fourth of 1 per cent.—lower in some cases; and the debentures or bonds of these banks are so good that during the War—say in Prussia—they have maintained higher levels than government bonds.

The greatest length of time suggested for loans here has been 30 to 35 years. Farm loans in Europe run 75 years in France, 68 years in Italy, 57 in Sweden, 56 in Germany, 50 in Japan, a small portion of the capital being amortized each year.

Here, loans sometimes run up to two-thirds the value of the land. In Europe, loans are made for one-half the value of the farm land.

Here, the objection is made that it is unfair for the Federal Government to extend federal funds to establish special banks for a special class. The answer is: that is exactly what the Federal Reserves did for trade. Why not for the farmer, through farm banks? France, Germany, Japan, Austria—all have extended government aid in the beginning; tho the aid was not needed long. We'll suppose the bank receives \$1,000,000 advance. On the strength of that, it loans \$1,000,000 to farmers on land mortgages. The government issues a bond guaranteeing the mortgage. The mortgage-bond is then sold to the public the same as debentures. The proceeds of the sale gives the bank back the capital to go on and repeat the process indefinitely.

ON the other hand, it is suggested: let the government keep out of it! Let the government empower farmers all over the country to cooperate and organize among them-

selves to launch banks. The answer to this is: *the very districts that need the loans most have no money to begin.* Pioneer districts begin with sod shanties and no capital but muscle. If they borrow the initial capital from strong banks, they are repeating the evils now in vogue; and may be charged higher rates of interest and bonuses on loans to exceed the legal limit. The point is, farm credits must be kept on a low percentage basis; or they defeat their own ends. They must not be a new device for the city to exploit the country.

The country is not bound to follow any European system of land credits. The points are: the rate of interest must be low, not above 5 or 6 per cent. In Europe, the rates run from 3 to 4 per cent. The time of payment must be spread over at least half a century;

so that the borrower can pay back in spite of fate or flood, illness or misfortune, so gradually he will not feel it above the rate of taxes. The overhead expenses must be kept low. *The system must not be a profit system. It is not to enrich the banker. It is to enrich the borrower and to afford the lender absolute security.* A government guarantee must be behind the farmer's bond. Why? Otherwise, how can the Farmer's Bank sell his securities at 5 to 6 per cent. in competition with get-rich-quick ventures that carry 10 per cent. for a few years and then blow up?

It is worth every while to watch and force the progress of these Farm Credit and Land Bank bills; for they are a greater defense to the country than cannon fodder or cannon shot. We count on spending 500



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Rooms 100% clean in 10 minutes!

Ten minutes' use of the ARCO WAND makes the room a new place—with the appearance of cleanliness and freshness which could not be produced with quadruple the time spent laboriously with brooms, mops, and dusters.

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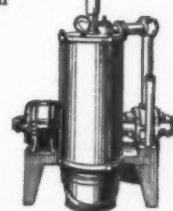
of furniture, drapes, carpets or rugs. Just point the magic hollow wand and the dirt disappears! No fuss, fog or worry. The machine is located in the cellar or side-room and is run by electric motor—or gasoline if desired. By turning a switch, a strong, steady suction is produced through the single iron suction pipe running up through partition about central in the house. On each floor, usually in the baseboard, is a lid-opening into which hose is slipped. The wand and cleaning tools are attached to the hose, thus making lightest and handiest instruments for doing all the household cleaning. With the ARCO WAND everything can be cleaned—carpets, rugs, draperies, ceilings, walls, pictures, book shelves, upholstery, books, mattresses, stairs, closets, furs, clothing, etc. The woman gains many hours of extra time every week for more profitable and enjoyable things.

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This cleaner is built for years of service. It will last as long as the building stands. The price is reasonable and includes our full guarantee. Operation costs about a penny a day. Absolutely noiseless and can be installed in any building, old or new, country or city. Our thirty-two page book "ARCO WAND" gives much more information than we can tell here. Send for it at once and talk the matter over with your wife. Put in, in a jiffy, by any dealer

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Makers of the world-famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

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Machine is set in basement or side room. A suction pipe runs to each floor. ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaners, hose and tools, are sold by all Heating and Plumbing Trade, in sizes at \$150 up. Price does not include labor, connections and freight.



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million dollars on defense. If you want to amuse yourself, figure what one-fifth that would total as a nucleus for farm credits, issued on land mortgages, then the land mortgages and the government bonds resold to the investing public, and the process repeated for fifty years. The result would not be a Back to the Land slogan. It would be a stampede.

Write to your congressman and your senator.

MILK PRICES AGAIN

IN a very quiet way, some things have been happening in the milk business.

Keep in mind these three facts:

The consumer in the city is paying the highest price for milk he has ever paid.

The farmer is receiving for milk the lowest price he has ever received.

The milk companies are paying the highest dividends they have ever paid and their stock is watered 90 per cent. whatever the cow may do with her milk as to butter fat.

Last summer we were told that the War had caused the low price. Times were so hard people were not buying milk. There was a glut of milk. Therefore, prices went down below the cost of production.

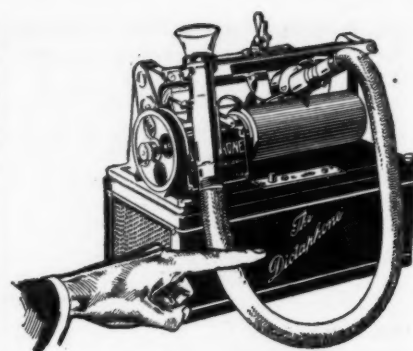
To-day, the Health Departments of two cities—New York and Boston—declare there is a serious shortage of milk—the Grade B milk, the kind which people of moderate means buy; but the price has not gone up to the farmer; and more and more dairymen are going out of the business.

We are told that war caused the drop in milk and other dairy products last summer. As a matter of fact—not trade trickery to conceal price manipulation—butter exports have increased from three and a half million pounds to ten million pounds, cheese from two and a half million pounds to fifty-four million pounds, and condensed milk from eleven million pounds to thirty-seven million pounds.

Yet the price was dropped automatically to the farmers to such a level that many dairymen went out of the business.

THE milk situation has now become an election issue in New England. Boston's report of the rigging of the milk market has gone to more than 50,000 investigators.

Curiously enough, it has been proved by Wisconsin, one of the great dairy states, that the man who has been going up and down the country decrying the dairy farmers as benighted pagans and praising the milk companies for purifying milk and the oleomargarine people for saving public health by giving them adulterated food instead of dairy butter—it has



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The trade name "Dictaphone" is registered in the United States Patent Office and is legally applied exclusively to the business graphophone, for dictating and transcribing, made only by the American Graphophone Company and sold through the Columbia Graphophone Company. There is only one Dictaphone made and that is The Dictaphone.

There is a very necessary reason for printing this message here at this time. You possibly may have gotten the idea or impression—either from the intentional or unintentional effort of some interested salesman or other person with an axe to grind and something else to sell—that any dictation machine is a Dictaphone. But we have tried to make clear in this advertisement that there is only one Dictaphone and that one is the dictation and transcribing graphophone made by this company. And it is known as The Dictaphone, legally and exclusively, and it is marked "The Dictaphone," plainly and distinctively and unmistakably.

Reach for your telephone and call up the Dictaphone. Arrange for a demonstration in your own office on your own work. If you don't find that name in the book, write to

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Suite 1206, Woolworth Bldg.

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Stores in the principal cities
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"How One Man Saved Money"—
a book we should like to send you



This Advertisement was dictated to the Dictaphone

IMPORTANT!

When notifying *Current Opinion* of a change in address, subscribers should give both the old and the new address. This notice should reach us about two weeks before the change is to take effect.

been proved that this Knight of the Milk Pail is publicity agent for the milk trust; and in short, wherever his damning indictment of the farmer has been shouted loudest you will find solid page advertisements of the milk trust paid for at from \$1,200 per page to \$4,000. Hush! Of course, there is no connection!

The truth is the milk situation is coming exactly to where New York and Massachusetts and Wisconsin have foreseen it would come. Dairy interests will have to be taken out of trust management and the sale handled by the State. Details of these plans, which are likely to be election issues, will be given fully in another month.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S STORY OF THE ANCONA TRAGEDY

[Dr. Cecile Greil, the only native-born American on the liner *Ancona*, which was shelled and sunk by an Austrian submarine, writes an intensely graphic account of the terrible event. She precedes it with a description of the crowd of passengers, mostly poor Italian women and children, that had passage on the ship—the most pathetic gathering, it seemed to her as they came aboard the ship, that she had ever seen. Her story of their doom is told in the *N. Y. Times*.]

THE bell for luncheon rang at 11:30. As we sat at the table, still without the Captain, we joked and laughed together, to hide our lack of ease. We spoke of trivial things. We were through with lunch now; the others were going out; I was rising from my seat, at the same time drinking the remainder of my coffee. Then the thing came upon us that we had all, strangely enough, felt coming, in our hearts.

A terrific vibration shook the ship. I was thrown back into my seat. I knew that the ship must be stopping. I heard a running and scurrying about the deck outside. Looking out, I saw, through the dining saloon window, six or ten stewards in white whirling out of sight around an angle.

"What could be wrong, Doctor?" I asked one of the ship's doctors in French.

"Heaven only knows!" he answered, as he carefully adjusted his military cape, and hurried out. The dining saloon was emptied in an instant; everybody had bolted as if they were running to a fire.

It was evident that something had gone wrong with the ship, tho, by some queer process of mind, at that moment nobody thought of a submarine. But hearing the next moment a sharp, quick crash, as of lightning that had struck home close by, at the same instant I both thought of the possibility of a submarine—and saw one!



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The whole telephone-using public is interested in the army of telephone employees—what kind of people are they, how are they selected and trained, how are they housed and equipped, and are they well paid and loyal.

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is thorough and the worker must be specially fitted for his position.

Workrooms are healthful and attractive, every possible mechanical device being provided to promote efficiency, speed and comfort.

Good wages, an opportunity for advancement and prompt recognition of merit are the rule throughout the Bell System.

An ample reserve fund is set aside for pensions, accident and sick benefits and insurance for employees, both men and women. "Few if any industries," reports the Department of Commerce and Labor, "present so much or such widely distributed, intelligent care for the health and welfare of their women workers as is found among the telephone companies."

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THE fog had lifted slightly. There, in full view framed in the window with a curious, picture-like effect, lay a submarine with its deck out of the water. It was long and flat, horribly longer and bigger than the mental conception I had formed of what such a thing would be like. There was a gun mounted in front, and another at back, and both had their muzzles leveled directly at the *Ancona*.

The submarine stood out in clear, black outline against the white background of mist. The fog seemed only to make it more distinct, as it always does with objects near by. From a staff in the back broke a red and white drapeau. Afterward I learned that this was the combination of colors that made the Austrian flag. I was ignorant of it, then, tho I remembered the exact colors.

So far, I could find nothing tragic or terrible in the situation. Possibly we would be in danger of considerable exposure in open boats, before other ships, summoned by wireless, would pick us up. I did not rush but as the others had done. I stood quite still, in order to calm myself, to give myself time to think what would better be done. The *Ancona* had come to a stop. Of that I was certain. I also knew that the ship was doomed.

But now there came another terrible crash, and another, and another, in different parts of the ship, followed by explosions and the sound of debris falling into the water and on deck. Well, they were merely destroying the wireless. Still there was no fear of death.

BUT now I was aware of a terrible shrieking. Everybody was in a frightened panic.

Well, as for myself—to get excited

wouldn't help. I went to my cabin as calmly as I could, determined to save what I could of my valuables. I put them in my lifebelt. I took a receipt for 20,000 lire, which I had left with the purser. I went toward the bow of the ship. I descended the staircase to the second cabin, on the way to the purser's office. A large part of the staircase had been shot away—and the horror of what I saw at the bottom of it made me instantly forget what I was going for. There lay three or four women, four or five children, and several men. Some of them were already dead, all, at least, badly wounded. I made sure two of the children were dead. The purser sprawled limply across his desk, inert, like a sack of meal that has been flung down and stays where it lies. He had been shot in the head. The blood was running bright like red paint, freshly spilt, down his back, and his hair was matted with it.

The first series of shots had wrecked this part of the ship, breaking through and carrying away whole sections of the framework. I tried to get back up the stairs. But in the slight interval of time I had consumed, enough additional shells had been discharged to finish the wreck of the staircase.

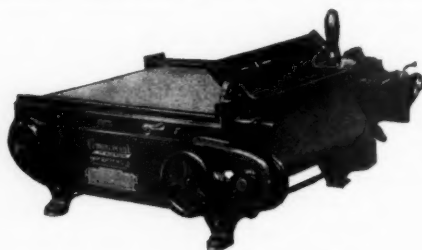
I SAW that this was not what the nations call, ironically enough, "legitimate warfare," but wholesale and indiscriminate massacre. Seeing my exit that way cut off, I started through the second cabin to go up the central stairway. The sight that I ran into there was indescribable. All the passengers from the third cabin had rushed up into the second. They had altogether lost their wits. The only thing that was left them was the animal instinct for self-preservation in its most disastrous and most idiotic form. Men, women, and children were burrowing headforemost under chairs and benches and tables. I saw one man, his face pressed close against the floor side-wise, heaving a chair up in the air with his back, in an effort to efface himself.

All the while the detonations, like continuous thunder and lightning, increased the panic. Women were on their knees in mental agony, each supplicating the particular saint of the part of the country from which she came to save her from death. I pushed and shoved them by the shoulders. I took them by the legs and arms and clothes, and urged them, in Italian, to get up, to put on lifebelts, to get off the ship. I told them that, at least, they would find no security from shells under chairs and tables.

I FOUND a poor old woman at the foot of the stairs, huddled in prayer. Her thin, gray hair straggled loose over her shoulder. I recognized her as a woman I had got acquainted with in my search for a fellow-citizen to join me in the first cabin. She was 65 years old,

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she had told me. She had seen two sons off to the war, and was now going to a third who had emigrated to America and lived in Pennsylvania. It was the first time she had ever crossed the ocean. She was sick of the thought of war. In the New World she would find peace and comfort for her old age, with her "Bambino," as she still called the grown-up man who was her son. So when I saw her lying there I was possessed of but one idea—to get her off alive. I told her to come with me, that I would protect her. She acquiesced, but her fright was so great that she hung limp as if she had no spine while I half dragged her to the first cabin deck.

A boat was being lowered. It had been swung out on the davits. It already seethed full of people. And more men and women and children were fighting, in a promiscuous, shrieking mass, to get into it as it swung out and down. The men, with their superior strength, were, of course, getting the best of the struggle. Age or sex had no weight. It was brute strength that prevailed.

At the sight before her the old woman grew frantic with unexpected strength. She suddenly jerked loose from me, and before I could prevent her, ran with all the agility of fear and jumped overboard. Others flung their bodies pell-mell on the heads of those already in it. Some, in their frenzy, missed the mark at which they aimed themselves and fell into the sea. To make the horror complete, the boat now stuck at one end, tilted downward, and spilled all its occupants into the sea, ninety or a hundred at once. They seized each other. Some swam. Others floundered and sank almost immediately, dragging each other down. Some drowned themselves even with life-belts on, not knowing how to hold their heads out of the water.

I TRIED to speak with the passengers still on deck. It was useless. Everybody was talking in his own particular dialect. Then I realized the predicament I myself was in—an utter foreigner, whom they would sacrifice in an instant for one of their own nationality. Perhaps if only I had some of my jewelry I might be able to bribe my way to safety in some such crisis.

I made my way back to my cabin again. There were people dead and dying on the deck. I saw one man who had started to run up the gangway to the officer's deck come plunging down again. He had been struck in the back of the head. Somehow or other, I just felt that my time had not yet come. This conviction enabled me to keep my wits about me.

In my cabin I flung up the top of my steamer trunk. As I was searching for my valuables my chambermaid appeared in the doorway; half a dozen times I had met her rushing frantically and aimlessly up and down.

"Oh, madame, madame—we shall all be killed, we're all going to get killed!"

"Maria," I advised as quietly and soothingly as I could, still stooping over my trunk; "don't be so mad, get a life-belt on, and get up out of here."

Before she could speak again she was a dead woman. A shot carried away



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the port-hole and sheared off the top of her head. It finished its course by exploding at the other side of the ship. If I had not been stooping over at the time I would not have lived to write this story.

I SNATCHED up my little jewel-basket with a few favorite trinkets in it. I put on my cap and sweater. When I got up on deck I saw the submarine carefully circumnavigating its victims and deliberately shooting toward us at all angles. I ran along the deck. The sea was full of deck rails, parts of doors, and other wreckage, and dotted with human beings, some dead, others alive, and screaming for help. There was another boat in front that tilted and dumped out its frantic load into the sea. Peering over the side of the ship, I saw a boat that had already been lowered to the water's edge. In it I recognized the two ship's doctors, and two of the seamen. There was also an officer in the boat, Carlo Lamberti, the chief engineer. He sat at the helm. I called out to them to take me in.

"Jump!" they shouted back.

I threw my basket down. I had a good twenty-foot drop. I have always been a good swimmer. Furthermore, I saw that if I jumped into the boat, crowded with people, sails, water-barrels, and pails for bailing, I might cause it to capsize. So I told them to push the boat away and then they could pick me up out of the water.

I escaped with a ducking.

An immigrant girl who followed me flung herself down wildly and broke both her legs on the side of the ship.

WE WERE powerless to save any more. The ship might at any moment receive the final torpedo from the submarine. The sailors rowed madly to get out of danger.

Then the torpedo was discharged. It whizzed across the ship, drawing a tail behind it like a comet. It plunged beneath the *Ancona* as if guided by a diabolical intelligence of its own. There followed a terrific explosion. Huge jets of thick black smoke shot up, with showers of debris. Our boat rocked and swayed in the roughened water. The *Ancona* lurched to the left, righted herself, shivered a moment—then her bow shot high in the air like a struggling, death-stricken animal. She went under, drawing a huge, funnel-like vortex after her.

The Captain and some officers were the last to drop astern, in a small boat. Passengers were still to be seen, clinging forward, like ants on driftwood, as the ship was drawn down. There were many people wounded, so that they could not get off unaided. They were left to die.

The sea now looked absolutely empty, swept smooth. The ship had drawn everything down with it. The fog undulating upward, the submarine was seen lying in full view, as if in quiet Teutonic contemplation of what it had done. Then it moved off, and was soon merged into the waste of sea and fog. We felt a great relief when it had departed.

All that afternoon our six surviving

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boats drifted within sight of each other. When darkness fell large yellow lanterns were lit, and from time to time Bengal lights flared and fell. It looked like a regatta held on the River Styx, in Hell. The sailors had exhausted themselves rowing, so the improvised sails were set. The boat-loads of survivors had run the gamut of every emotion. They were now mere stocks of insensibility, numb, dumb, and inert.

A T six in the afternoon a boat just behind us began sending us signals of distress. The men had taken off their shirts and were waving them to us on oars. Our sailors objected to turning back, saying that both boats would be sunk if we tried to relieve them. But Carlo Lamberti, the chief engineer, with a quiet look in his blue eyes, with a rather careless, engaging smile, which was habitual to him all the time, presented his revolver—and we went back to see what was wrong.

We found that the boat had been struck by a shell and was leaking badly. True enough, most of the people in it tried to make an immediate stampede into our boat. But again Lamberti presented his eloquent pistol and his quiet smile, and with order and precision we took aboard the wounded, the women, and children. Then the leaky craft was tied to our stern and the men left were easily able to keep it afloat by bailing.

"We'll save you, or go down with you!" Lamberti reassured them. This chief engineer was the only man who showed signal bravery.

One of the first of the wounded rescued from the leaky boat was my former table companion, the Marquis Serra Casano. He did not wish to join in the incipient stampede. With four toes of his foot shot away, he rose limply to assist the other wounded into our boat first, before he himself came in. Then with an air of pathetic aristocracy he seated himself by me, and wanted to know if any one had a cigaret to spare. We had four cigarets on the boat. The men took turns puffing them.

A FRANTIC mother had dropped her baby in the water. I jumped out and rescued it. Later on, she got separated from it, and I had it in my charge for several days—but that is not in the present story.

We kept close watch on each other's boats till nightfall. As the other five would appear and disappear, we would be alternately cheered and frightened.

It must have been nearly midnight when one of our sailors cried out that he saw a ship's light. But for a long while nothing appeared but thin threads of light that filtered through the fog. After some discussion as to whether it might not be an enemy craft, we approached the direction of the light, till it burst on us in a powerful, searching blaze. And we discerned the other boats converging toward it, mere moving yellow splurges in the gloom.

The ship that was rescuing us was a French mine layer, the *Pluton*. It was hellish-looking, as it beetled over us, but none the less it looked like heaven, too!

And now our boat-loads of survivors were close together, and suddenly everybody grew voluble and chatty. We shouted across the water to each other. I even heard a voice singing. We were saved! We were saved!



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